

ULTIMATE SPIDER-MAN®

MARVEL®

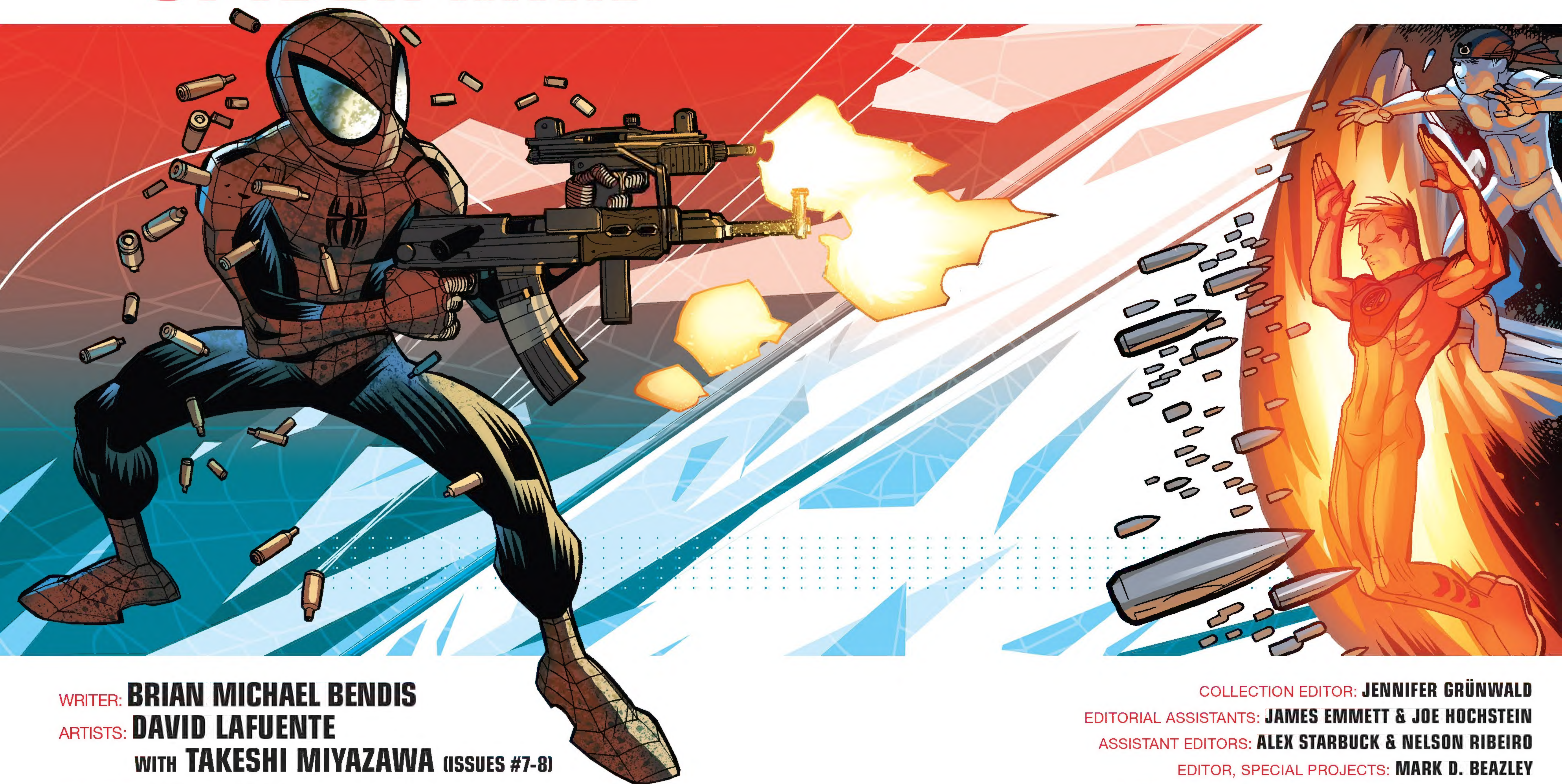
BENDIS • LAFUENTE • MIYAZAWA



ULTIMATE SPIDER-MAN



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PREVIOUSLY:

Six months ago...

The Ultimatum Wave has destroyed New York City. With no warning, a massive tidal wave crashed down on the island of Manhattan, killing millions of people in the blink of an eye. Many of the world's iconic heroes died in the tragedy. It has been revealed that the wave was a terrorist attack by the mutant Magneto.

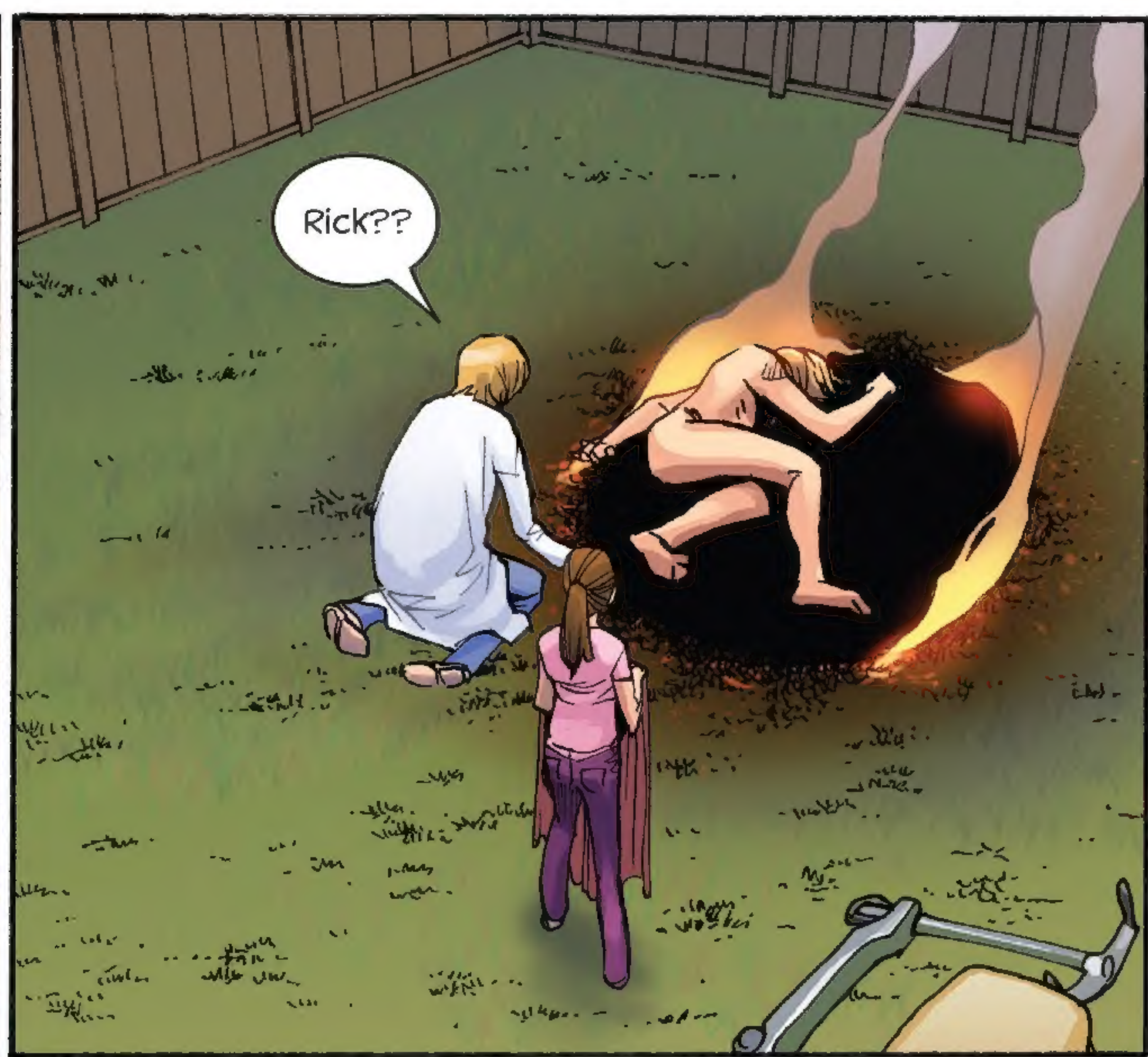
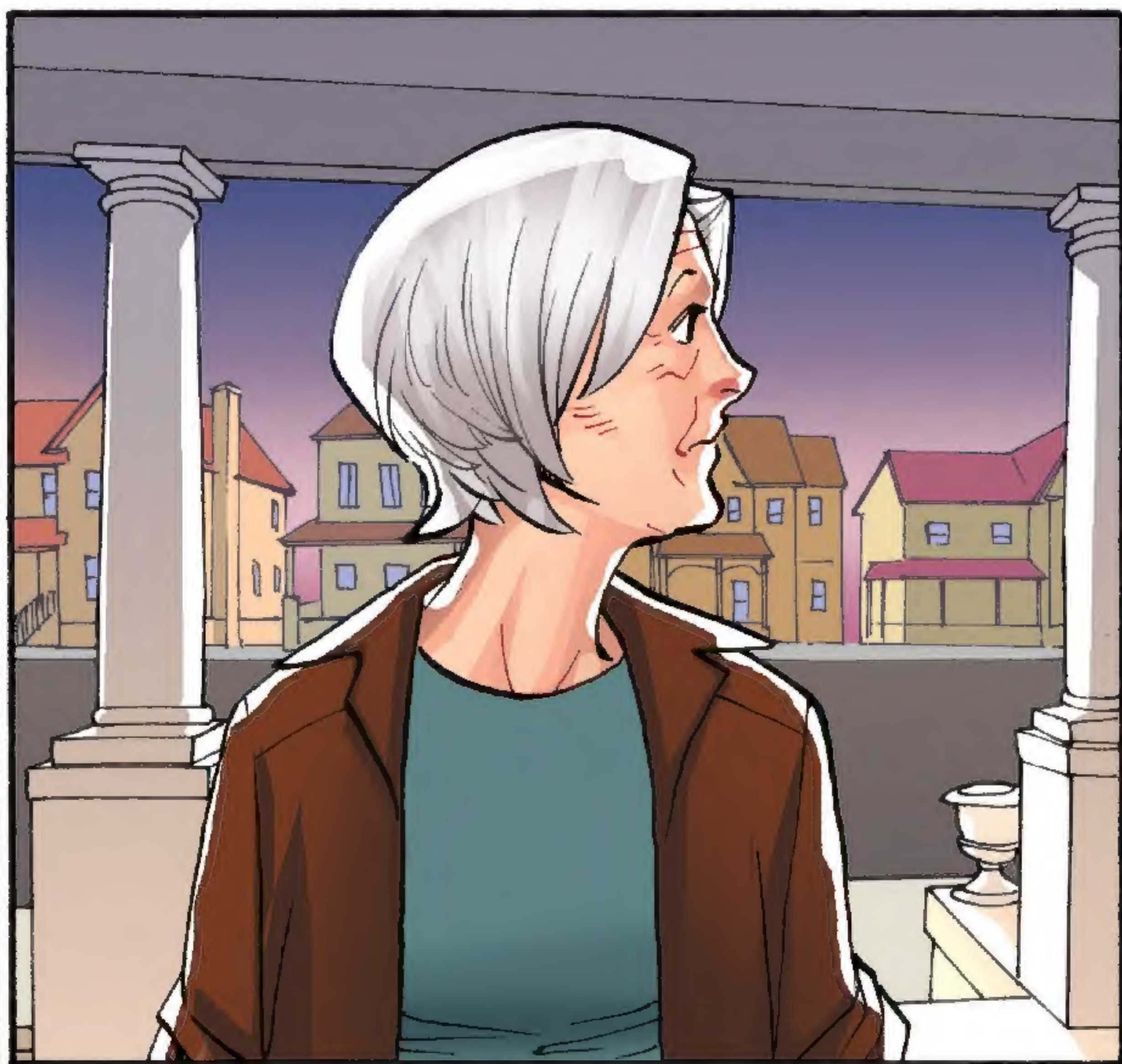
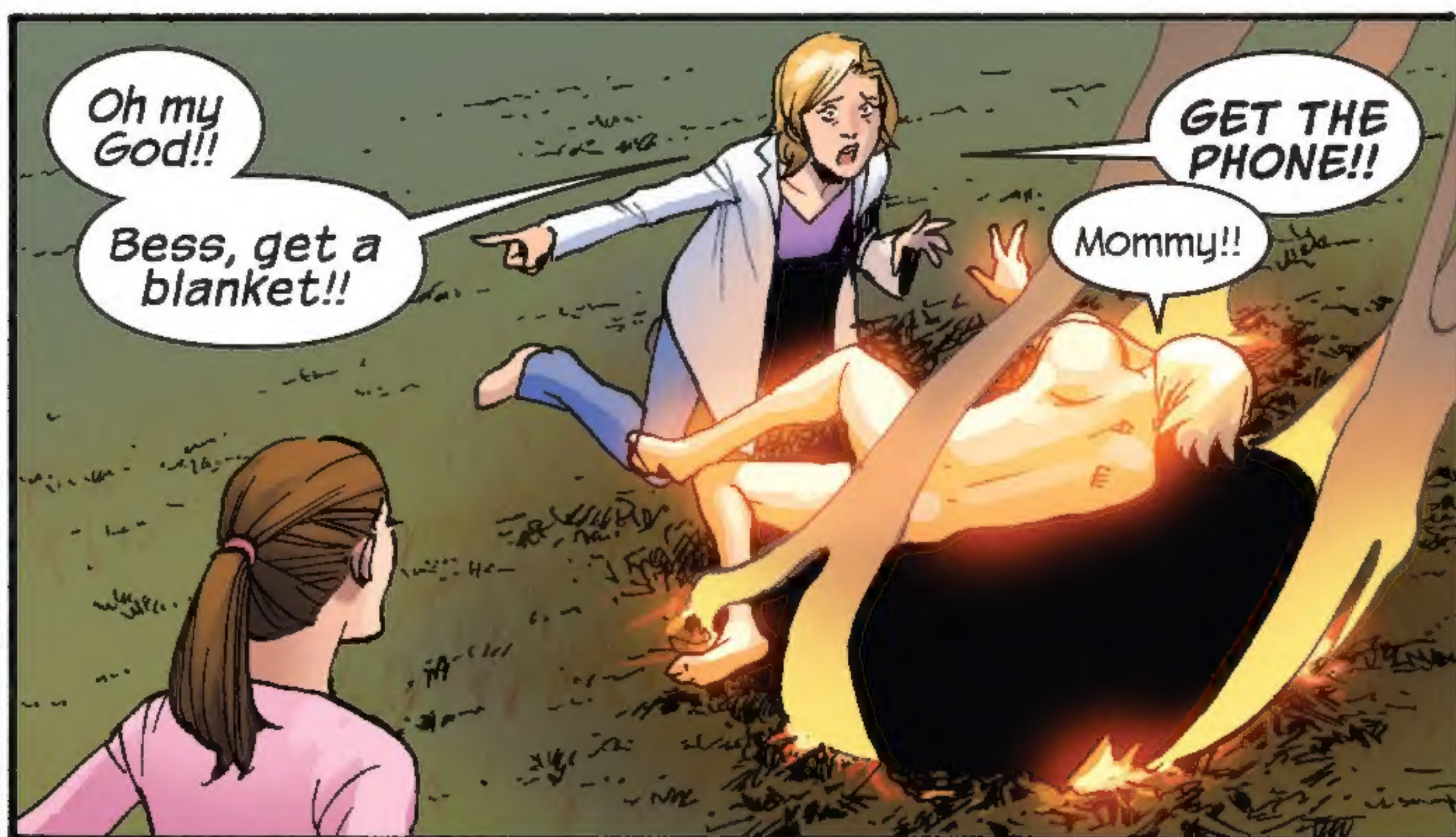
Today! Peter is dating Gwen Stacy instead of Mary Jane and working at a mall food court instead of the now defunct Daily Bugle. Mutants are outlawed, and Mysterio is gunning for Spider-Man.

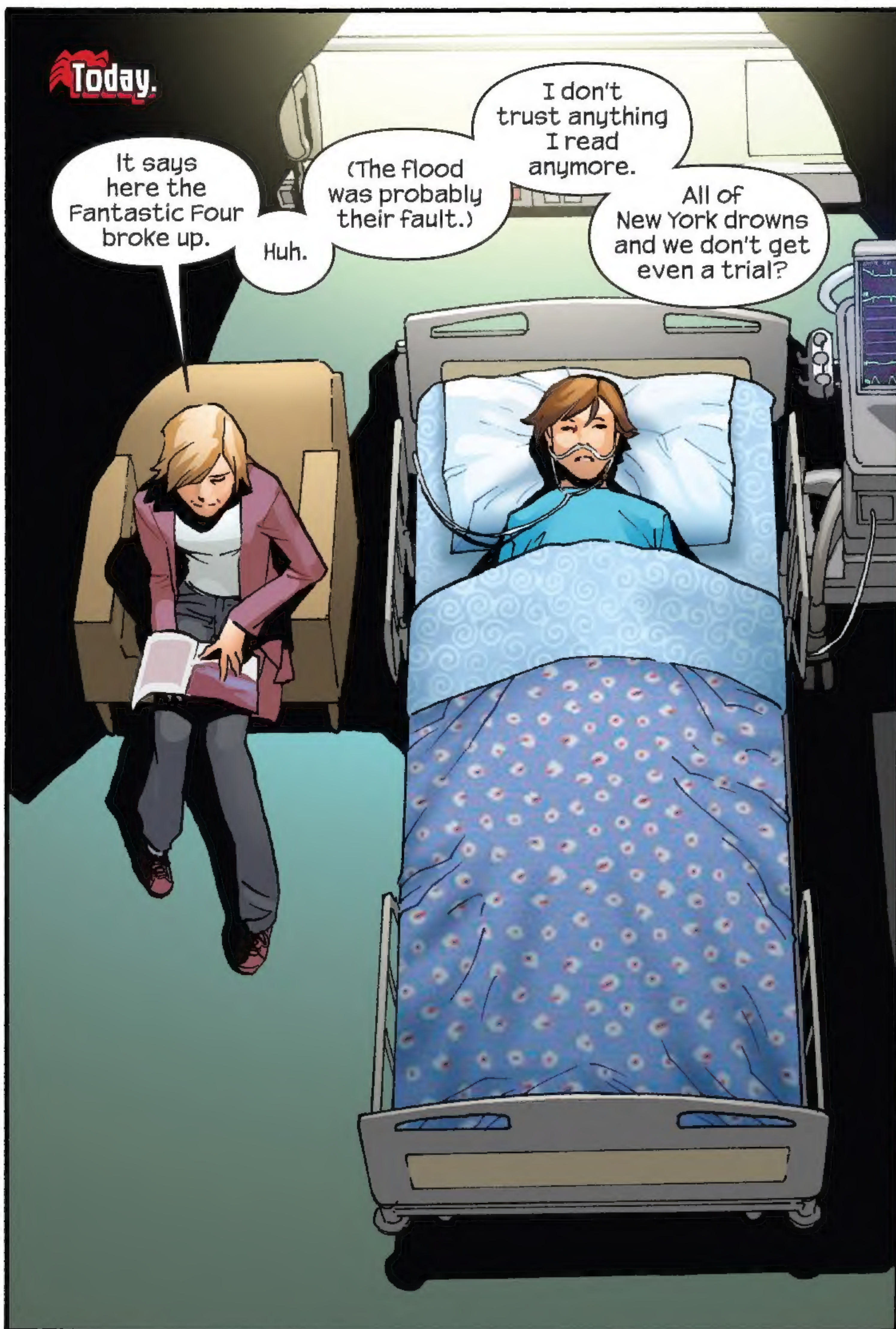
On the home front, Johnny Storm, a.k.a. the Human Torch, appeared at Peter's doorstep and Aunt May agreed to let Johnny stay with them. At the same time, Bobby Drake, a.k.a. former X-Man, Iceman, was kicked out of his own family and turned to his friend Kitty Pryde for help. She brought him to Aunt May, and to Peter's surprise, Aunt May agreed to take care of Bobby too.











Today.

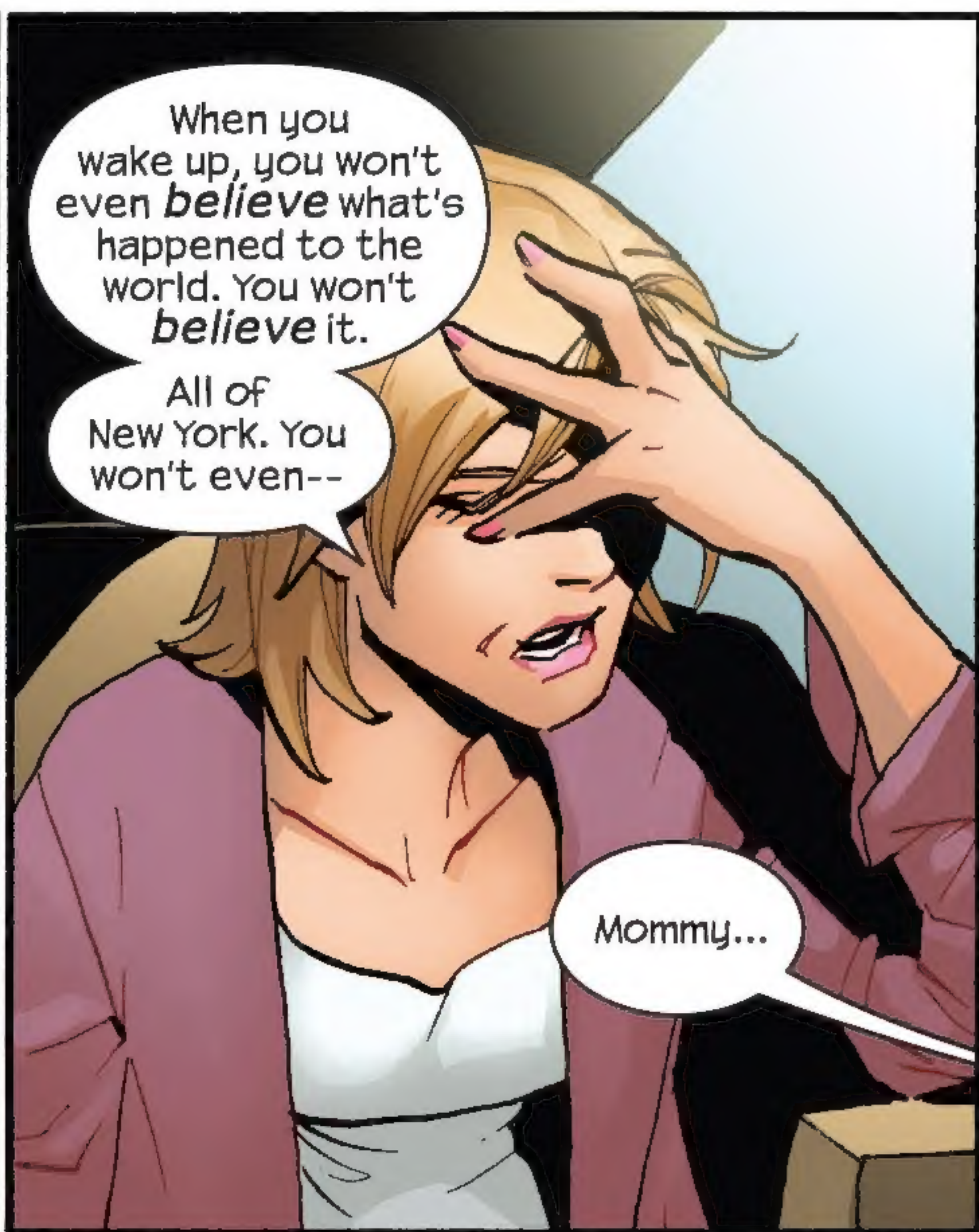
It says here the Fantastic Four broke up.

Huh.

(The flood was probably their fault.)

I don't trust anything I read anymore.

All of New York drowns and we don't get even a trial?



When you wake up, you won't even *believe* what's happened to the world. You won't *believe* it.

All of New York. You won't even--

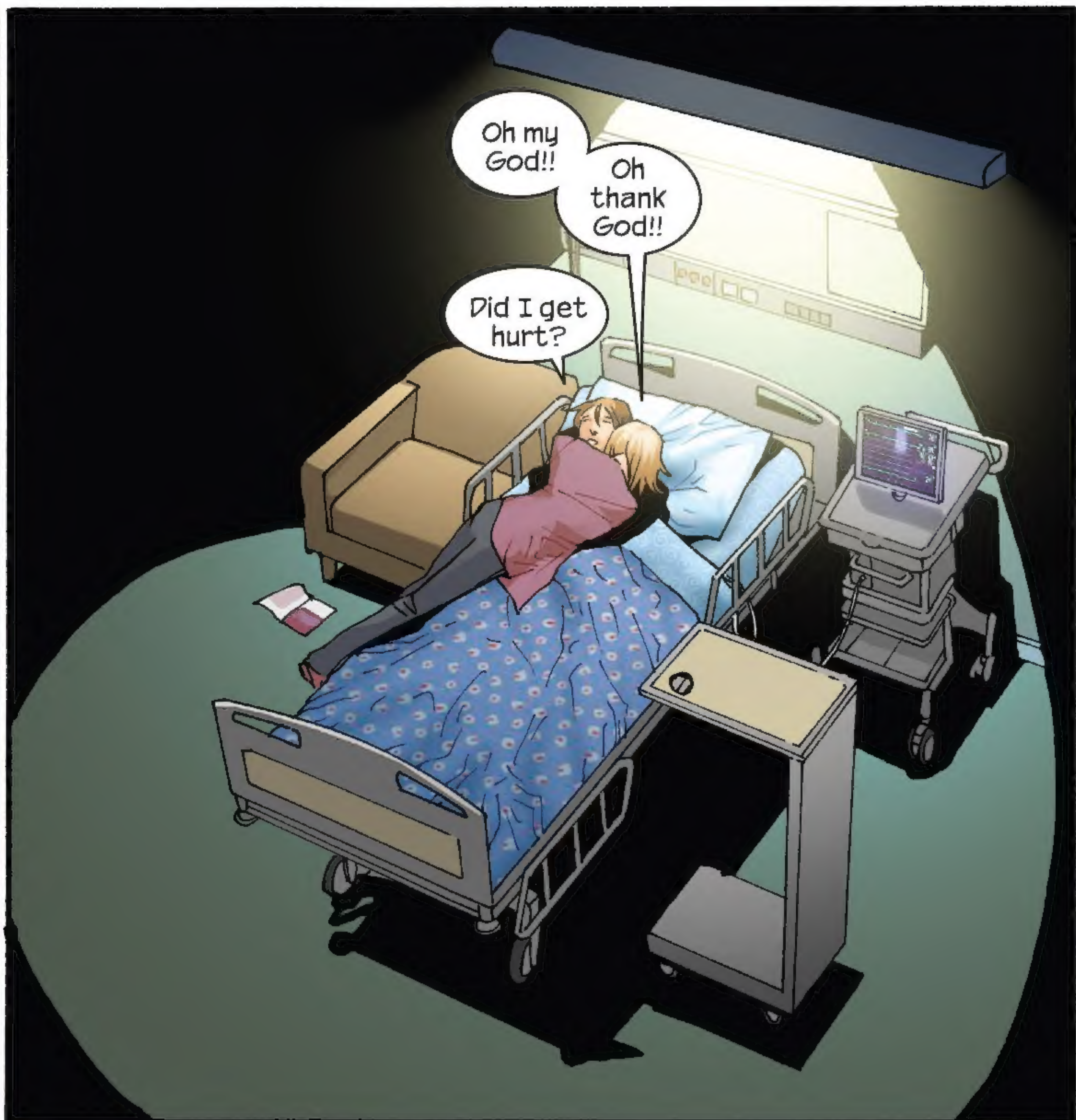
Mommy...



Rick?



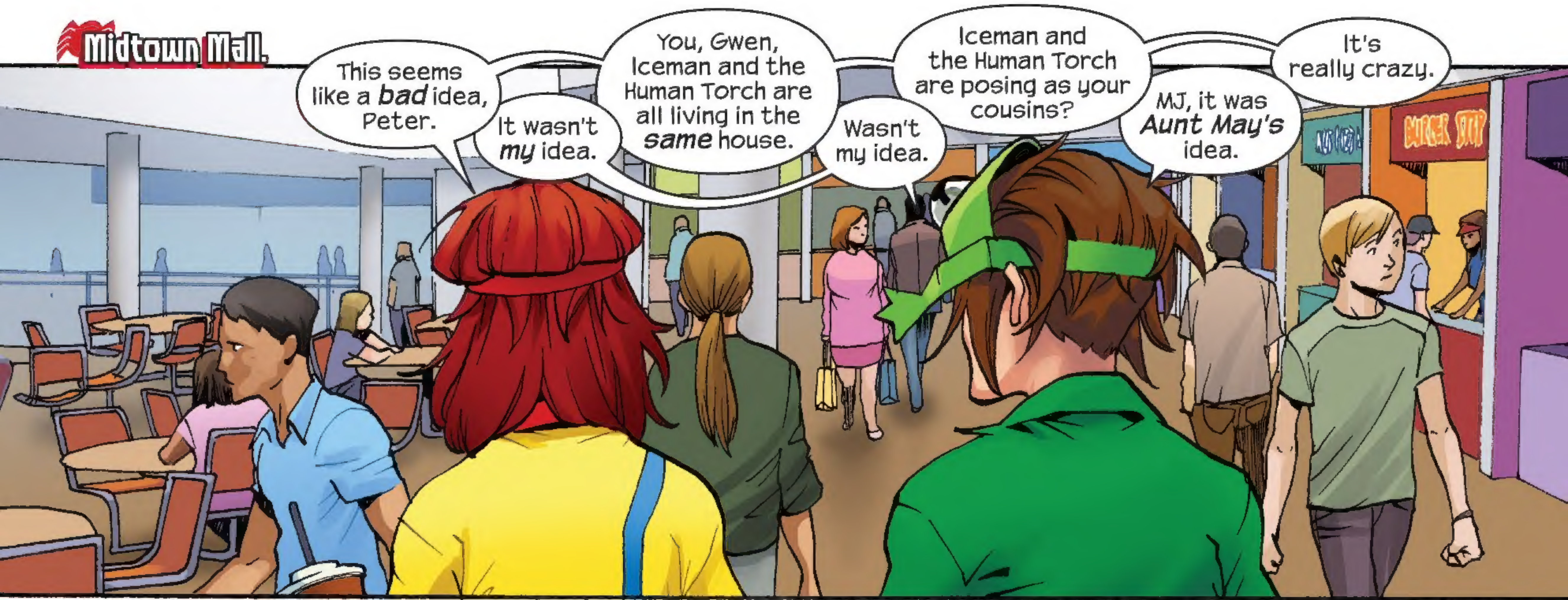
'Ssgoin' on, Mom?



Oh my God!!

Oh thank God!!

Did I get hurt?



This seems like a *bad* idea, Peter.

It wasn't *my* idea.

You, Gwen, Iceman and the Human Torch are all living in the *same* house.

Wasn't my idea.

Iceman and the Human Torch are posing as your cousins?

MJ, it was *Aunt May's* idea.

It's really crazy.



And I gotta tell ya, Aunt May has never seemed happier in her whole life.

Honestly.

You should see her. She looks ten years younger.

She's bouncing around the house like a-- like a--

Maybe she had a nervous breakdown.



What?

Okay. Hey--first her husband dies. Then she finds out about your secret life...the Manhattan disaster...all of it. Maybe she snapped.

I don't know.

It's crazy, Peter.

But it's a good thing.

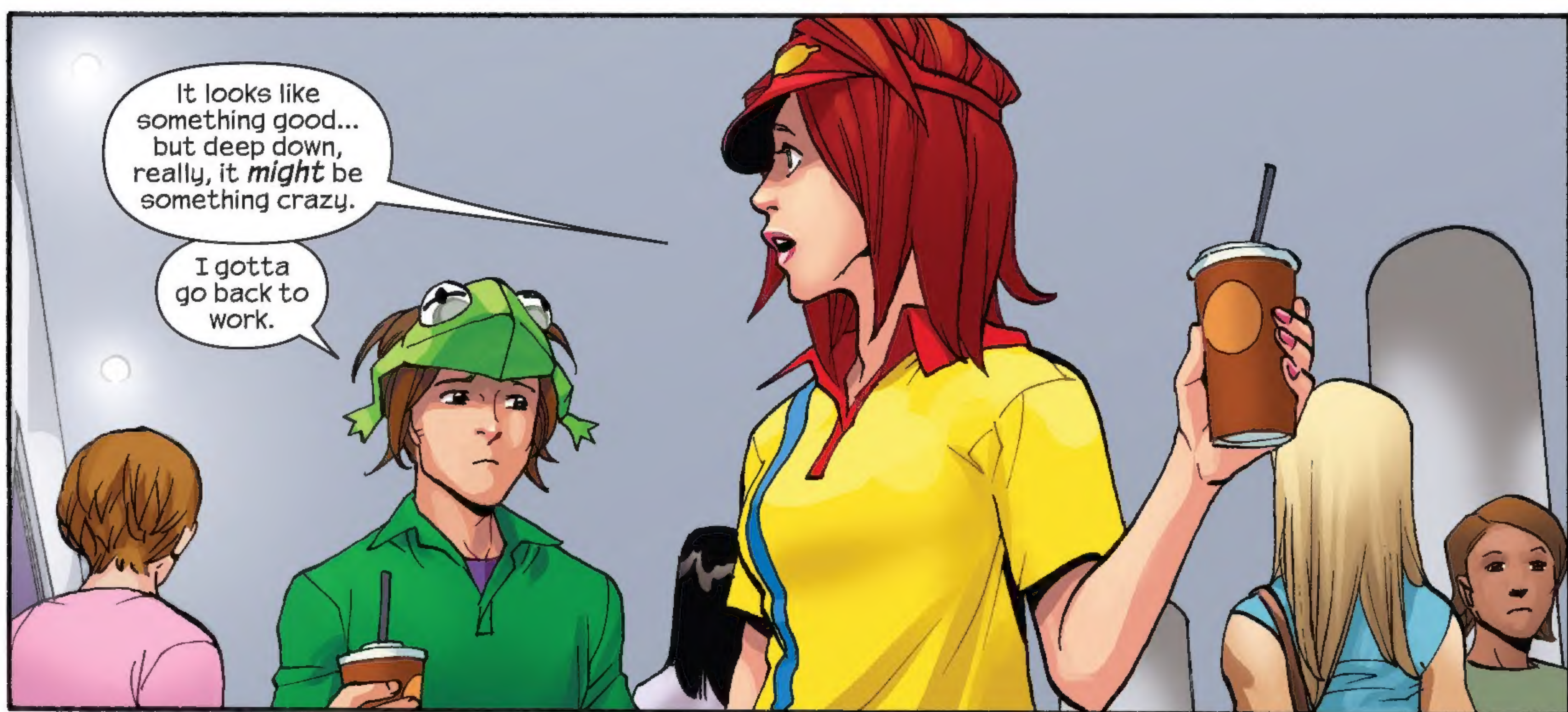
Johnny and Bobby and Gwen have nowhere to live.

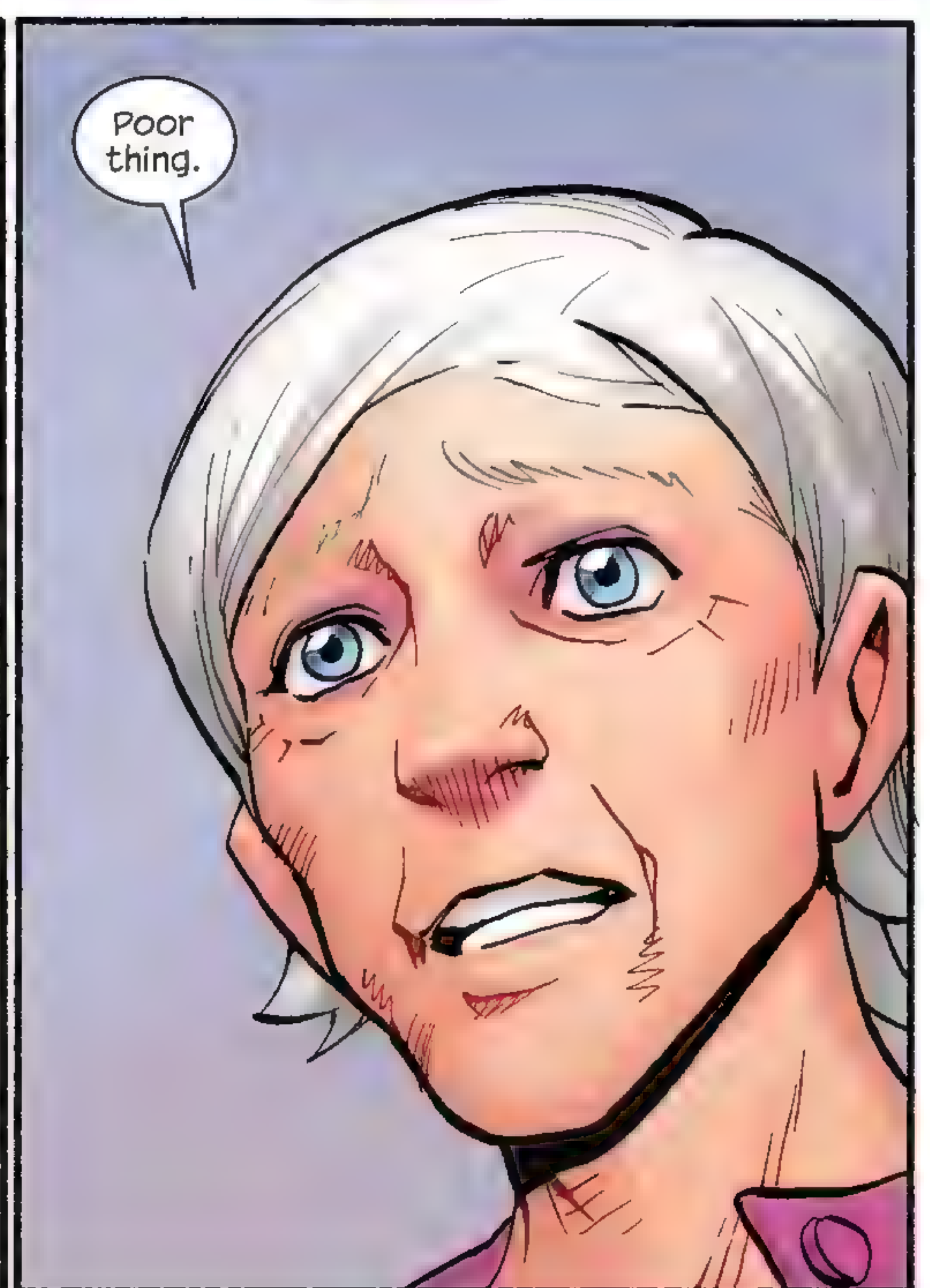
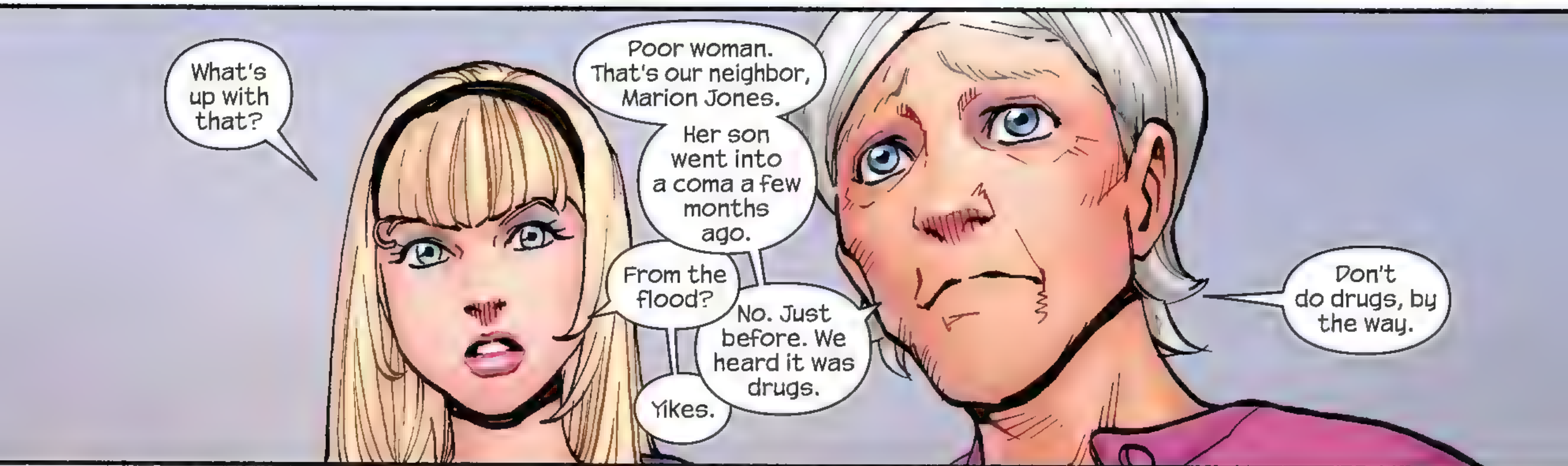
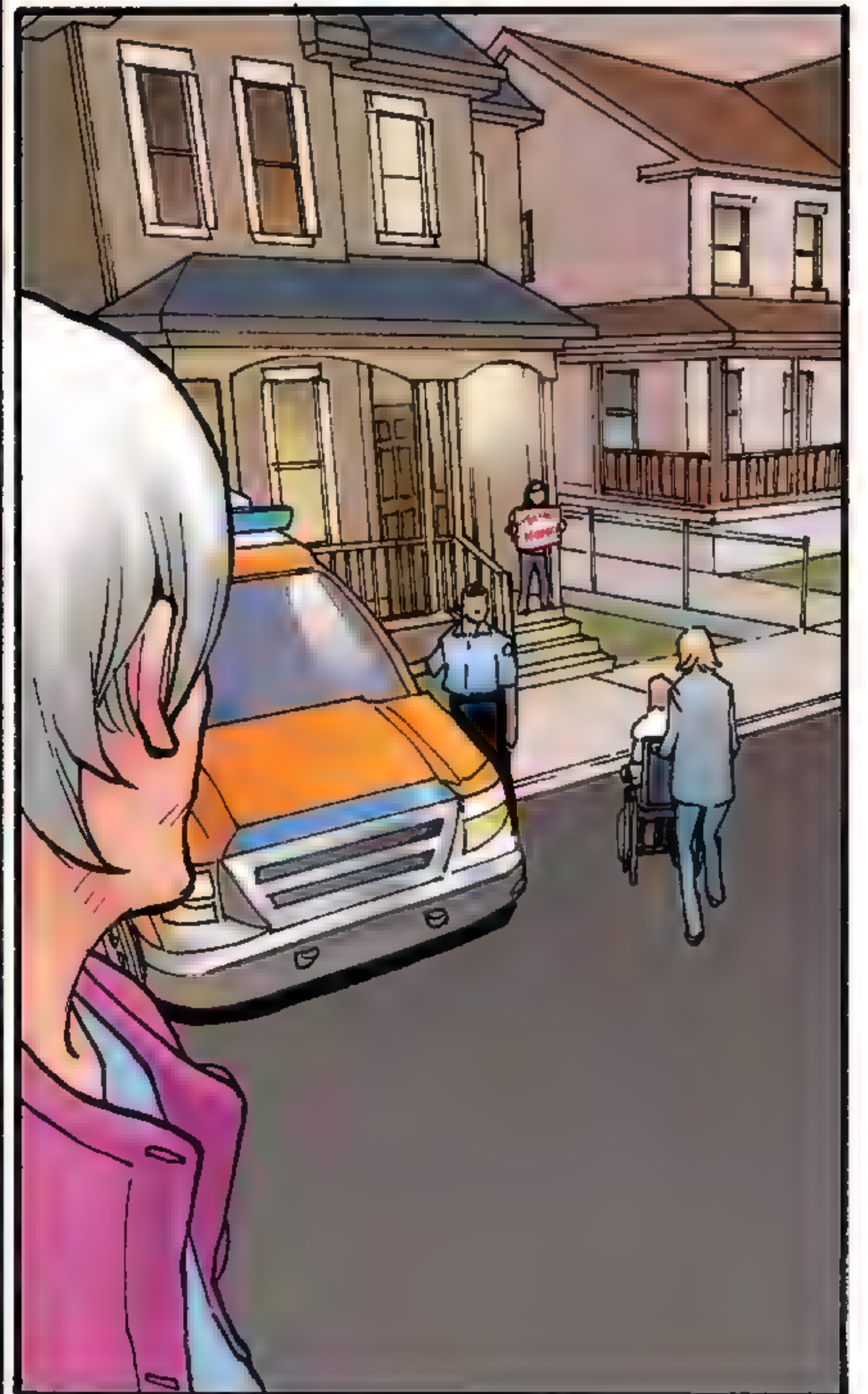
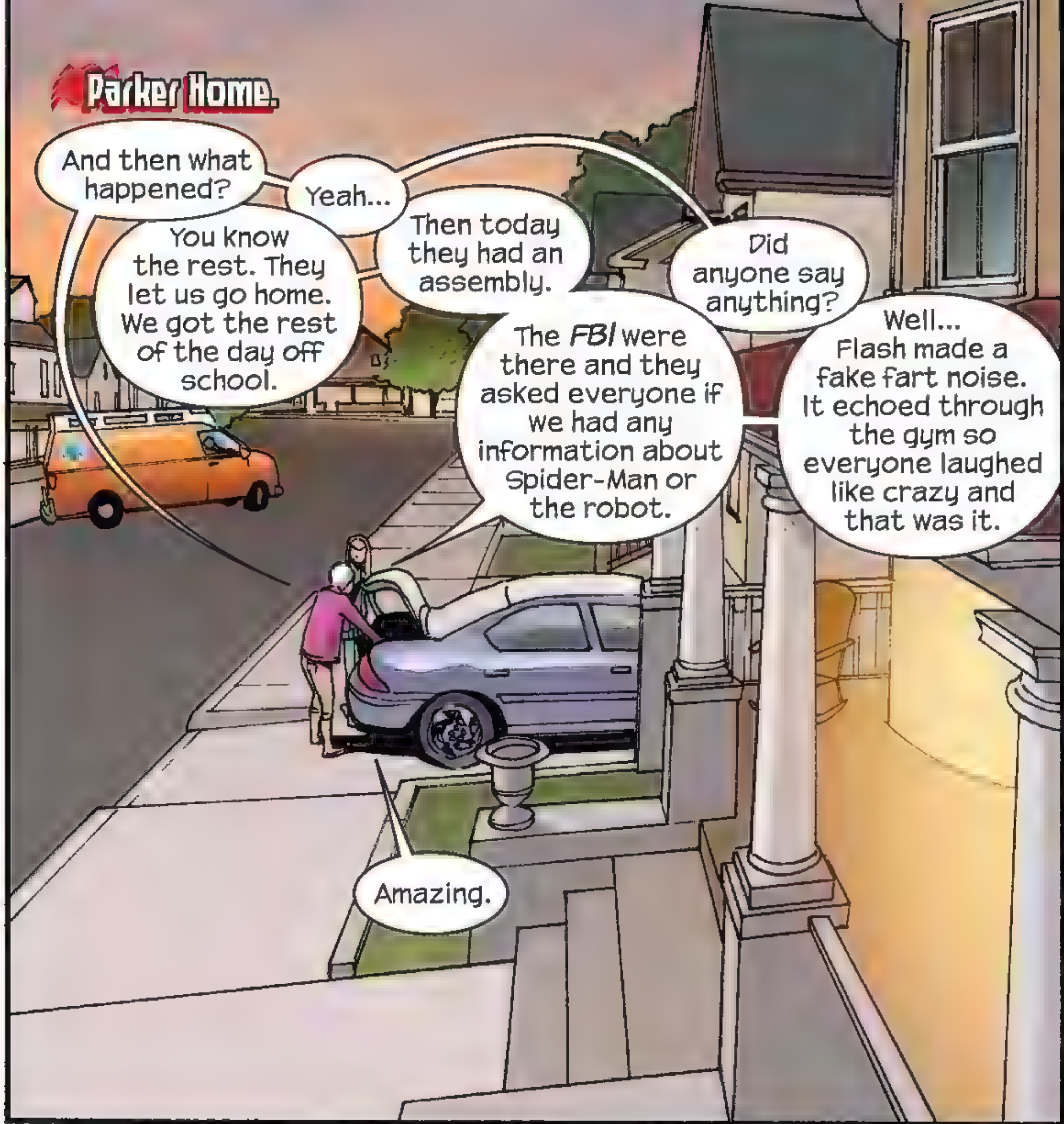
I'm not talking about Gwen.

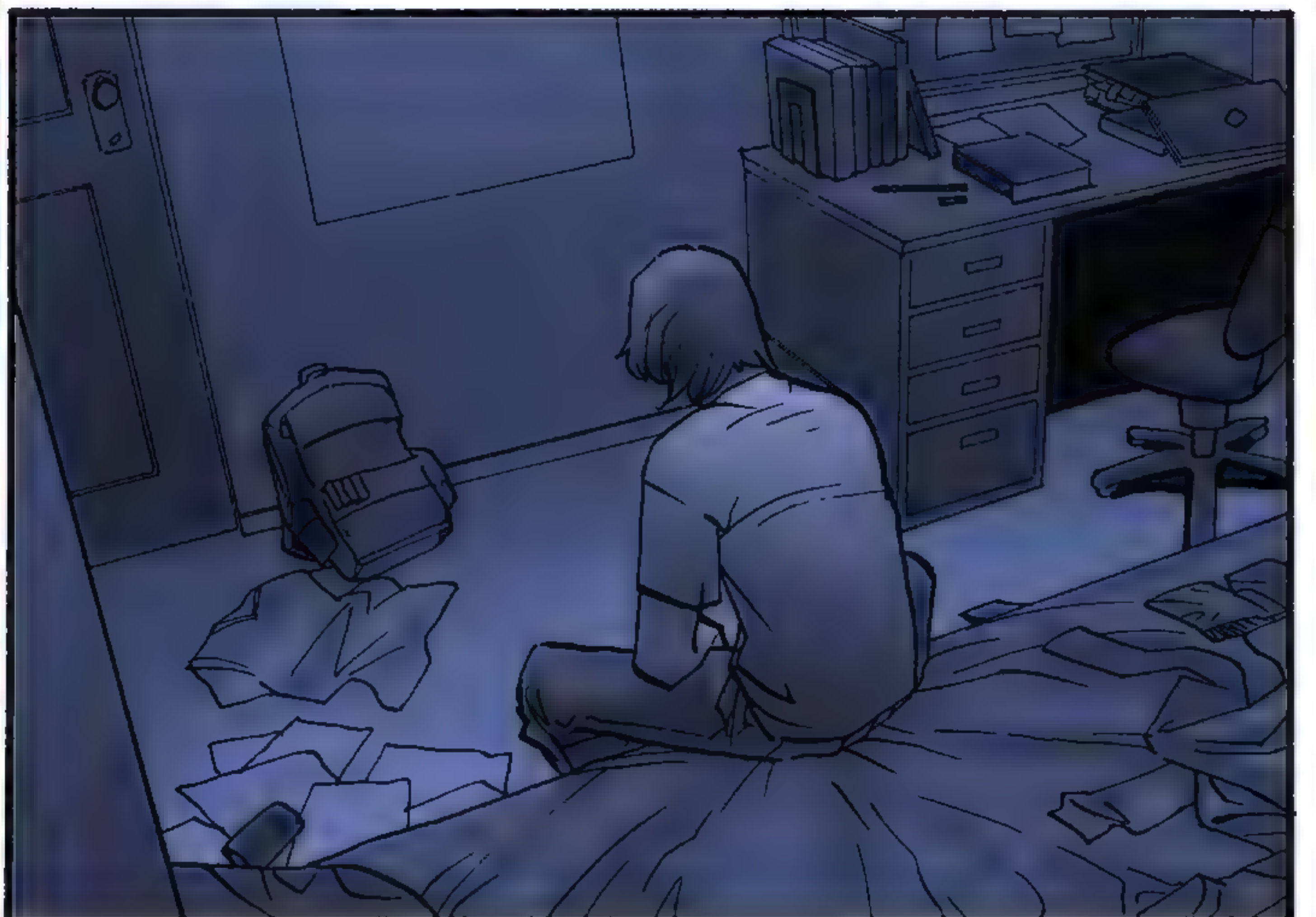
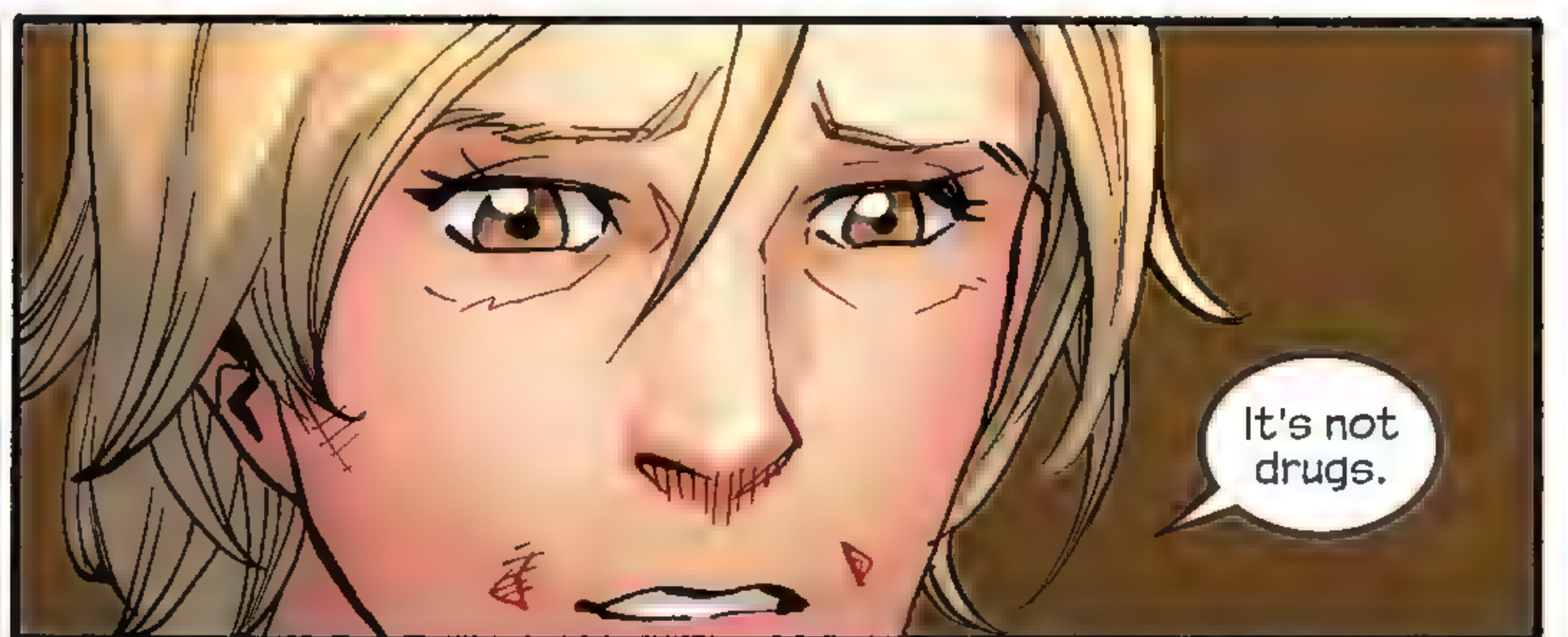
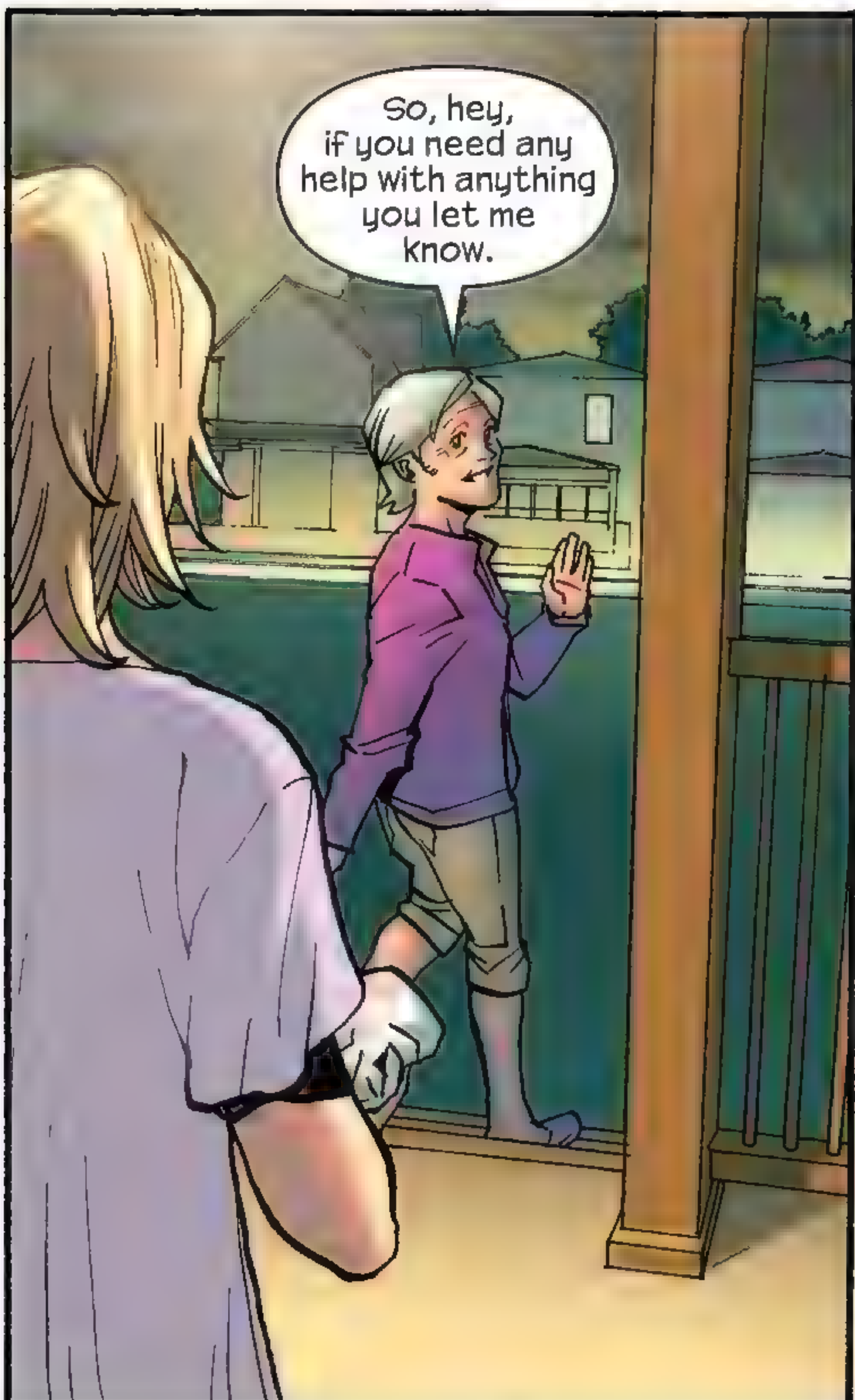
Gwen is a different thing. She's an orphan.

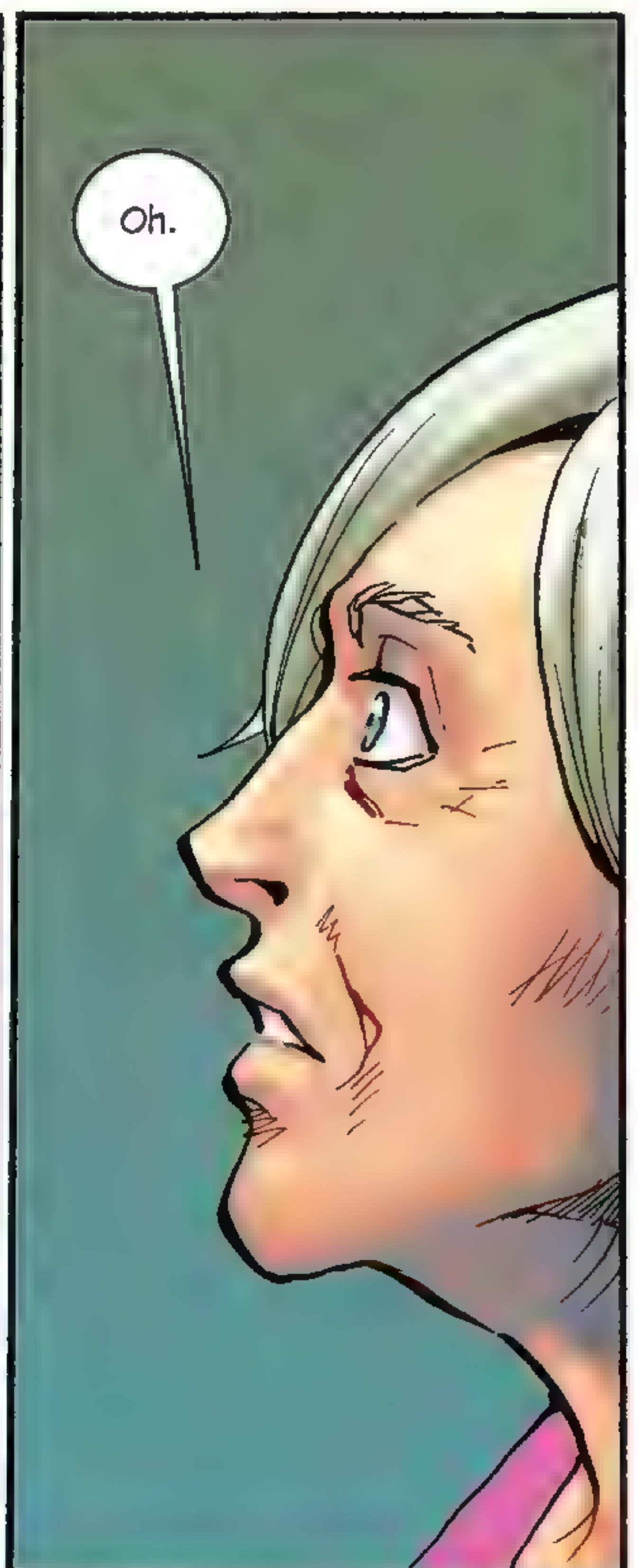
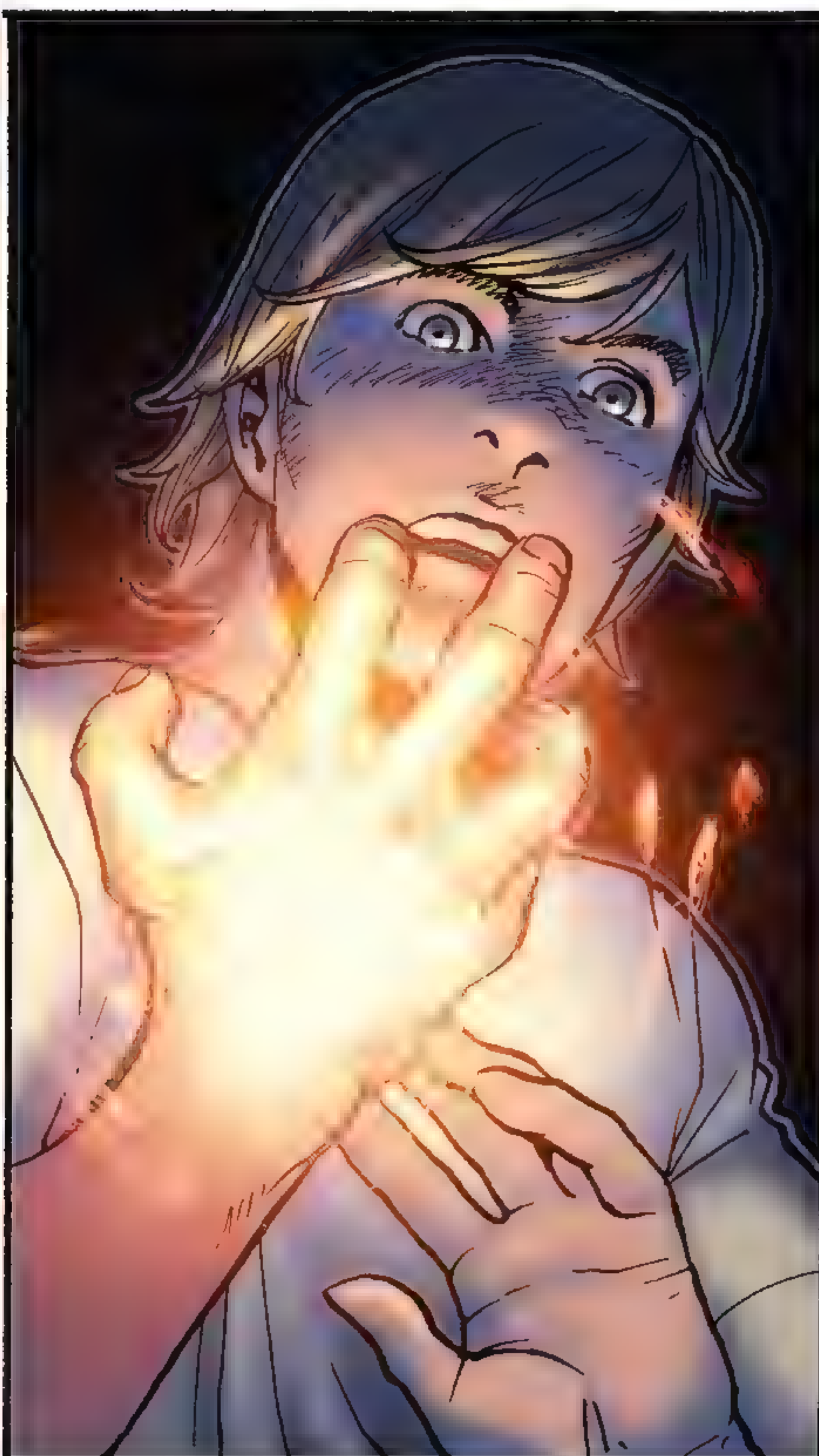
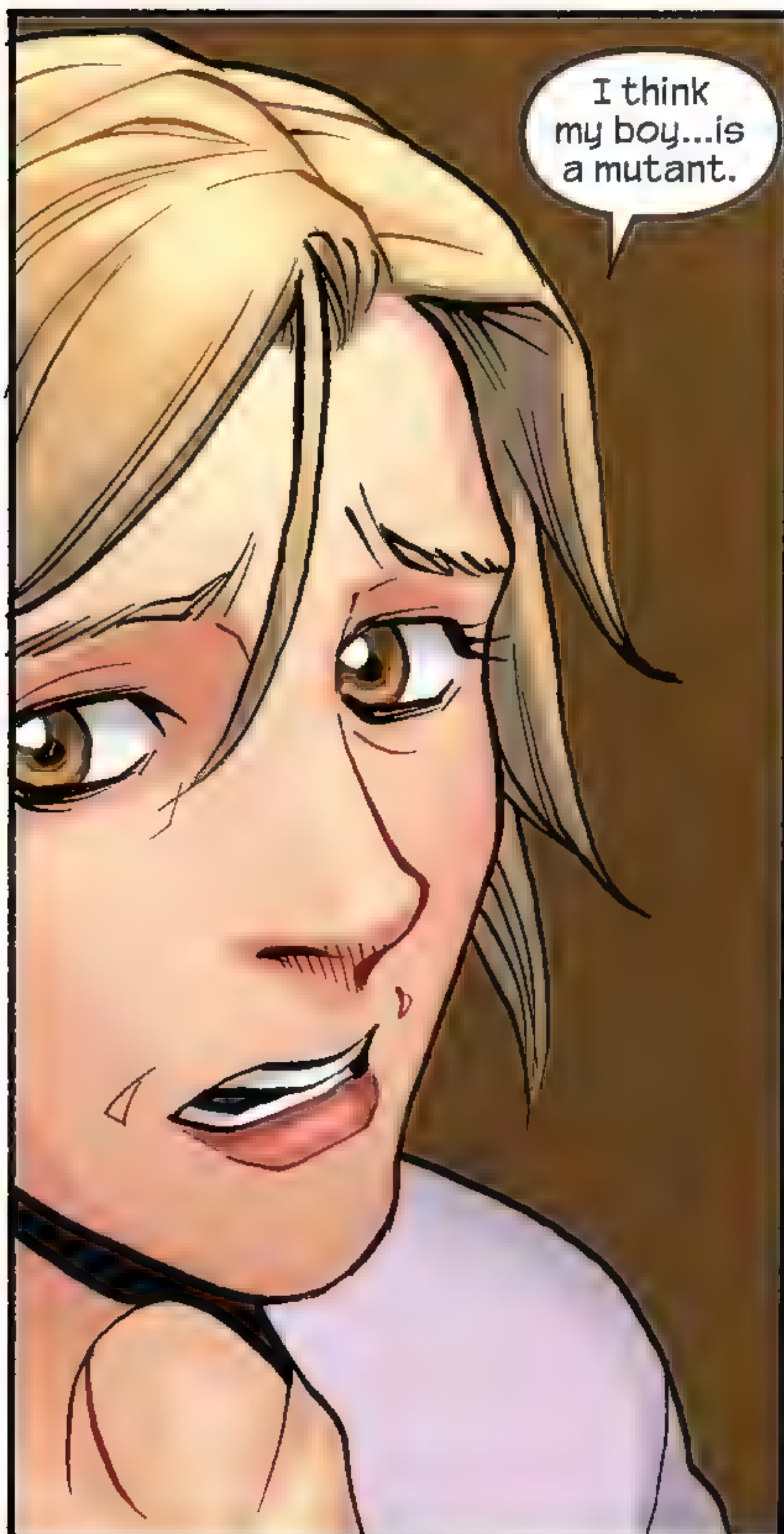
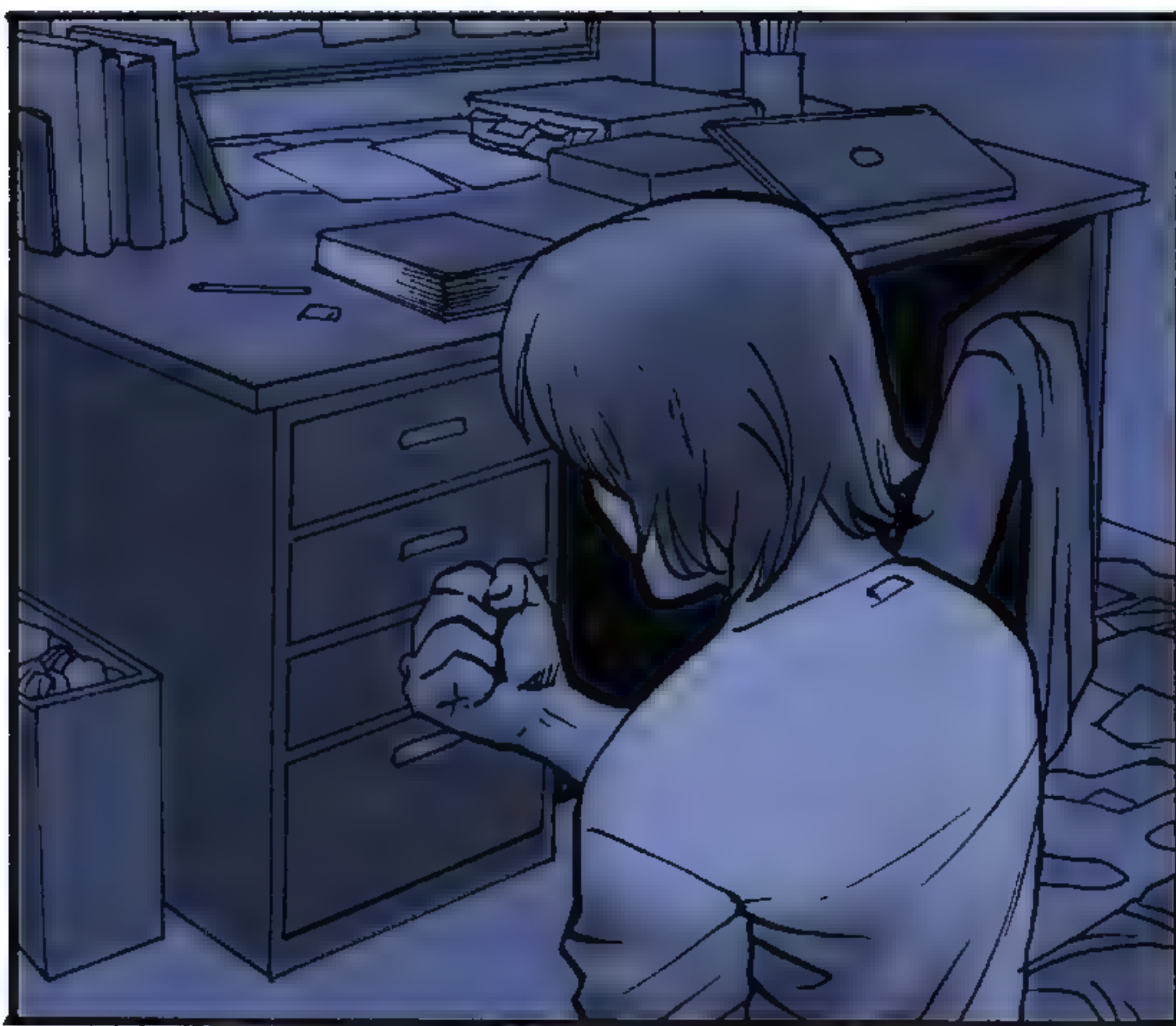
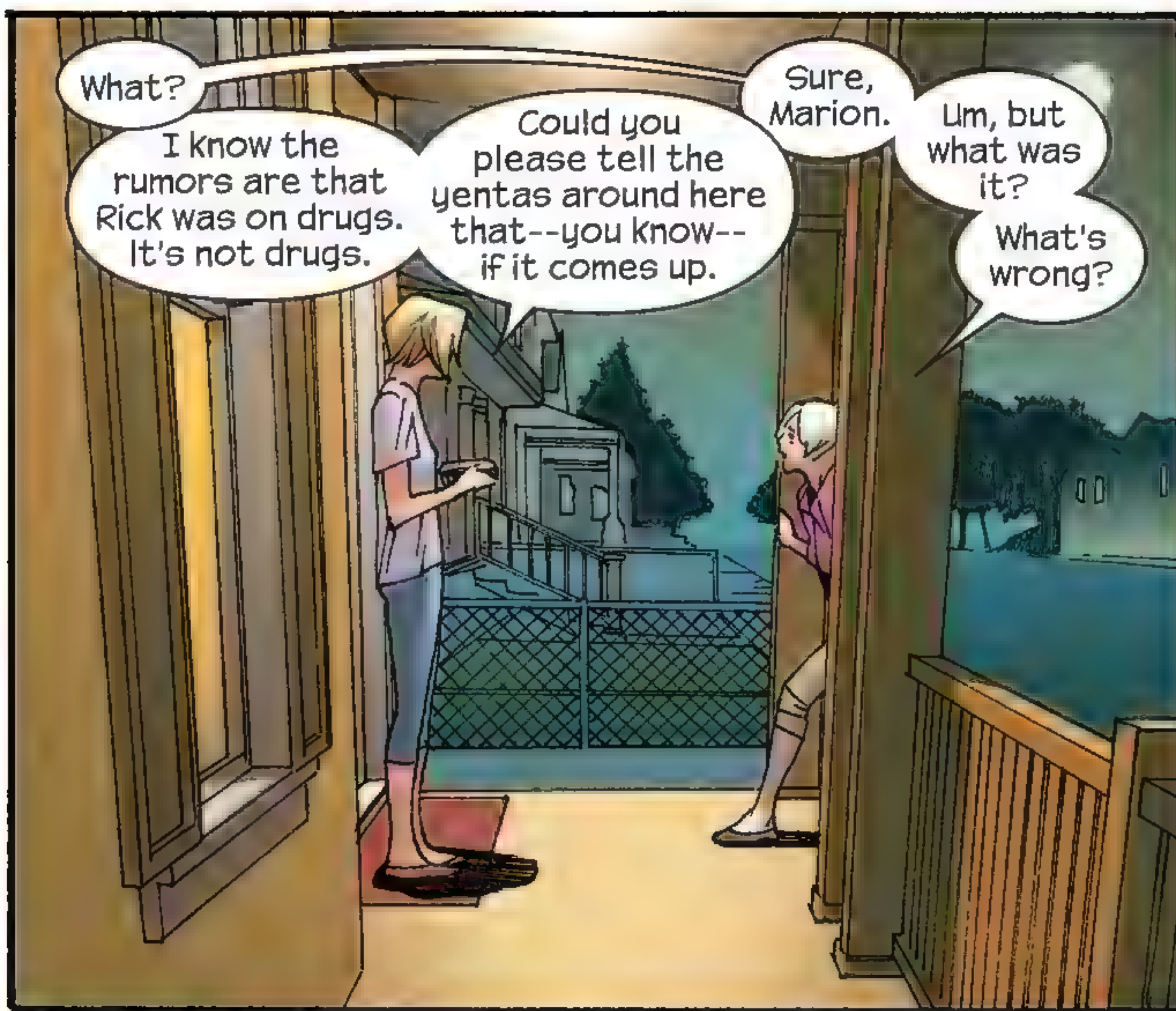
Your girlfriend...

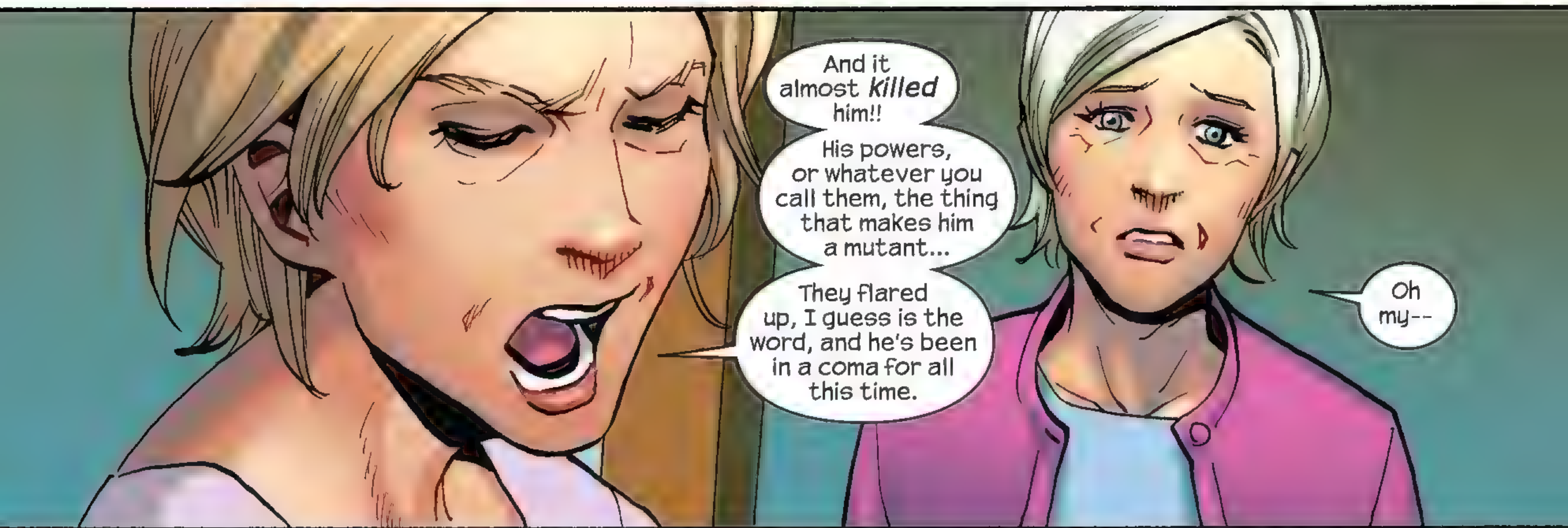










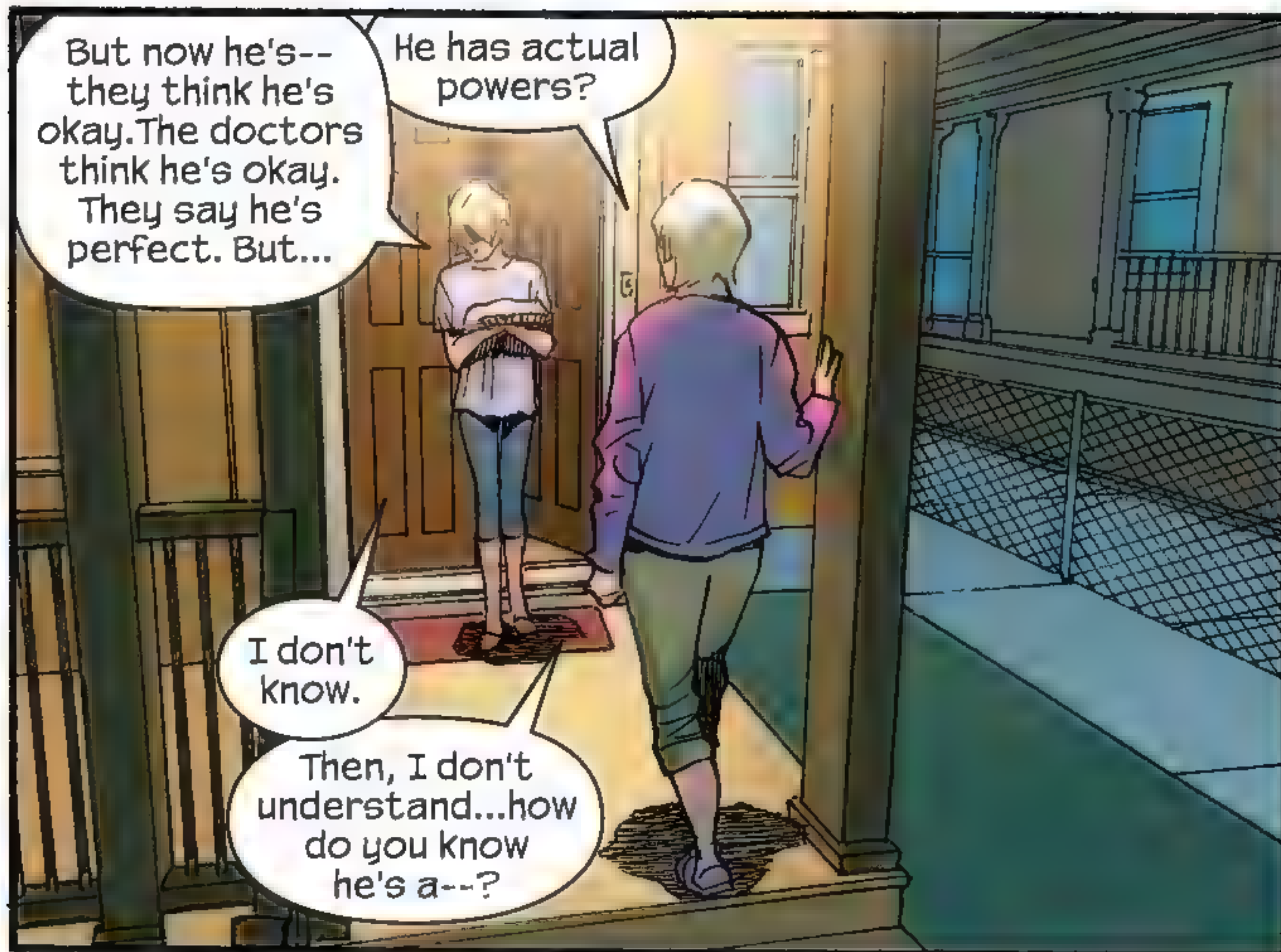


And it almost **killed** him!!

His powers, or whatever you call them, the thing that makes him a mutant...

They flared up, I guess is the word, and he's been in a coma for all this time.

Oh my--



But now he's-- they think he's okay. The doctors think he's okay. They say he's perfect. But...

He has actual powers?

I don't know.

Then, I don't understand...how do you know he's a--?

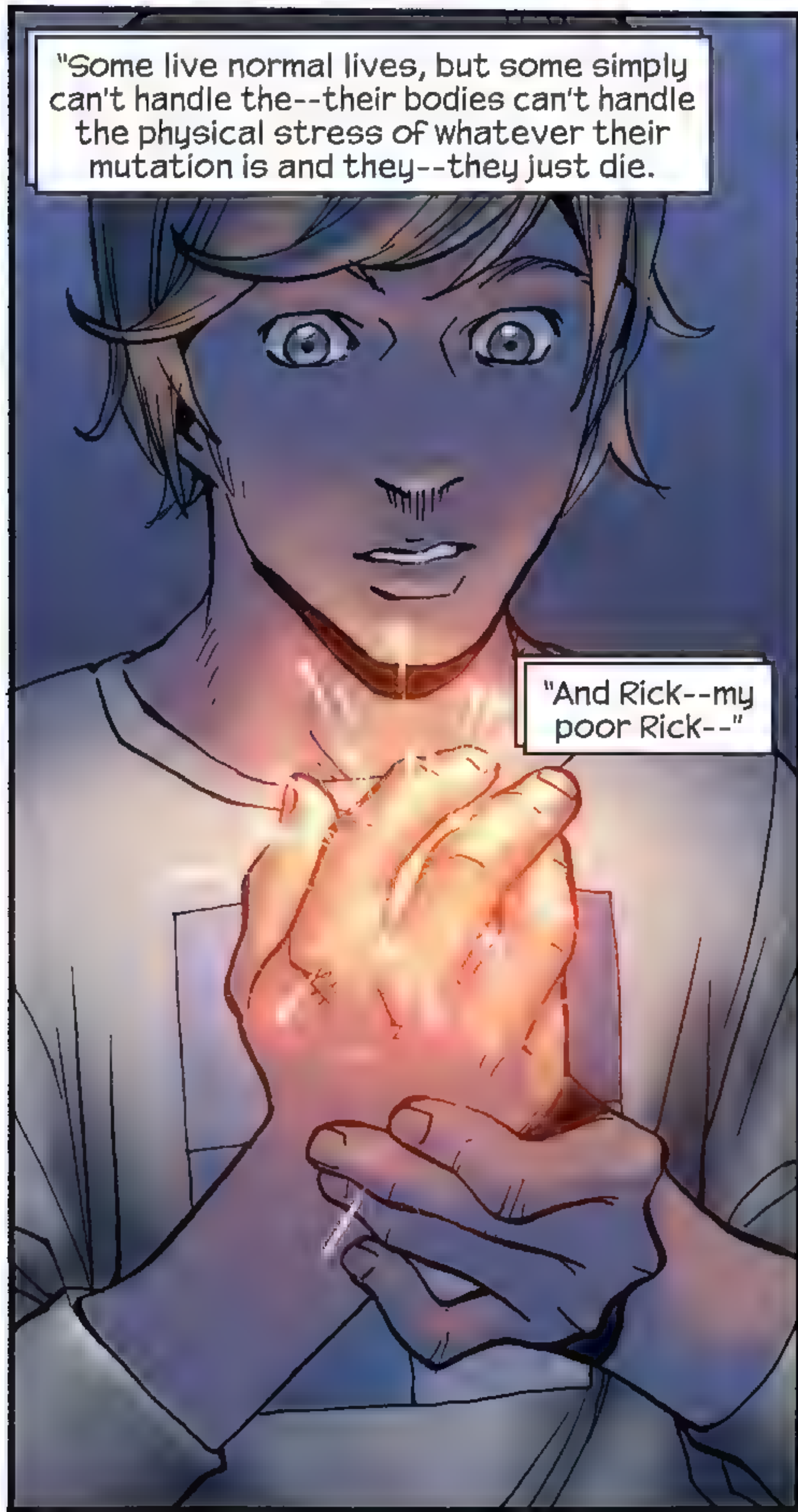


I've been studying all this for months. All these months.

Everything there is to know about mutants... I know.

Everything.

And I know not every mutant survives being a mutant.



"Some live normal lives, but some simply can't handle the--their bodies can't handle the physical stress of whatever their mutation is and they--they just die.

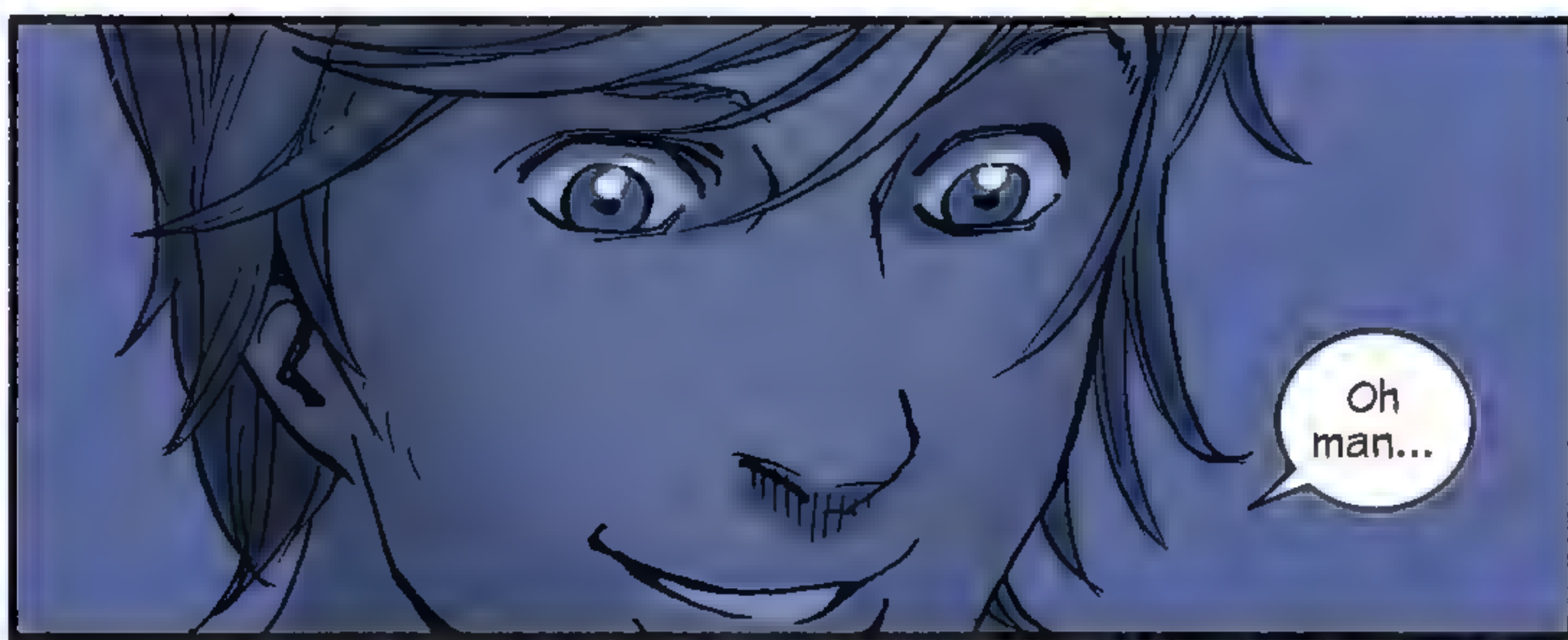
"And Rick--my poor Rick--"



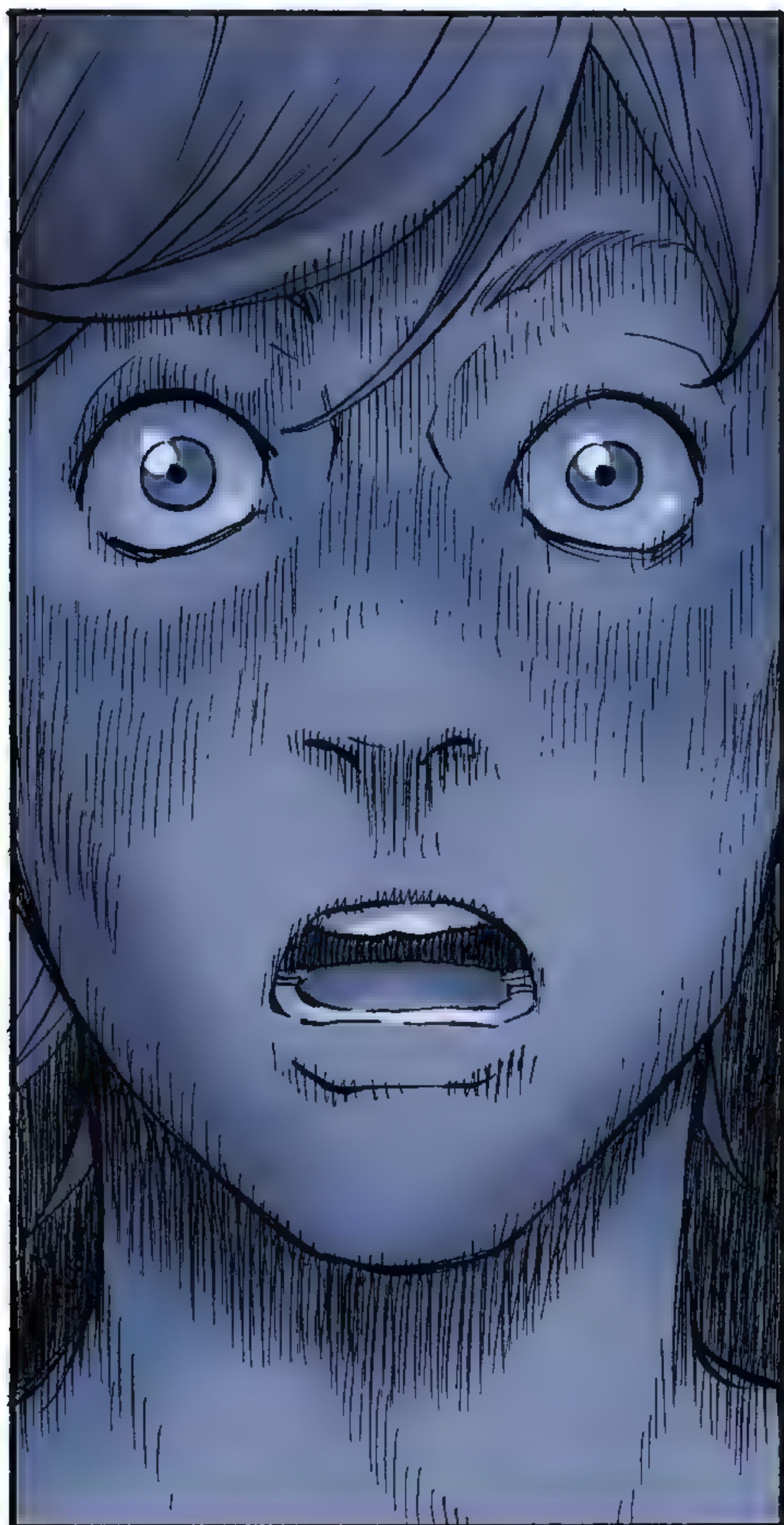
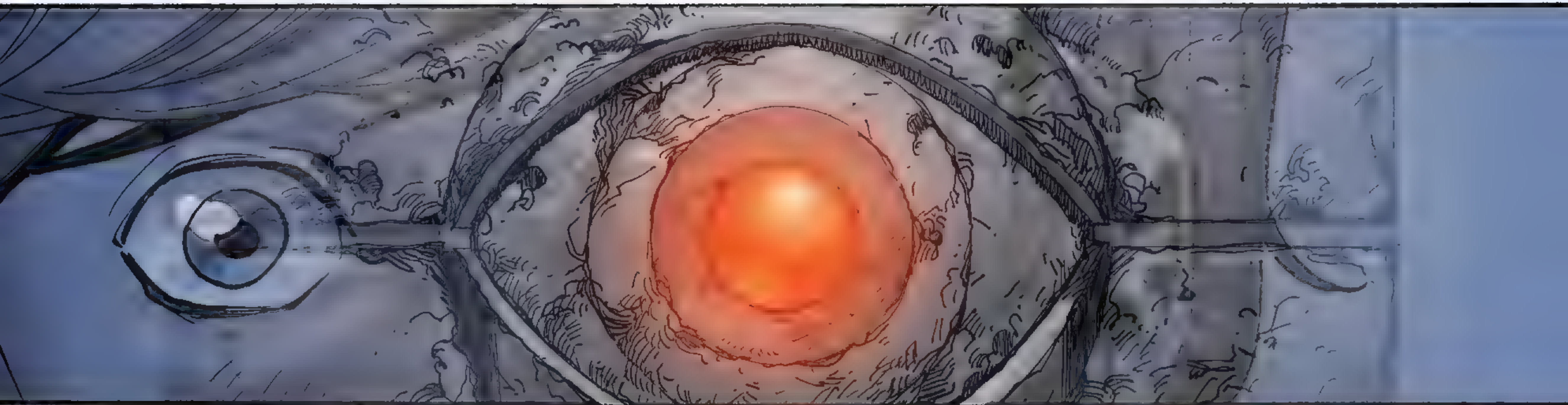
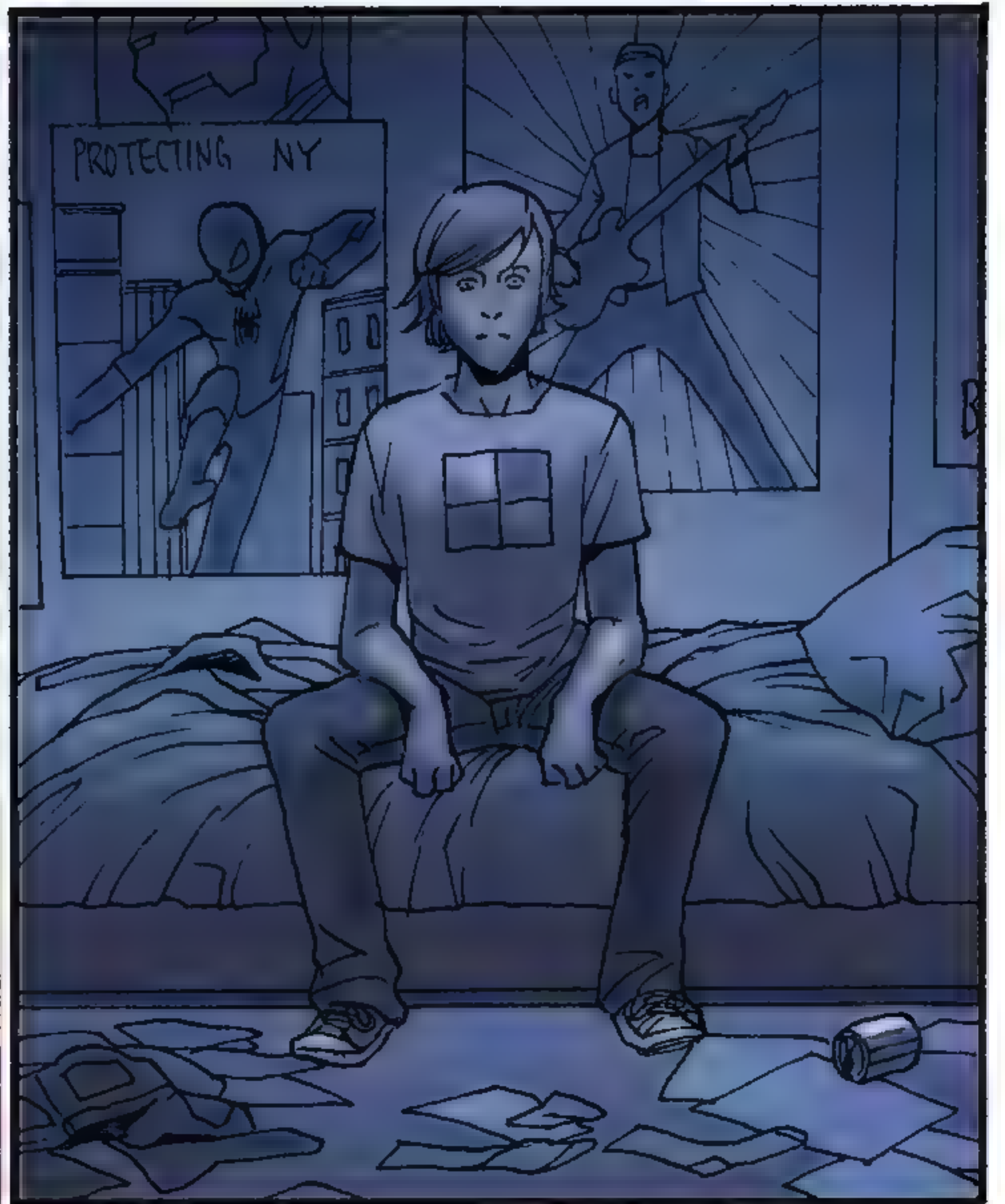
Who knows what will happen next?

Did you call someone? Someone who can help.

A specialist...

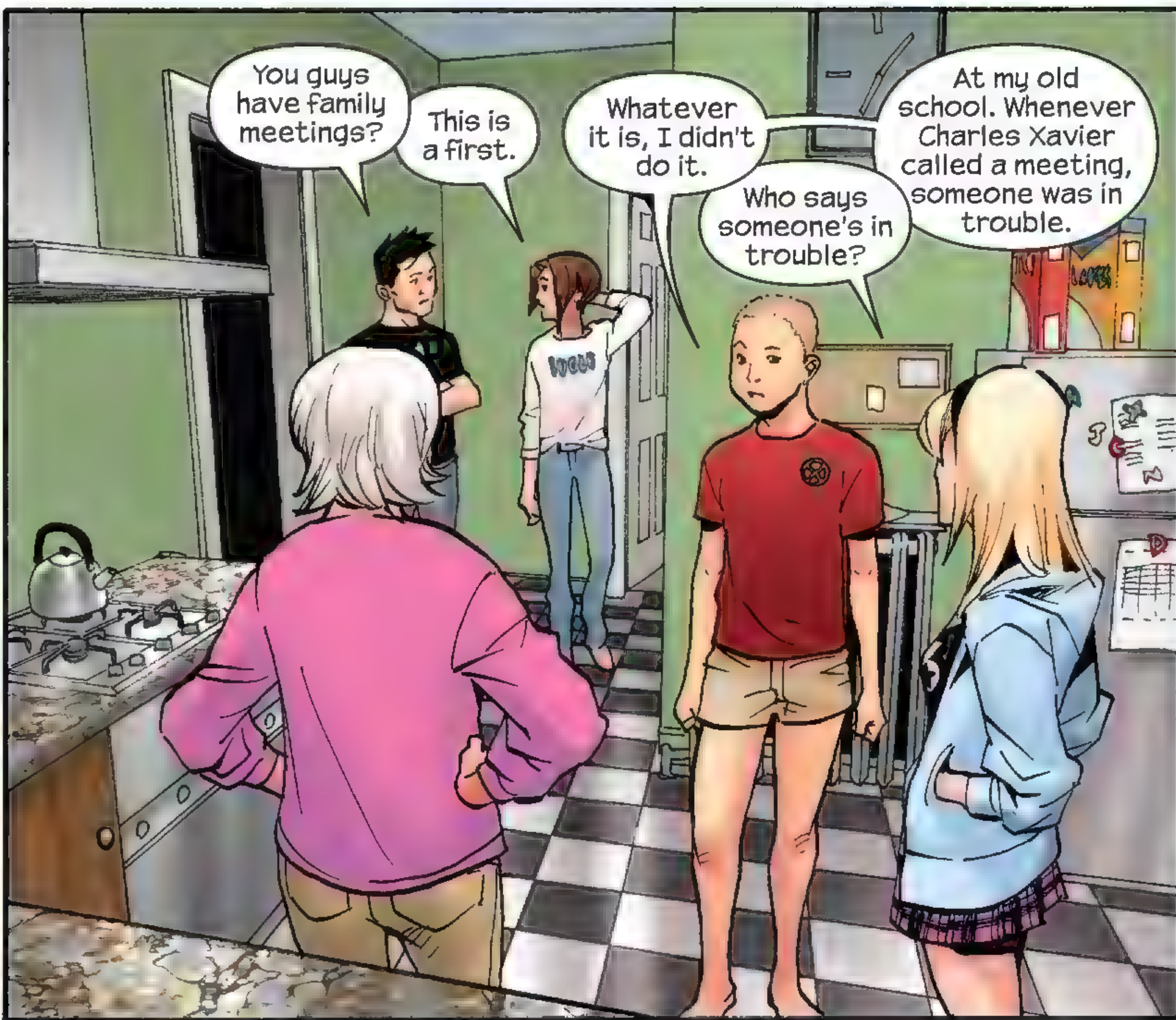


Oh man...





FAMILY MEETING!!



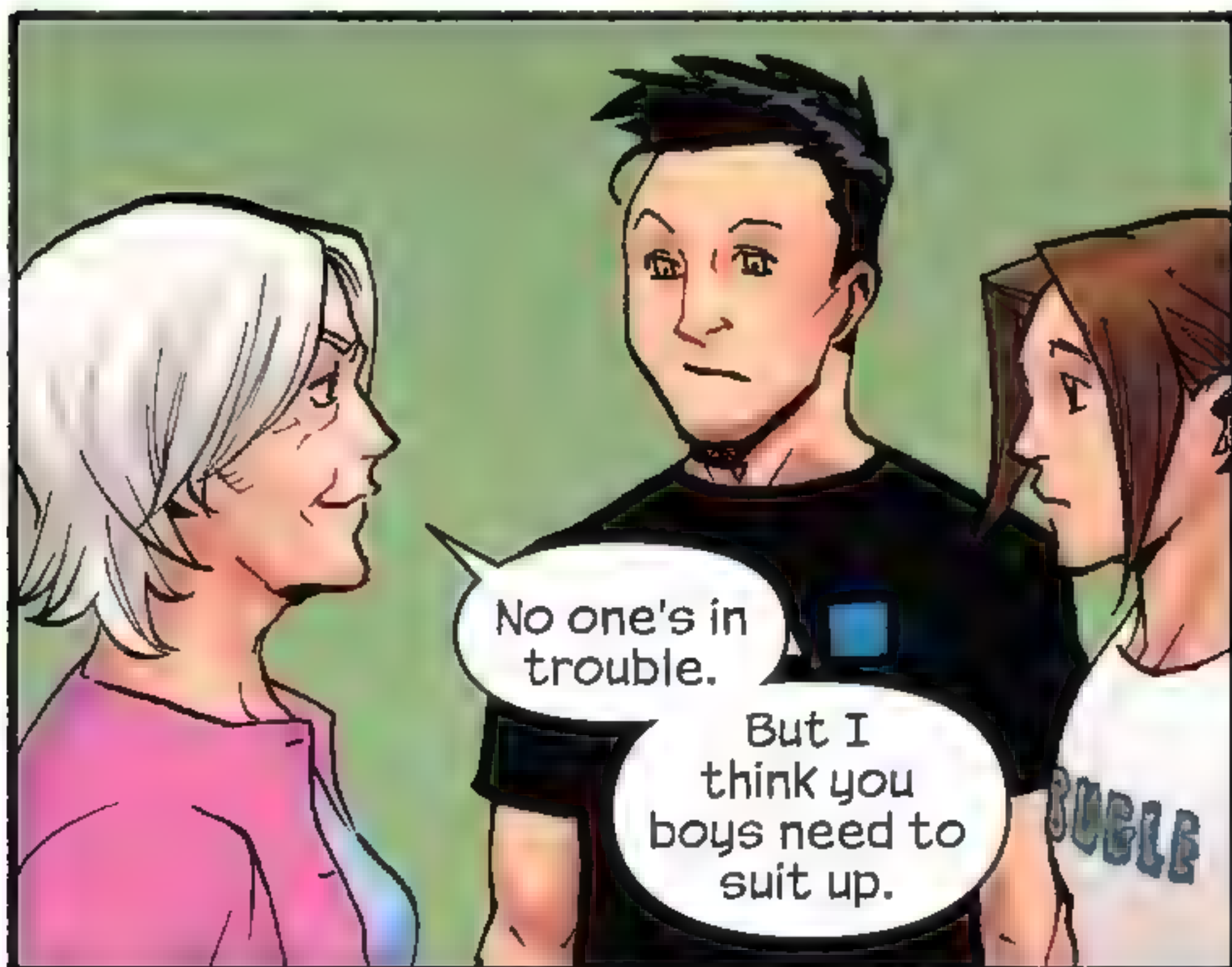
You guys have family meetings?

This is a first.

Whatever it is, I didn't do it.

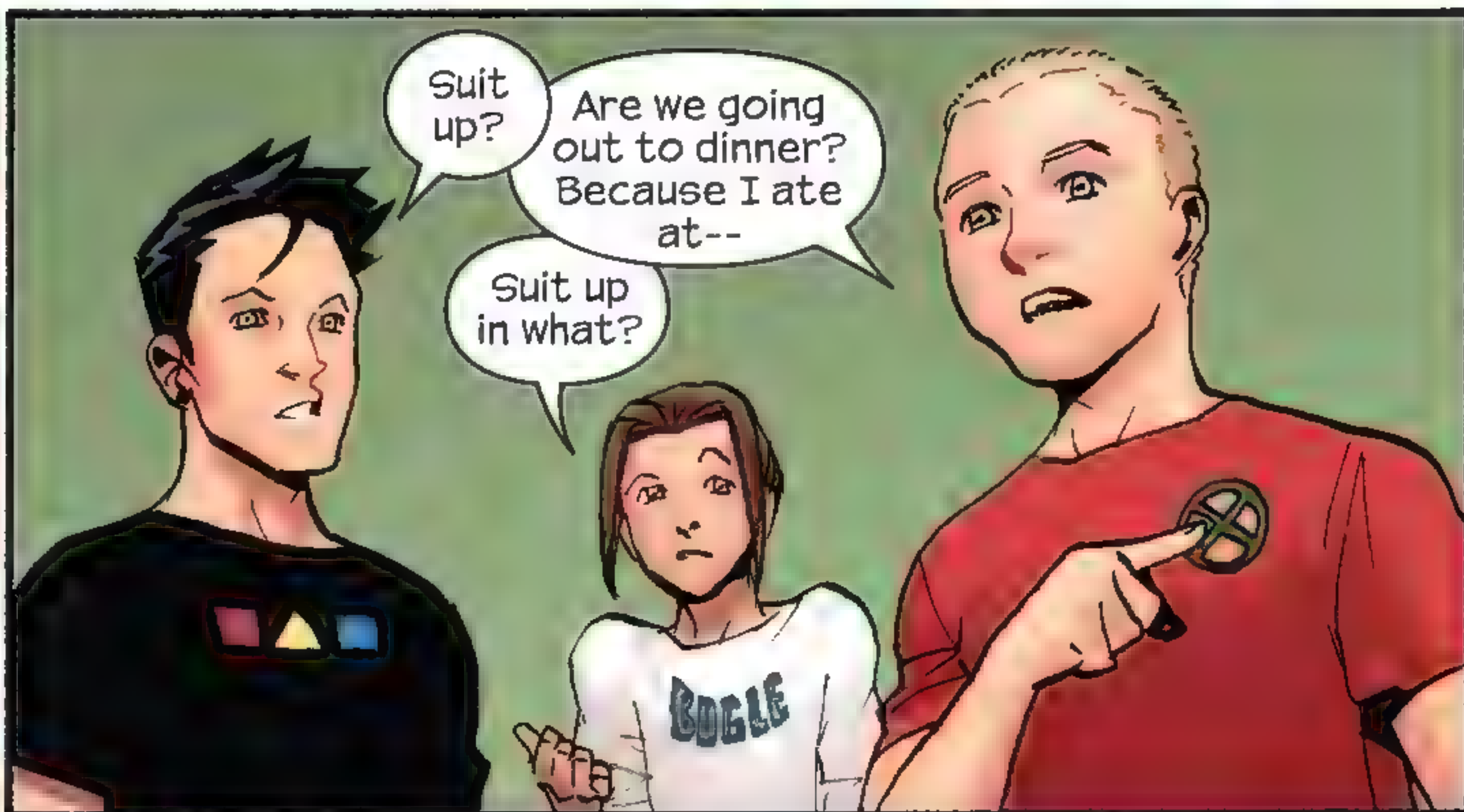
Who says someone's in trouble?

At my old school. Whenever Charles Xavier called a meeting, someone was in trouble.



No one's in trouble.

But I think you boys need to suit up.



Suit up?

Are we going out to dinner? Because I ate at--

Suit up in what?



Whatever you-- you kids call it when you put on your costumes and go be super heroes.

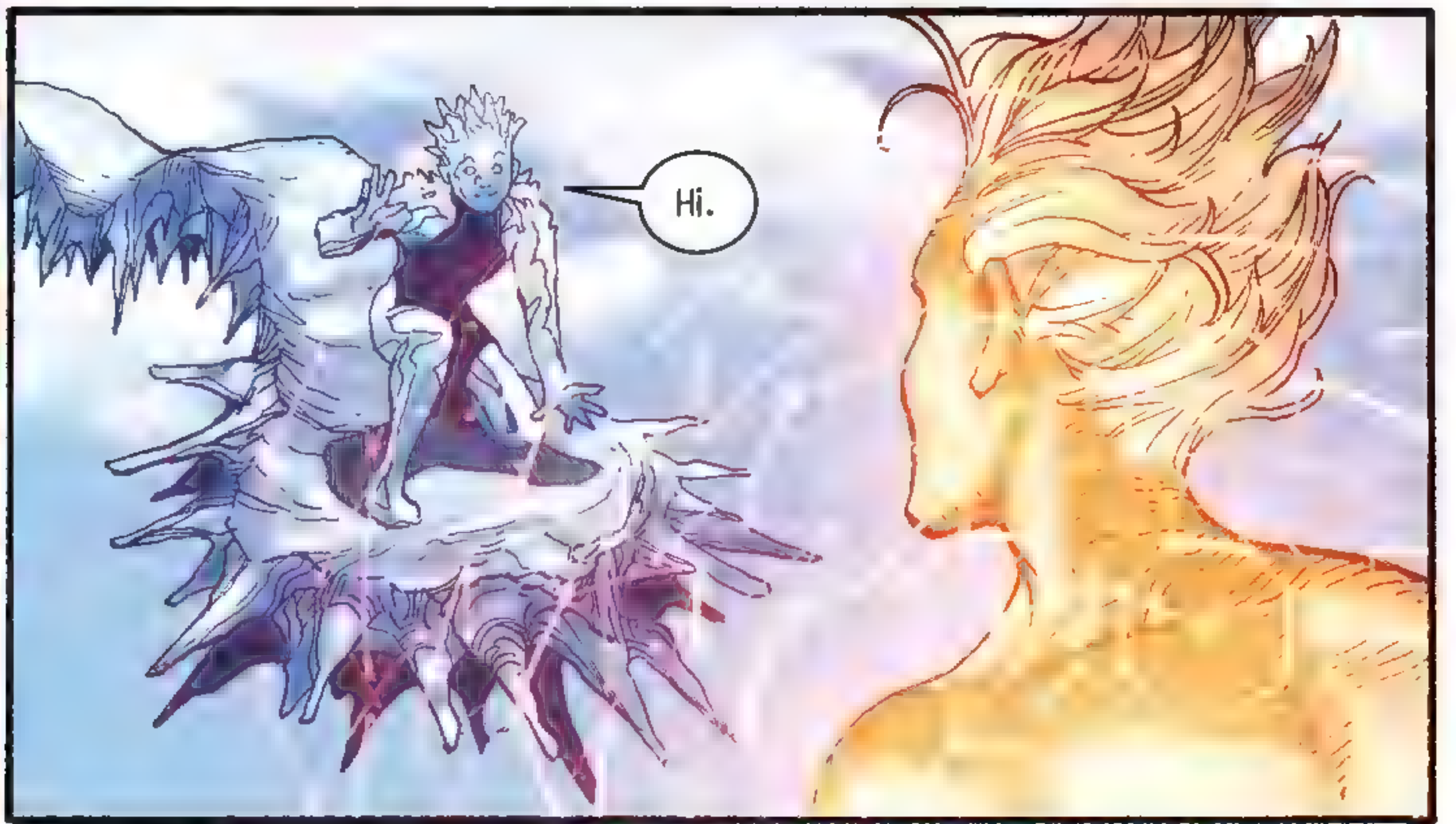
You need to do that.

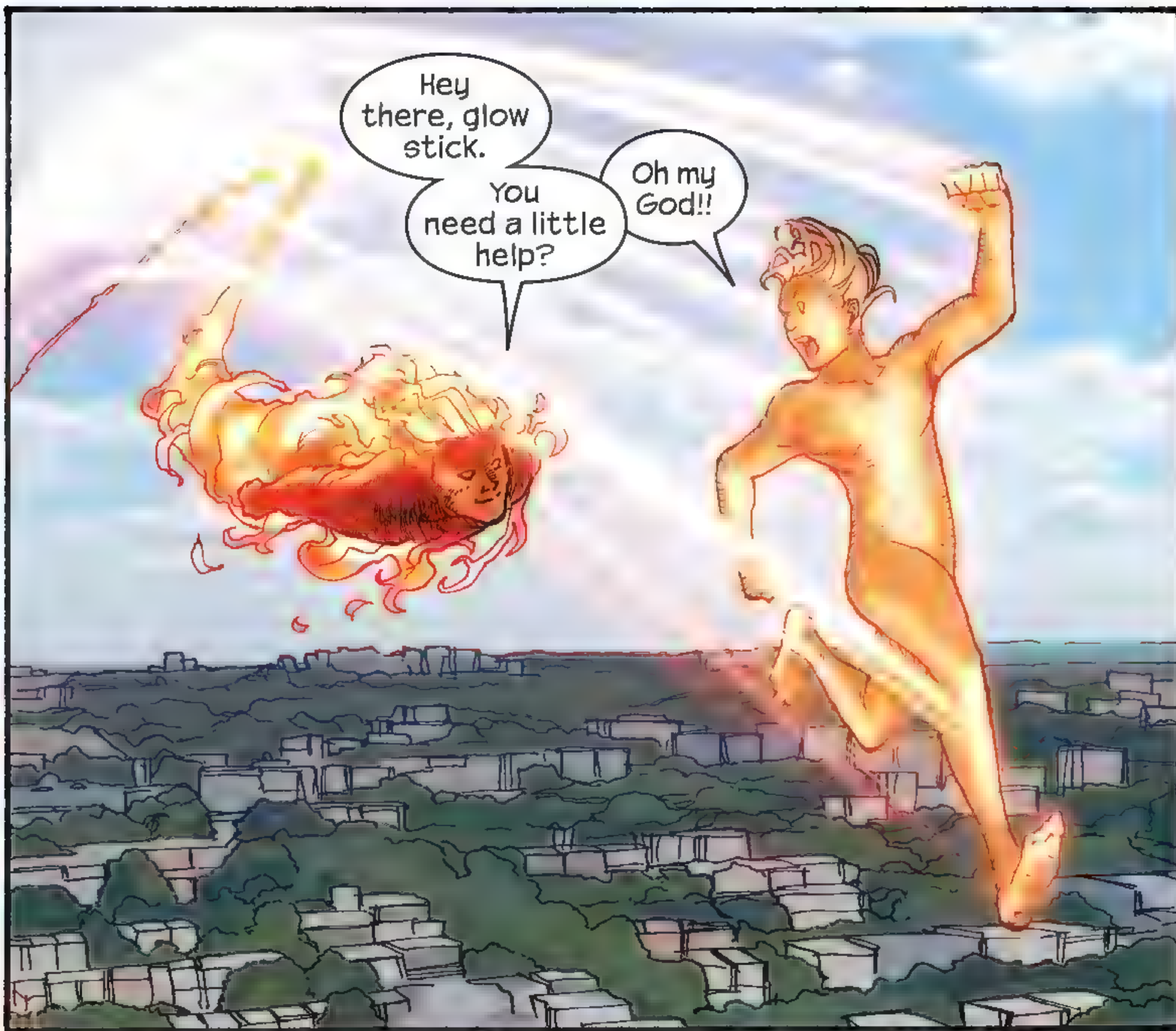


You're asking us to go be super heroes.

What the what?



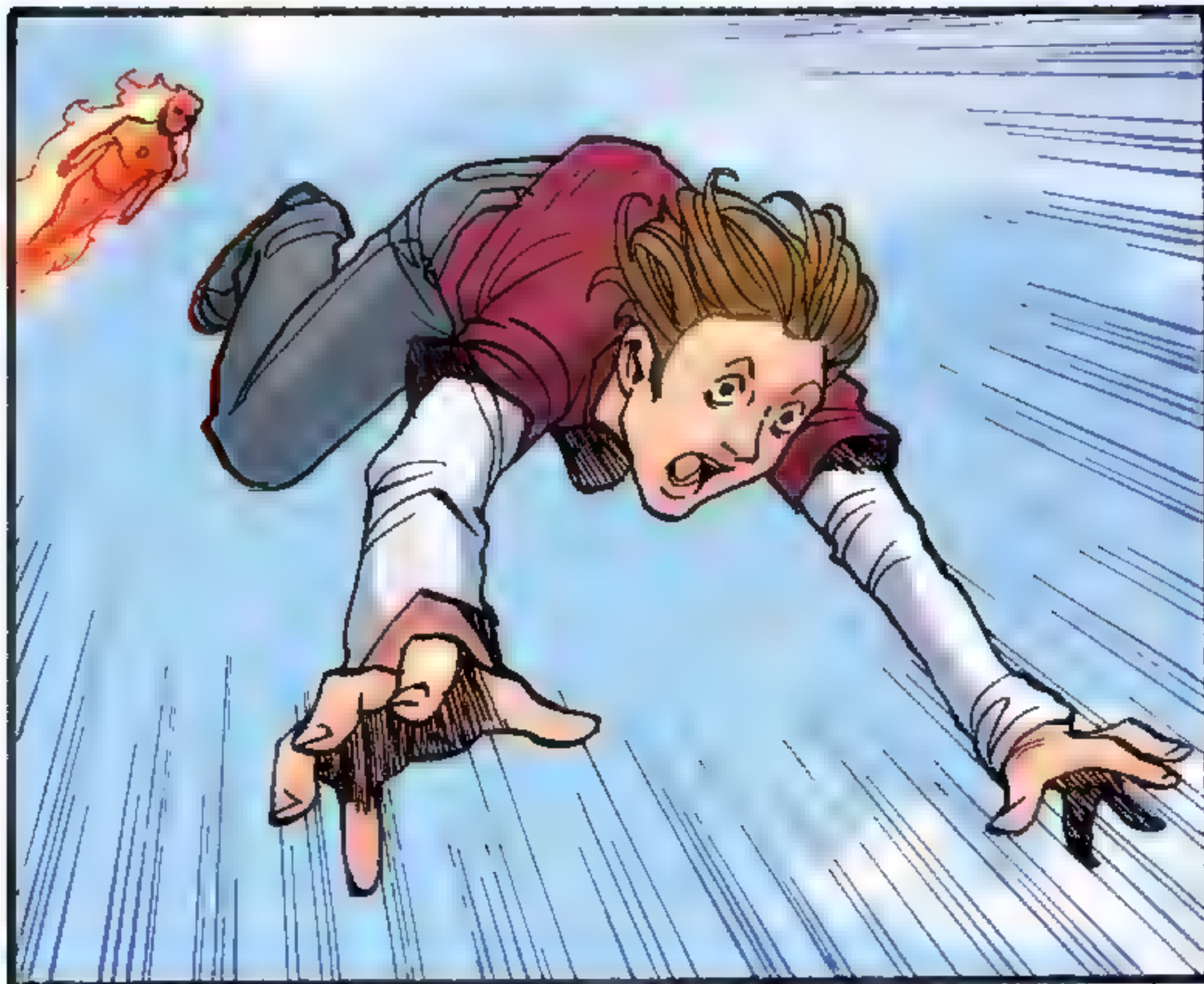




Hey there, glow stick.

You need a little help?

Oh my God!!



Gotcha!

Oh my God!

Nice!

I know, it is exciting to meet me.

I meet me every day and I still get a little chill.



I didn't-- I don't

Ho!! Just settle down.

I don't--

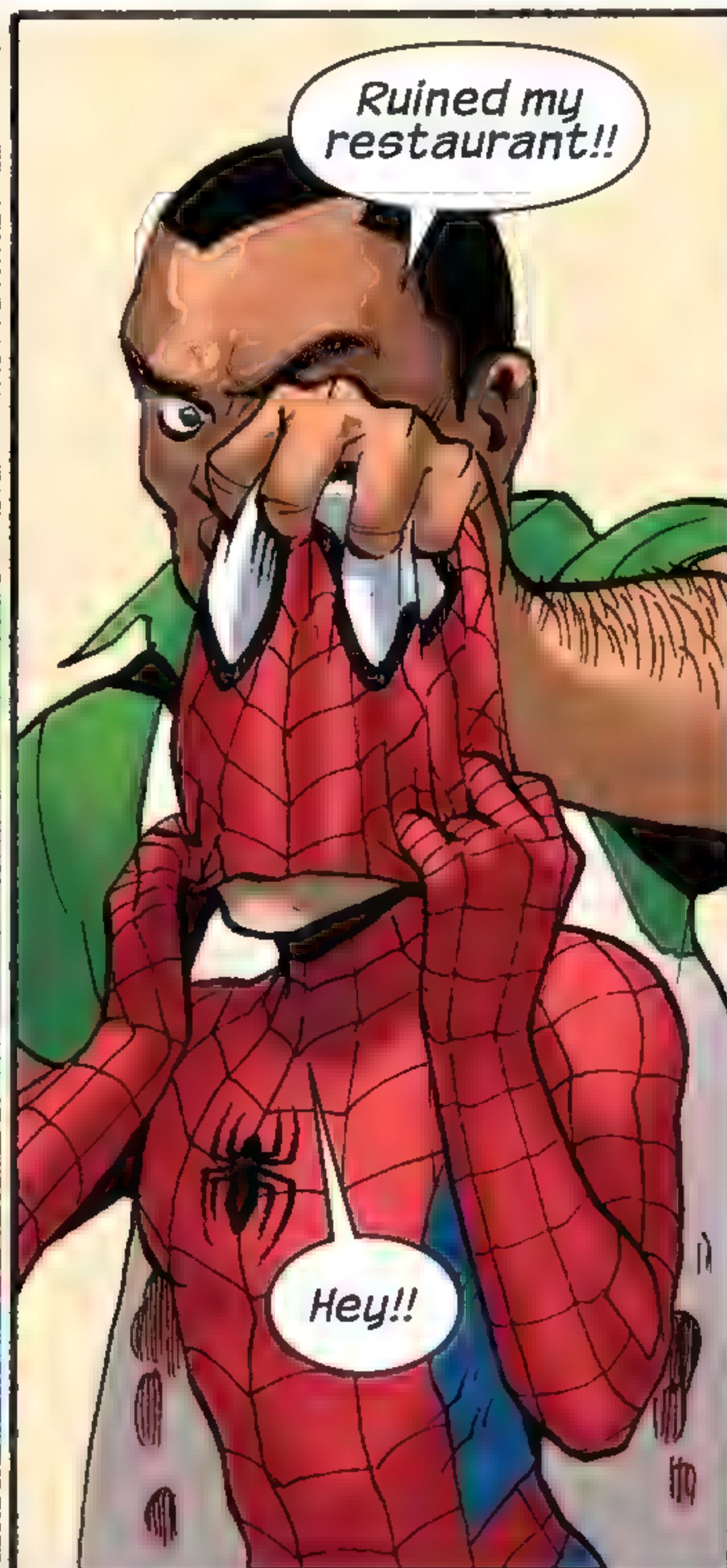
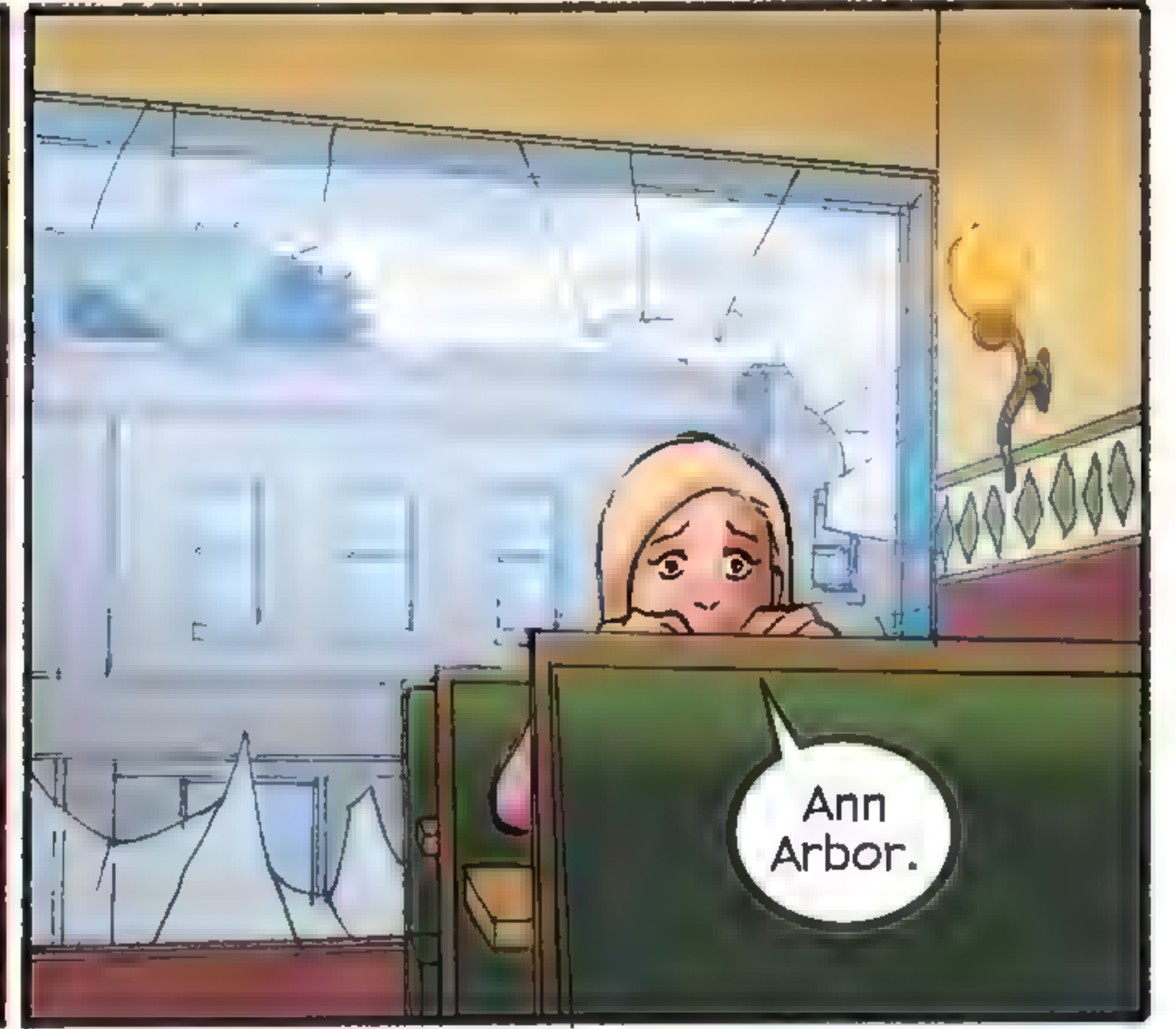
Uh-oh.



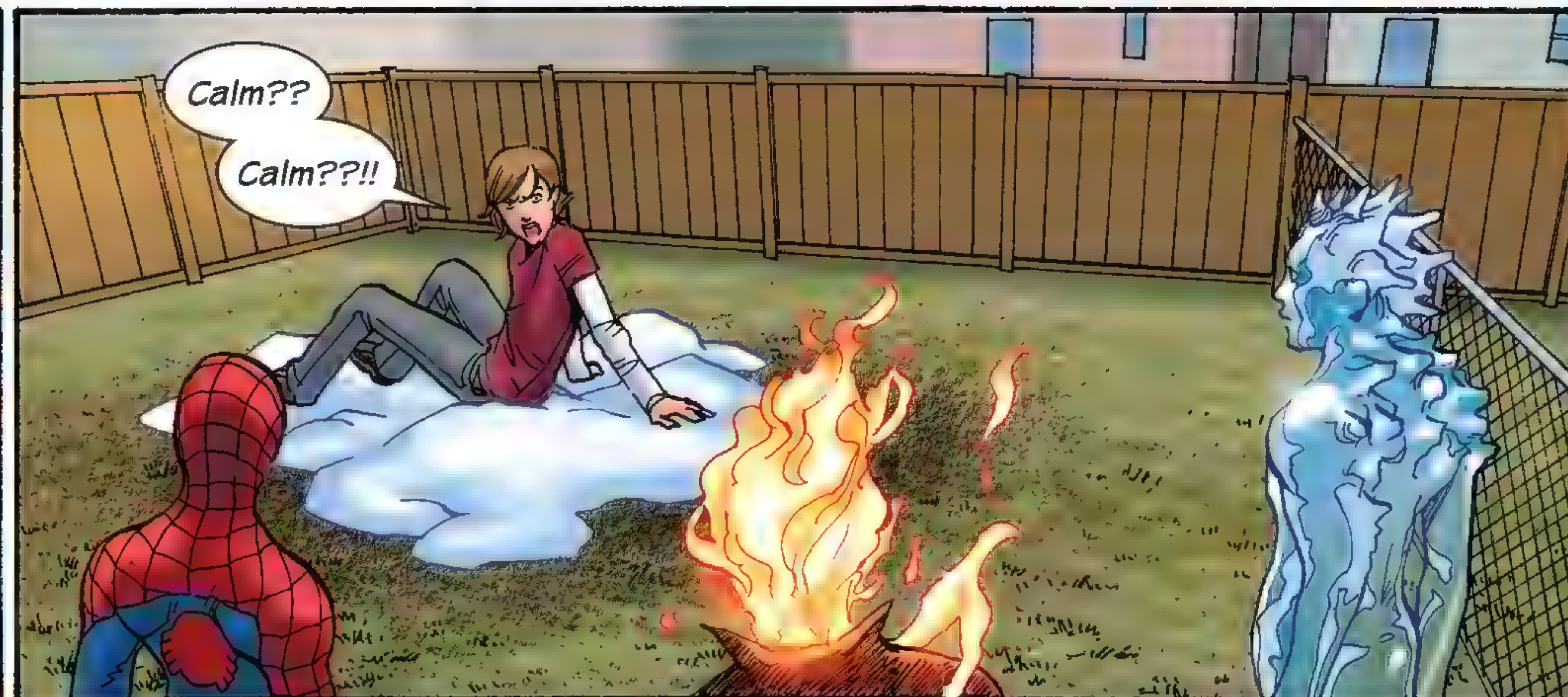
YAAAAGGHHHH!!!!

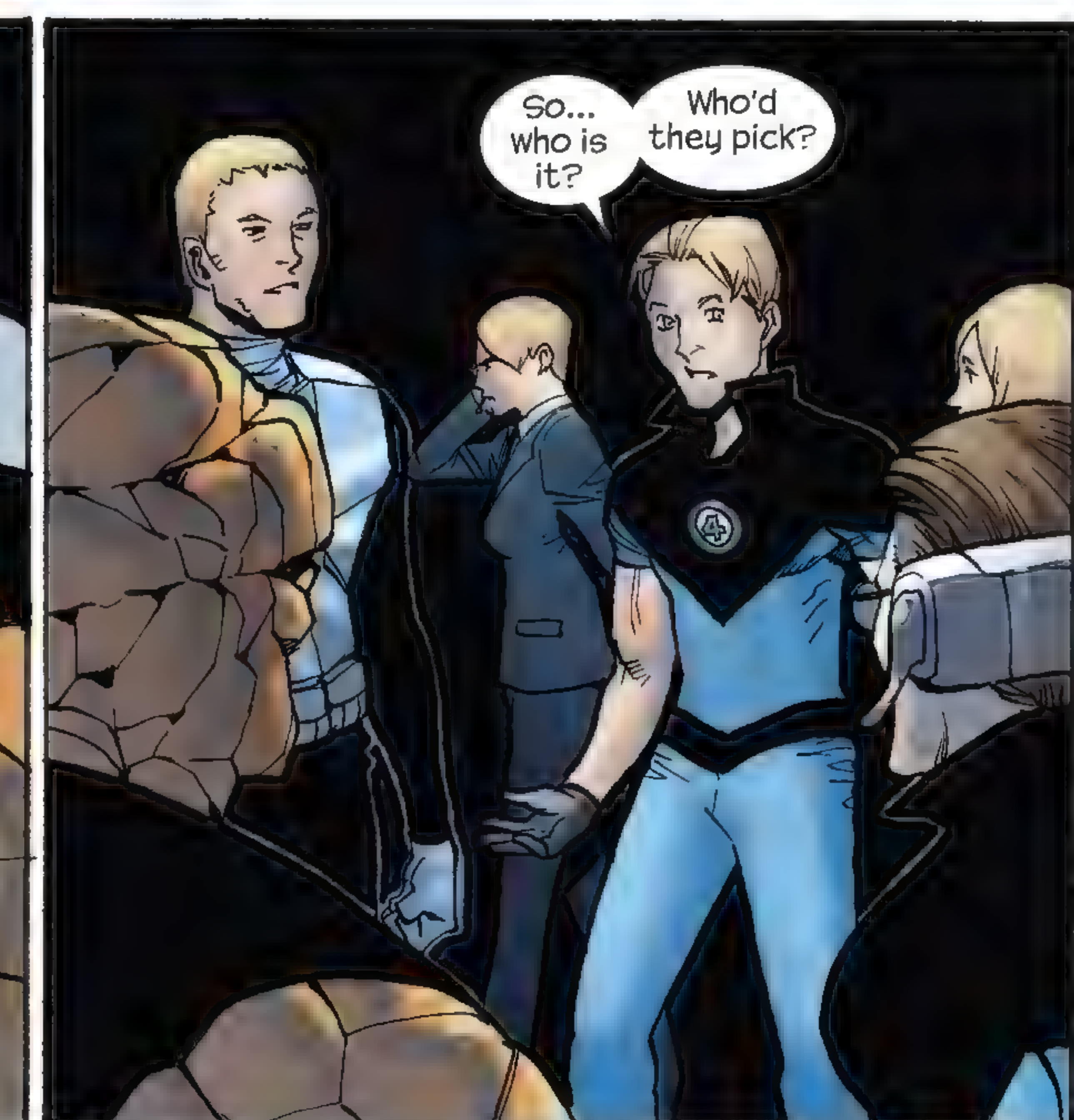
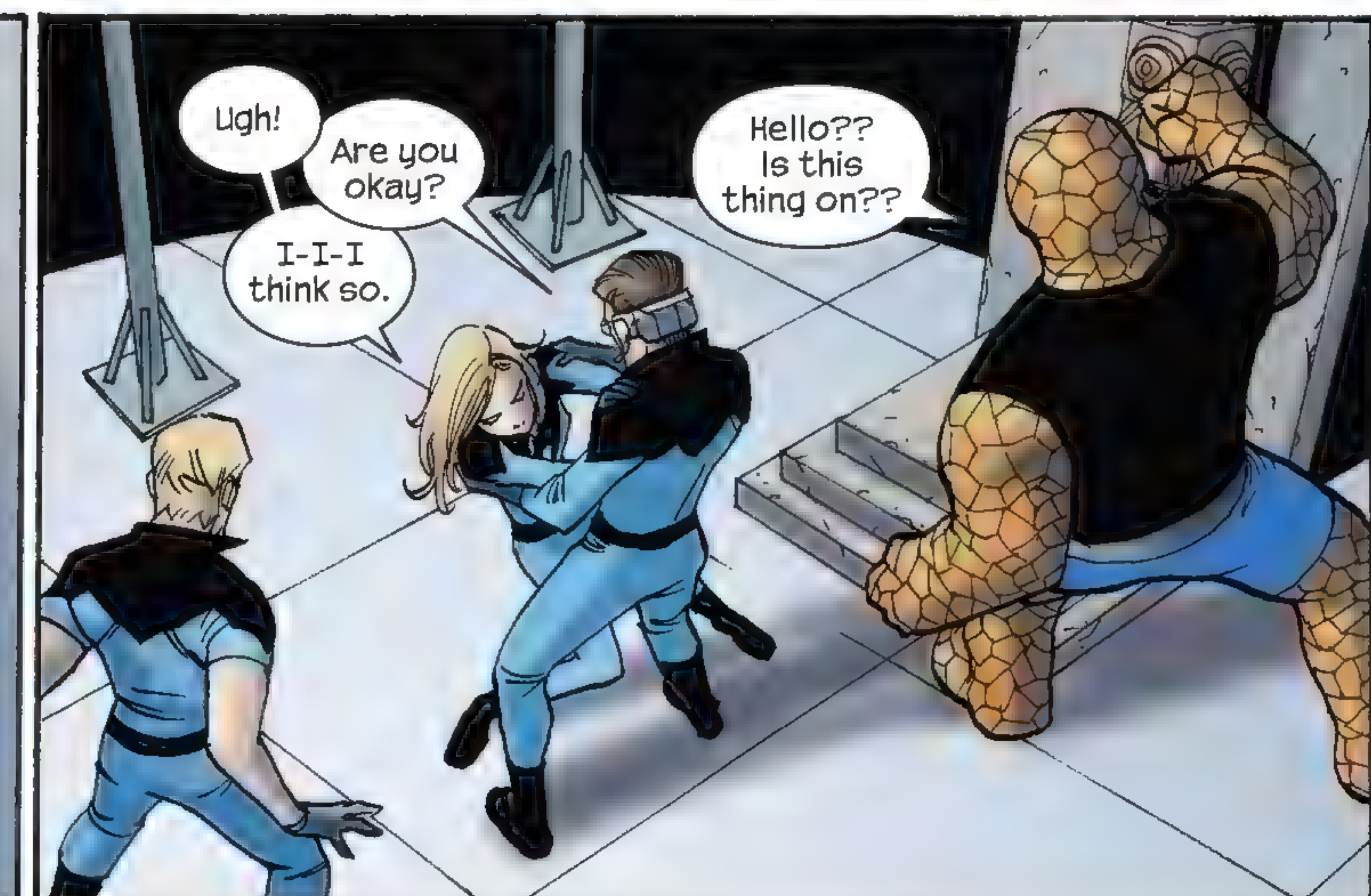
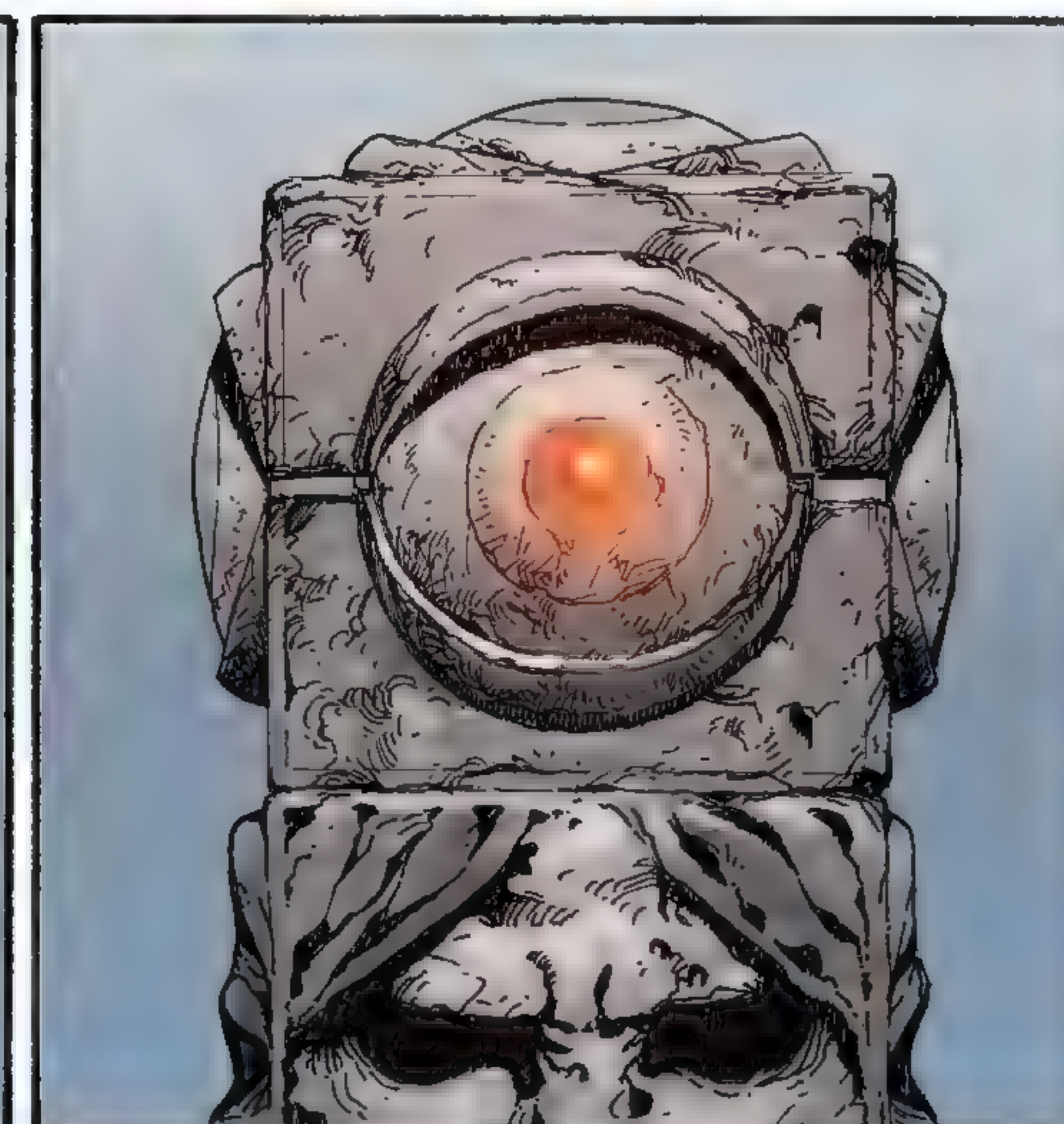
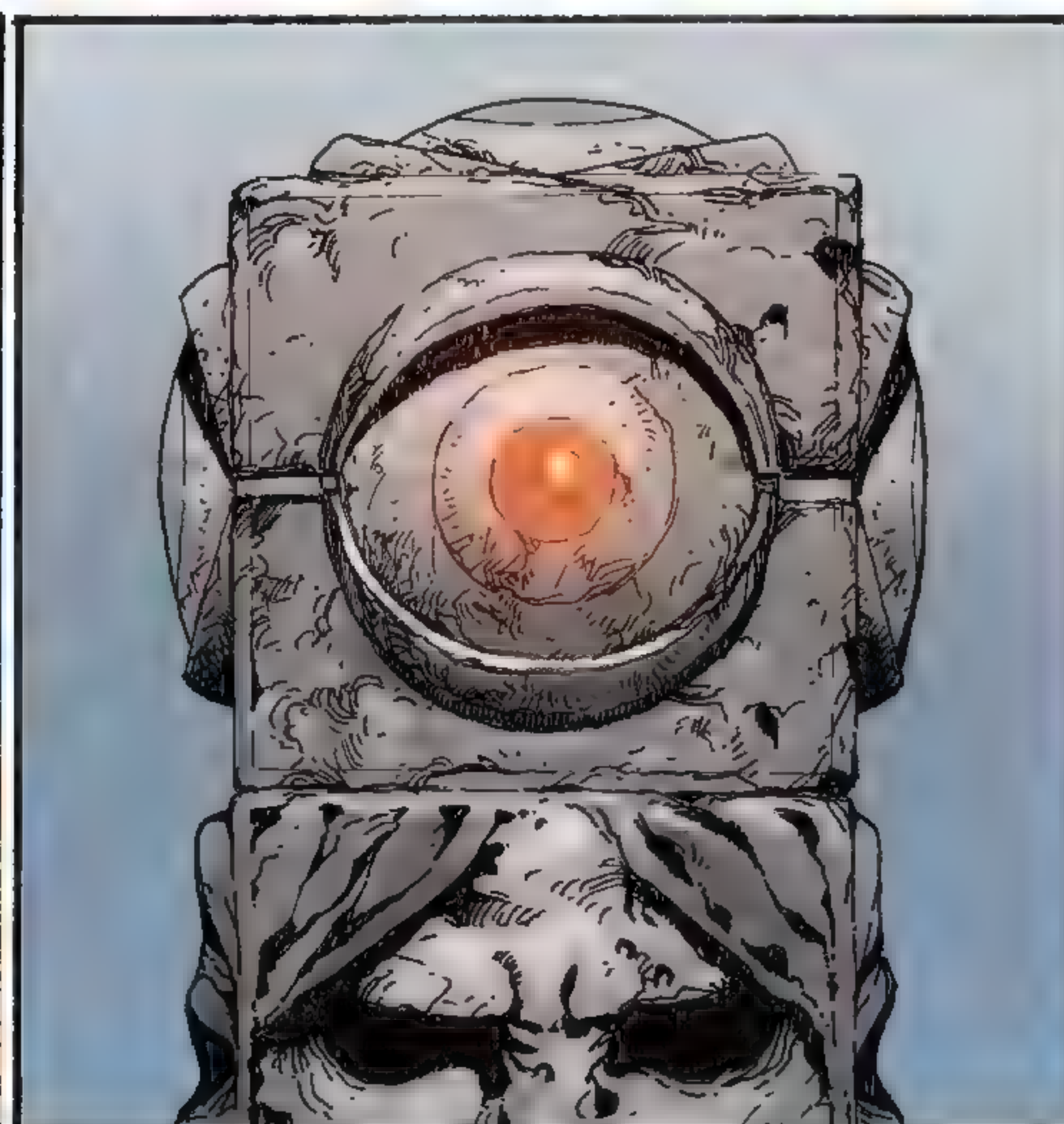
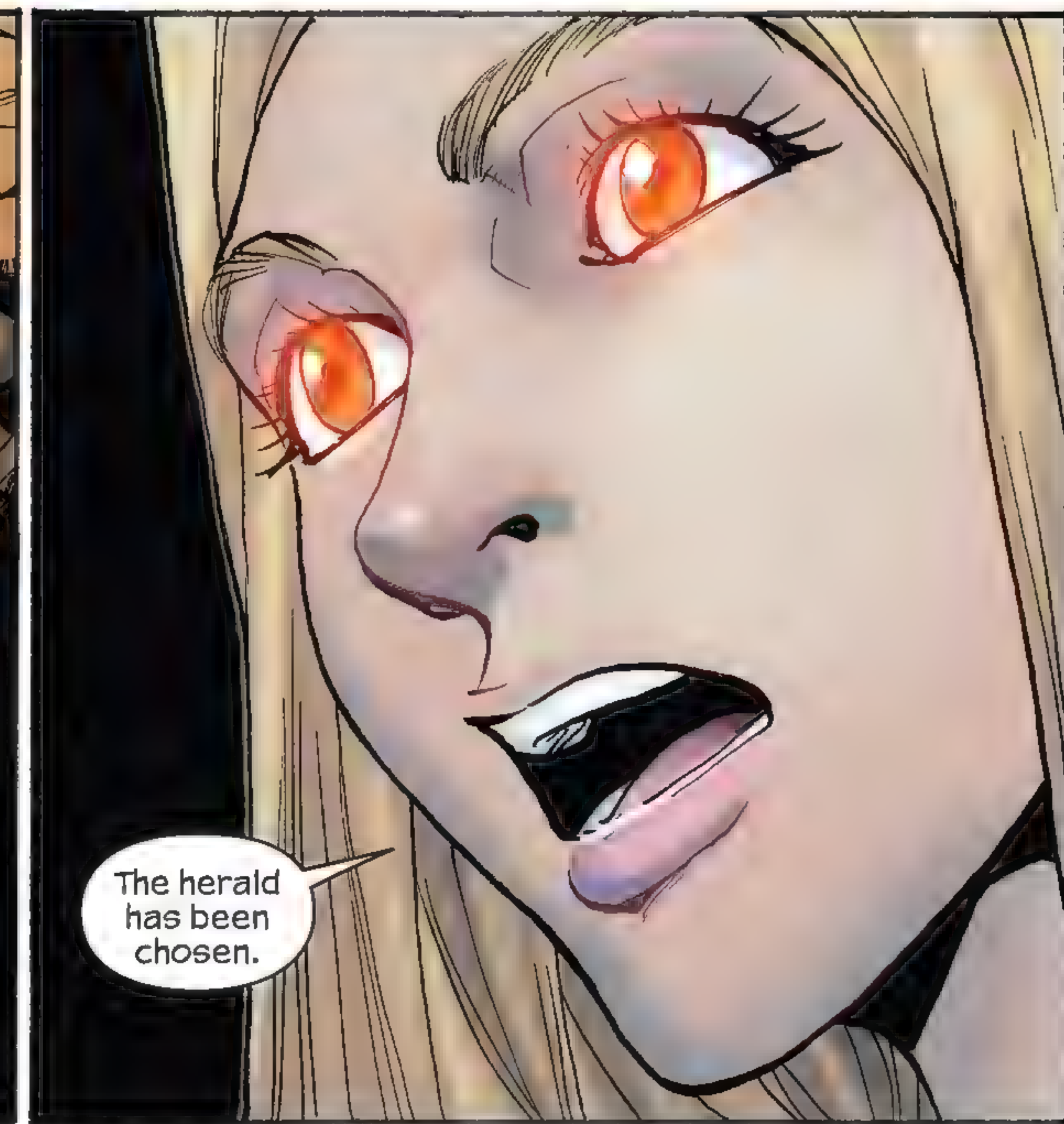
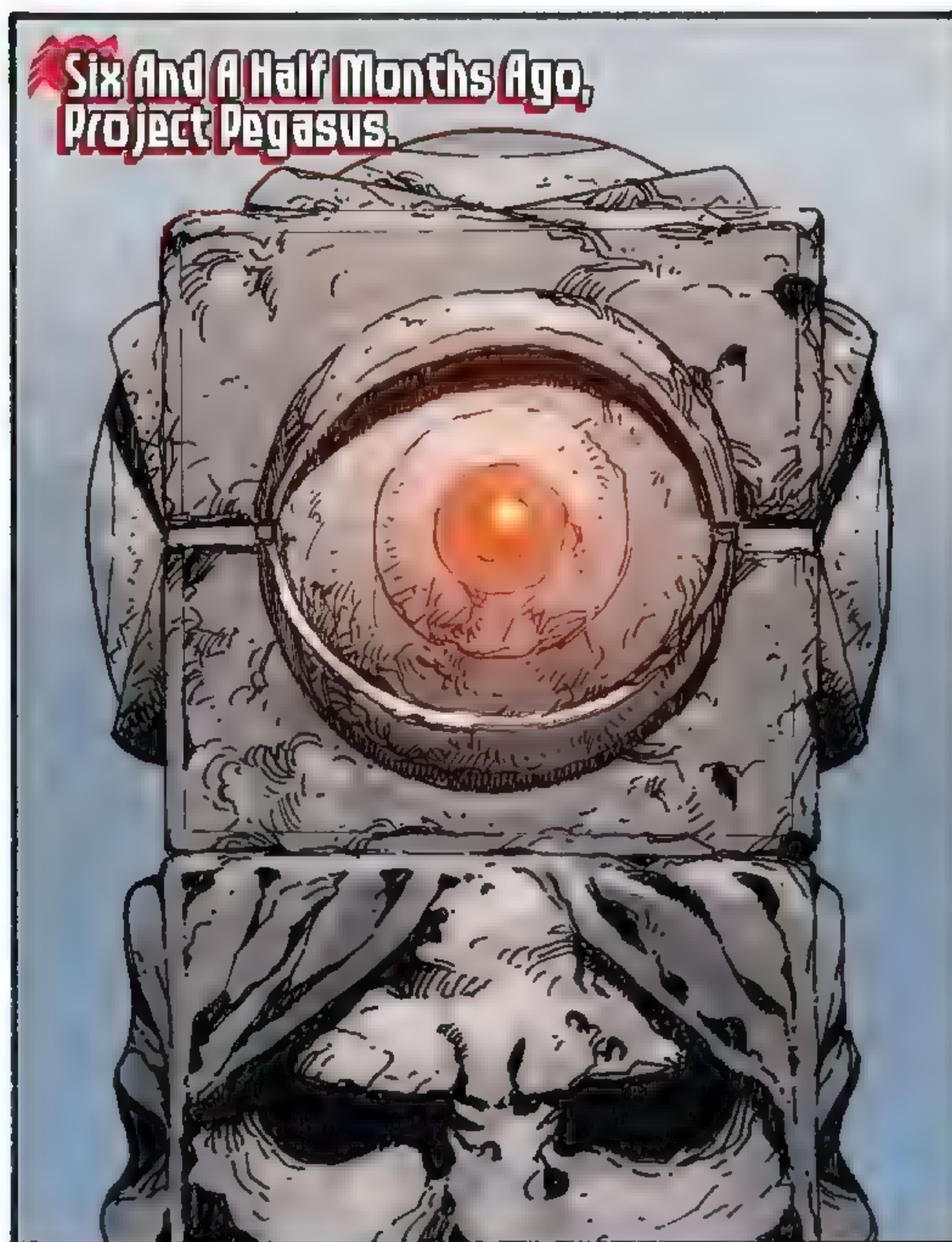
AAAGGHHHH!!!!











They
picked you,
Rick Jones.

The Watchers
came to Earth and
chose someone to
lead us into the
future...

It's
you.

You're
the Chosen
One.

Really?



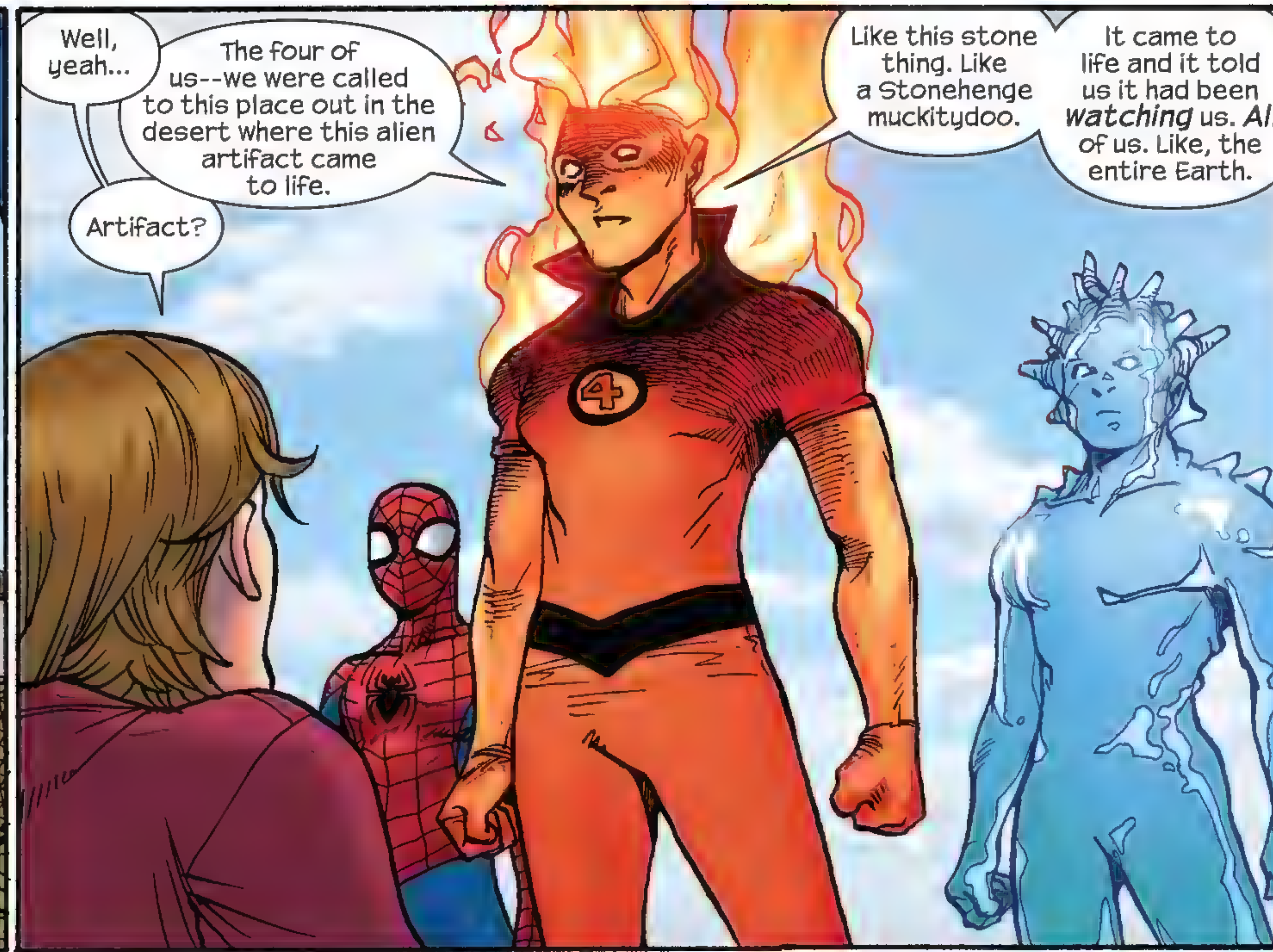




What the hell are you talking about?

I was in the Fantastic Four.

(You know who we are?)



Well, yeah...
Artifact?

The four of us--we were called to this place out in the desert where this alien artifact came to life.

Like this stone thing. Like a Stonehenge muckitydoo.

It came to life and it told us it had been watching us. All of us. Like, the entire Earth.



It was--yeah, it even called itself the Watcher and it said we, the world, we were going to need help and it was going to give us the power.

It was going to give *one* of us the power to help the world.

When was this?



Months ago.

First we thought it had picked one of us. One of the Fantastic Four.

But no. It disappeared and with all the crazy going on in the world I forgot all about it.



But it's *you*, Rick Jones..

You're the one.



The one what?



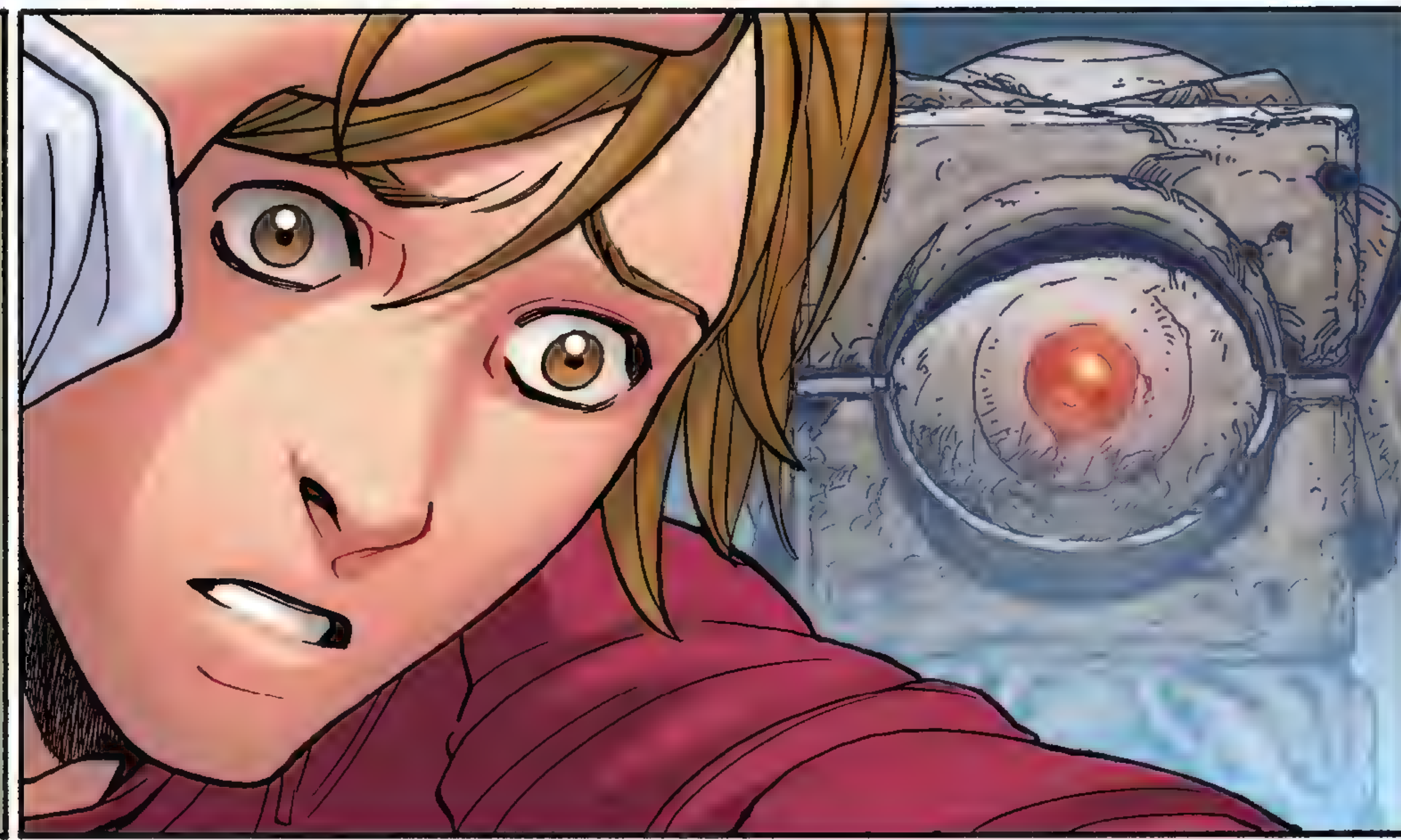
Dude!!
That's amazing news.



I think I'm right.

You *always* think you're right.

It saves time.







Show me!

I want to see it.

What?

This place. The Watcher.

Oh--it--it disappeared. I *told* you it--

What?

After it gave you the goods. It up and disappeared.



Well that's *just great!!*

I had plans!!

I think you're taking this *badly*. Let's rewind...you have powers.

And now you have *superpowers!!!*



What were these plans you had that you are now so convinced you can no longer do... now that an alien race has come and given you awesome super-powers??



First the coma...now this...



Well, first let's see what you can do.

I don't want to.

Come on, we know you can teleport or--

It was *more* than teleport. You guys ended up where?

Detroit.



That's like... the book. What was that book?

I don't read books.

The-- "*The Stars My Destination*."

Oh I read that. Yeah. Jaunting.

Jumping.

Yeah. You can jaunt. That's *huge*.

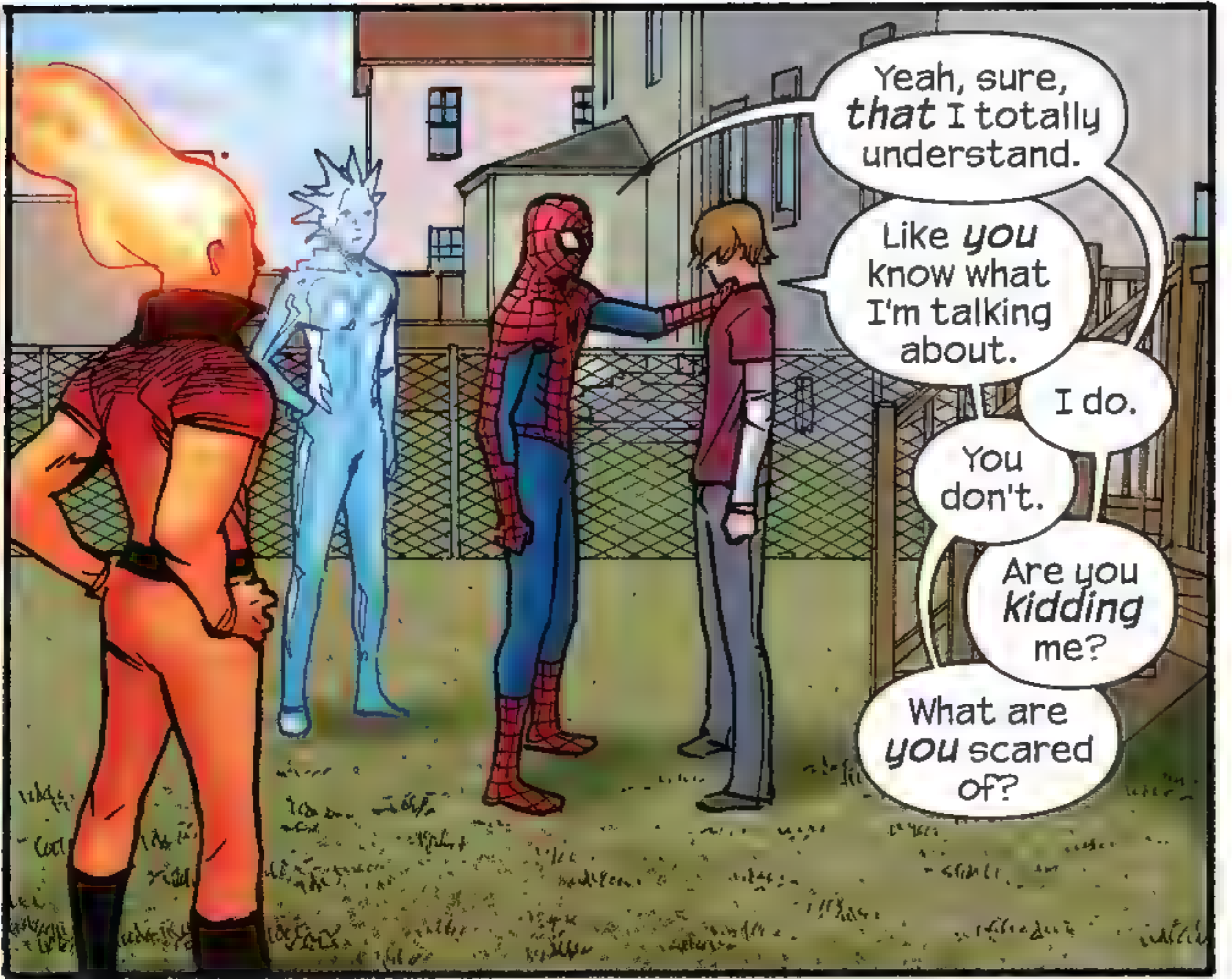
And you were able to get us back here.

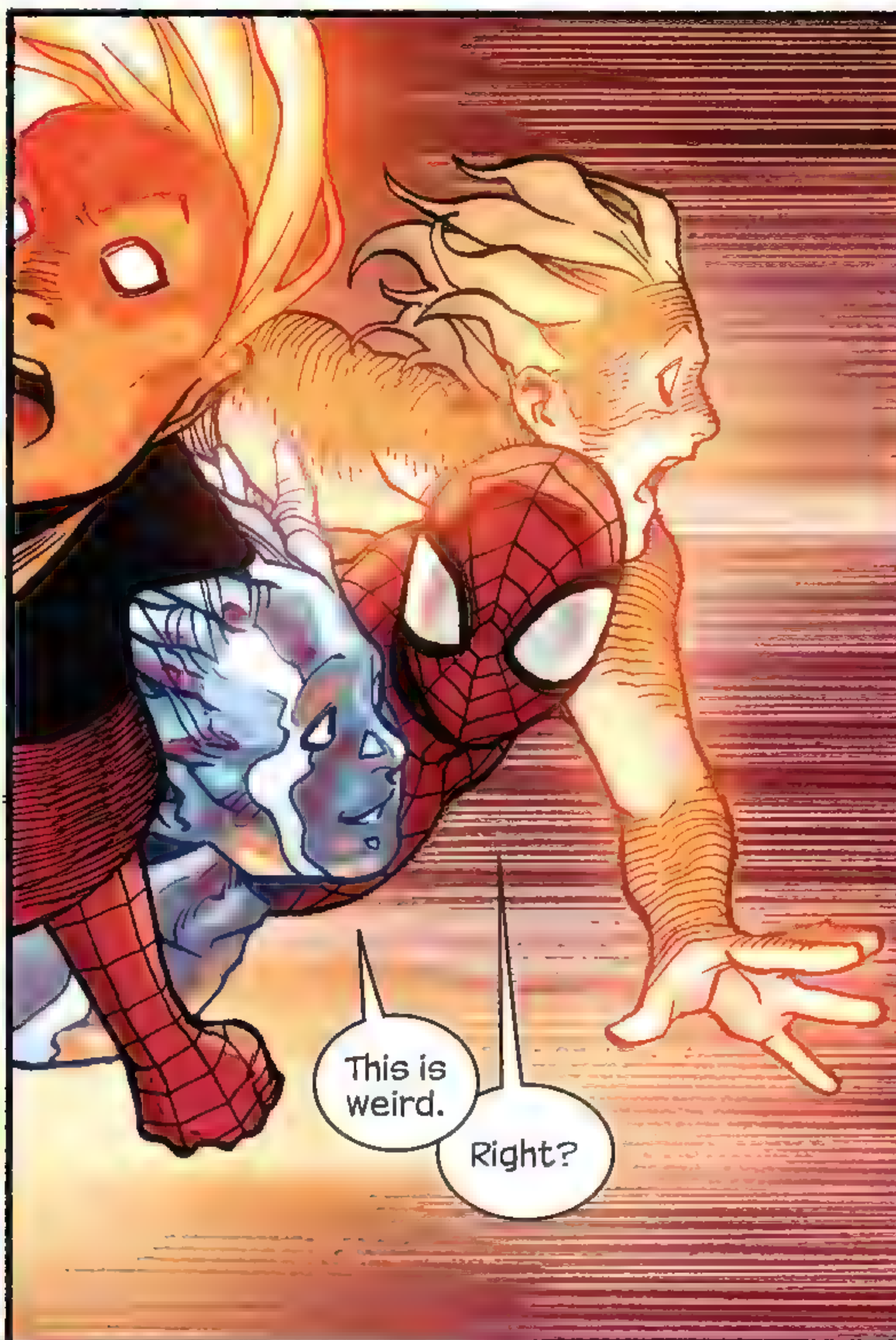
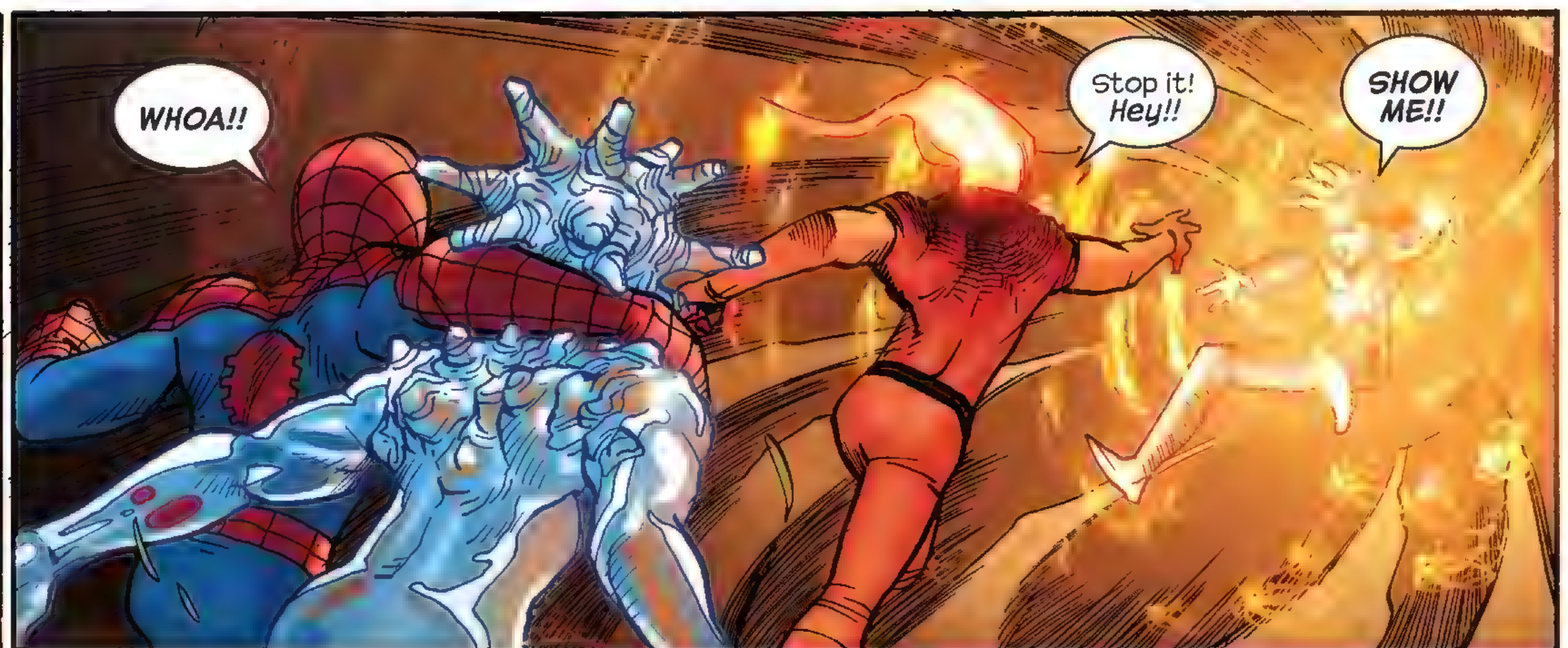


Whatever.



Anyone else want to smack him?







Project Pegasus. This is it. This is what? This is Wyoming!! This is where we found the alien that turned him into this. Wyoming??!!

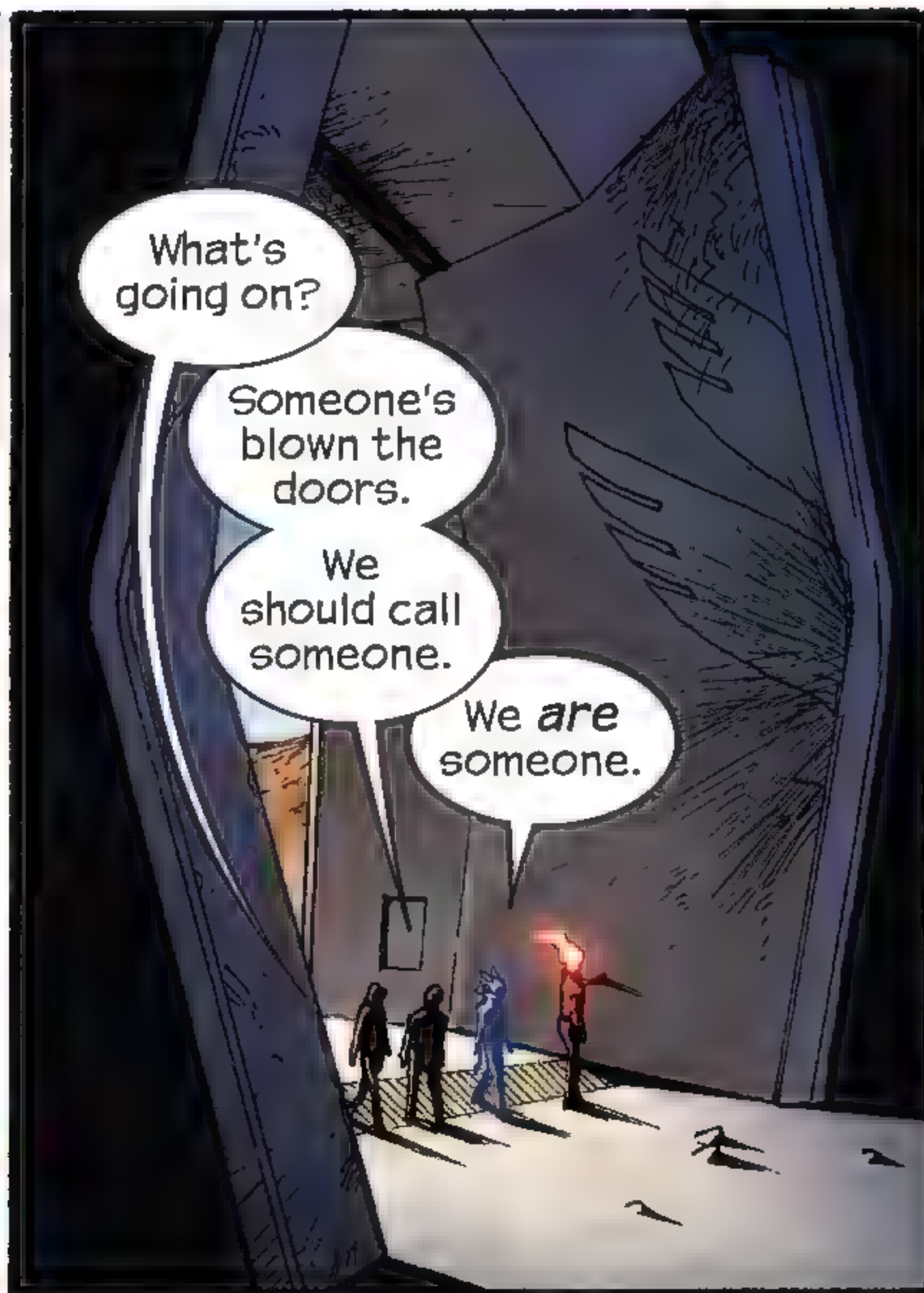
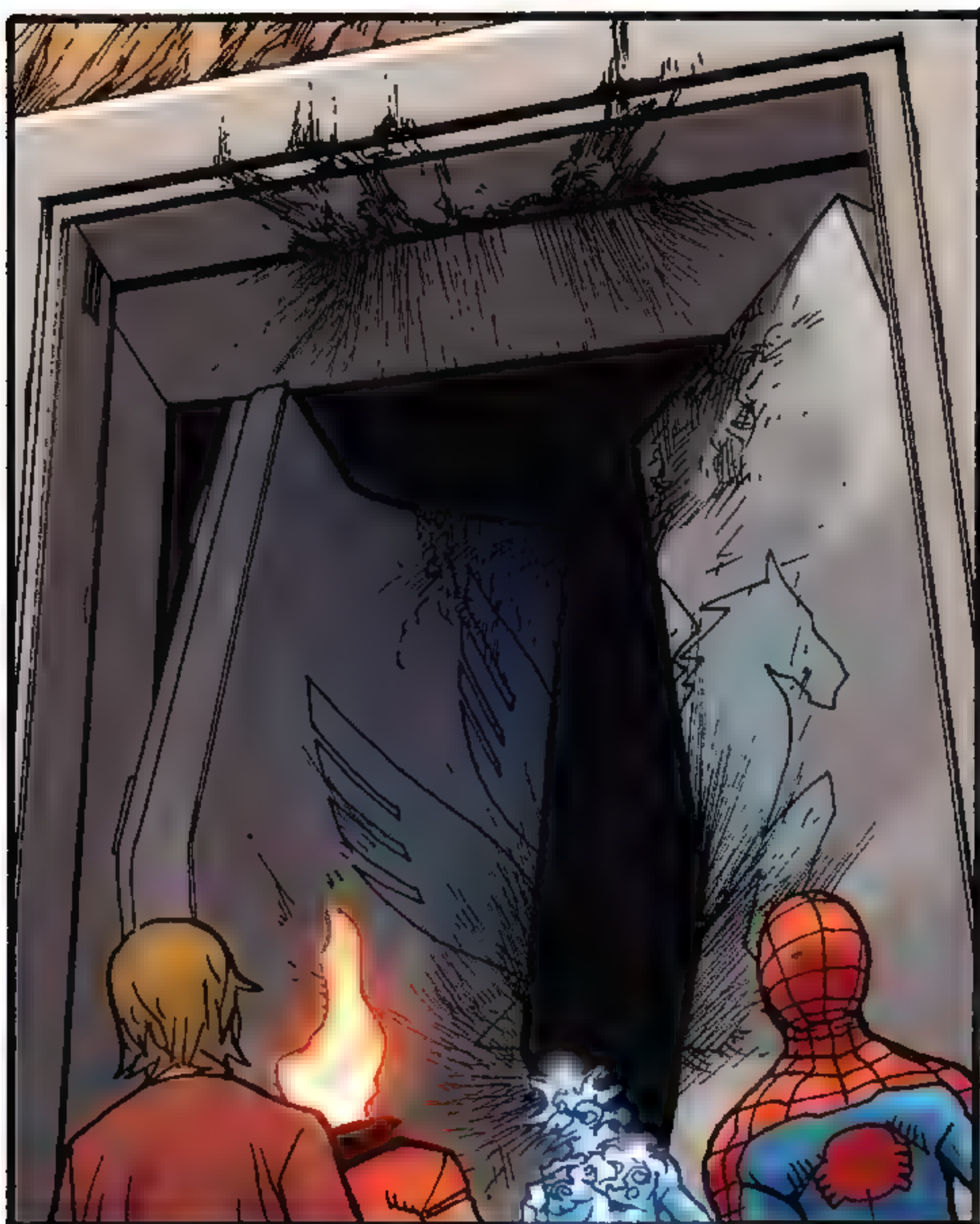
How did you *do* that?



I--I don't know. Where is everyone? Everyone who? This is a big honkin' military installation. There's a guy in charge! There's people... Army, S.H.I.E.L.D. Something's wrong. I'm saying.



The door.



What's going on? Someone's blown the doors. We should call someone. We *are* someone.



No, I mean... Sshh!



We're here
for the Serpent
Crown.

I know
but...

Only.

As long
as we're
here.

Ana,
put it
back.

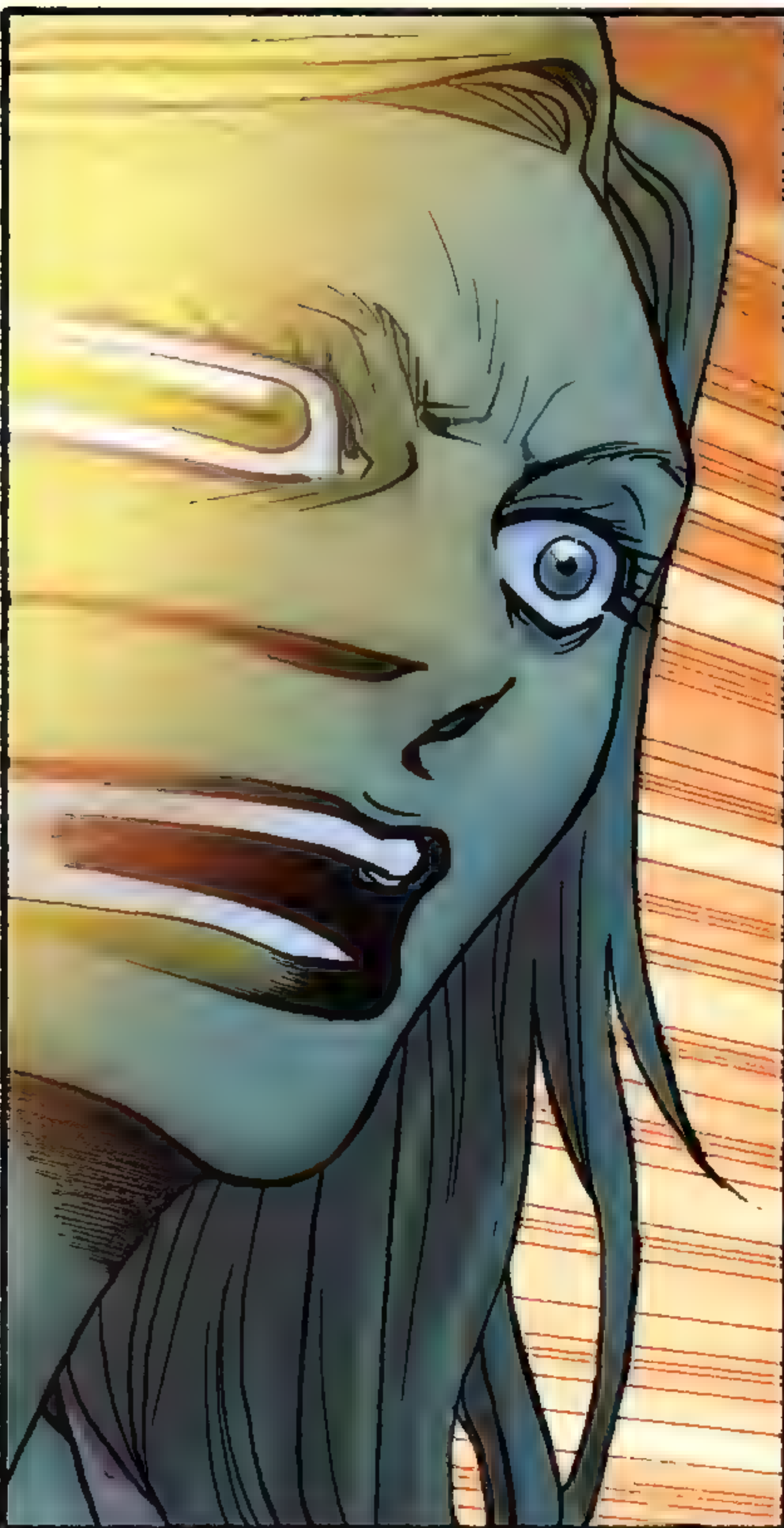
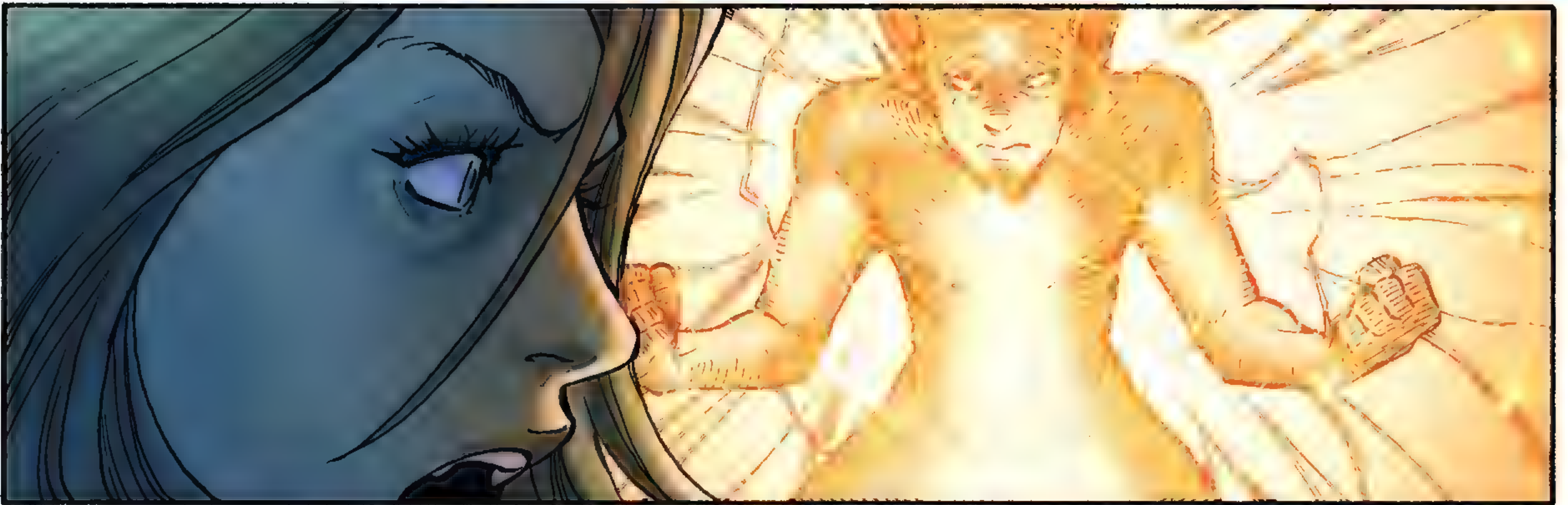
The
Serpent Crown.
We have it. Let's go.
Am I not speaking
English?

Uh,
guys?

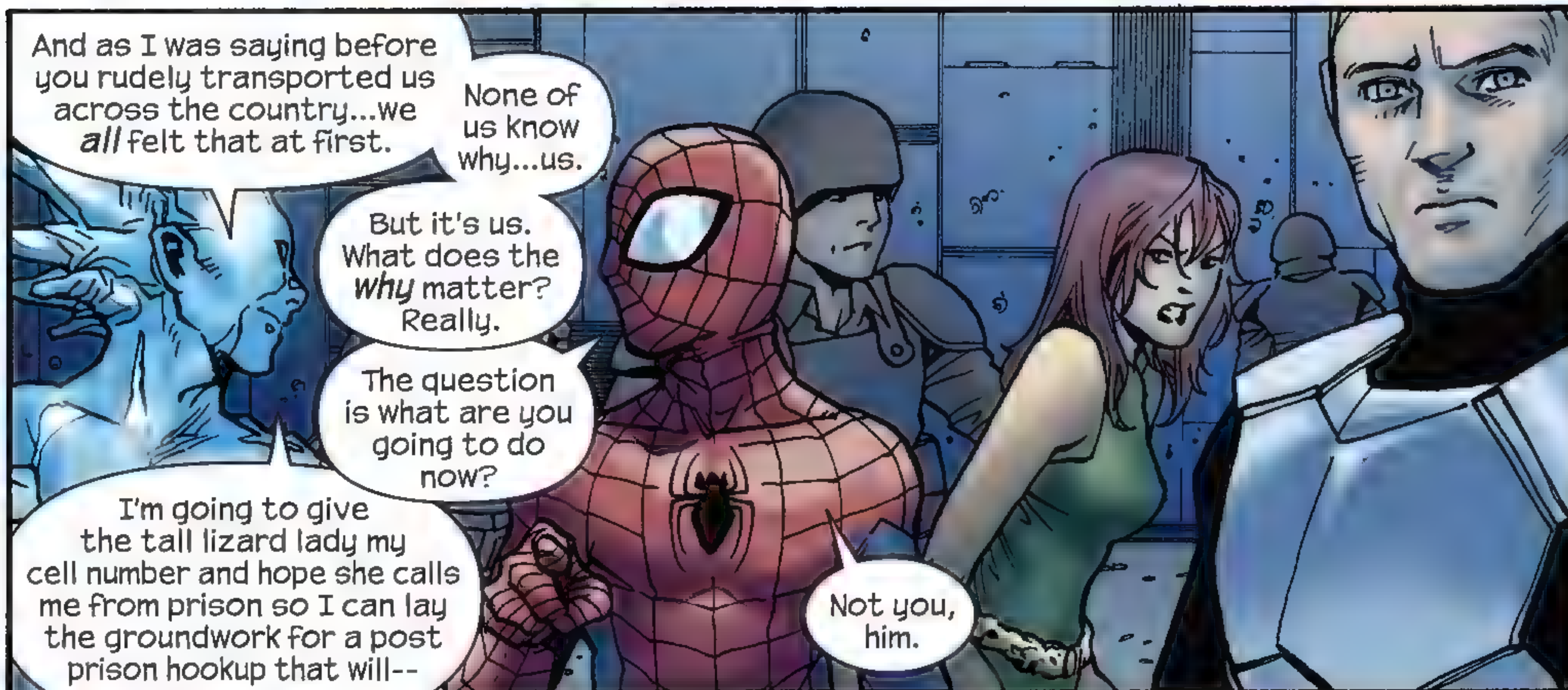


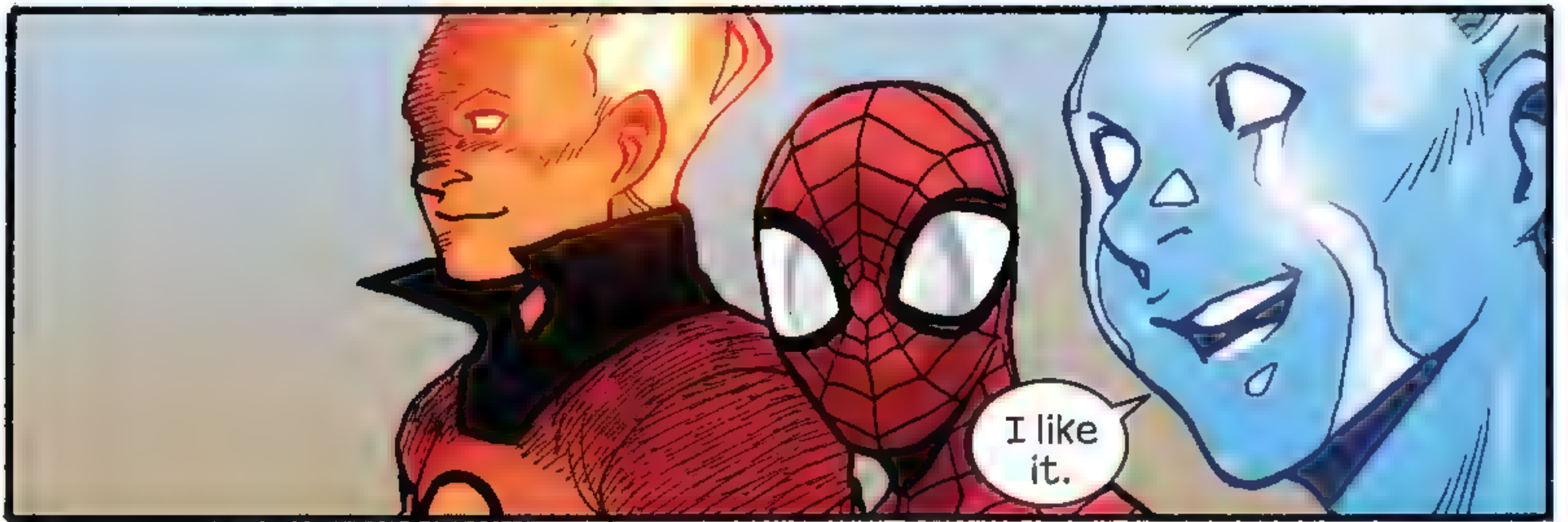
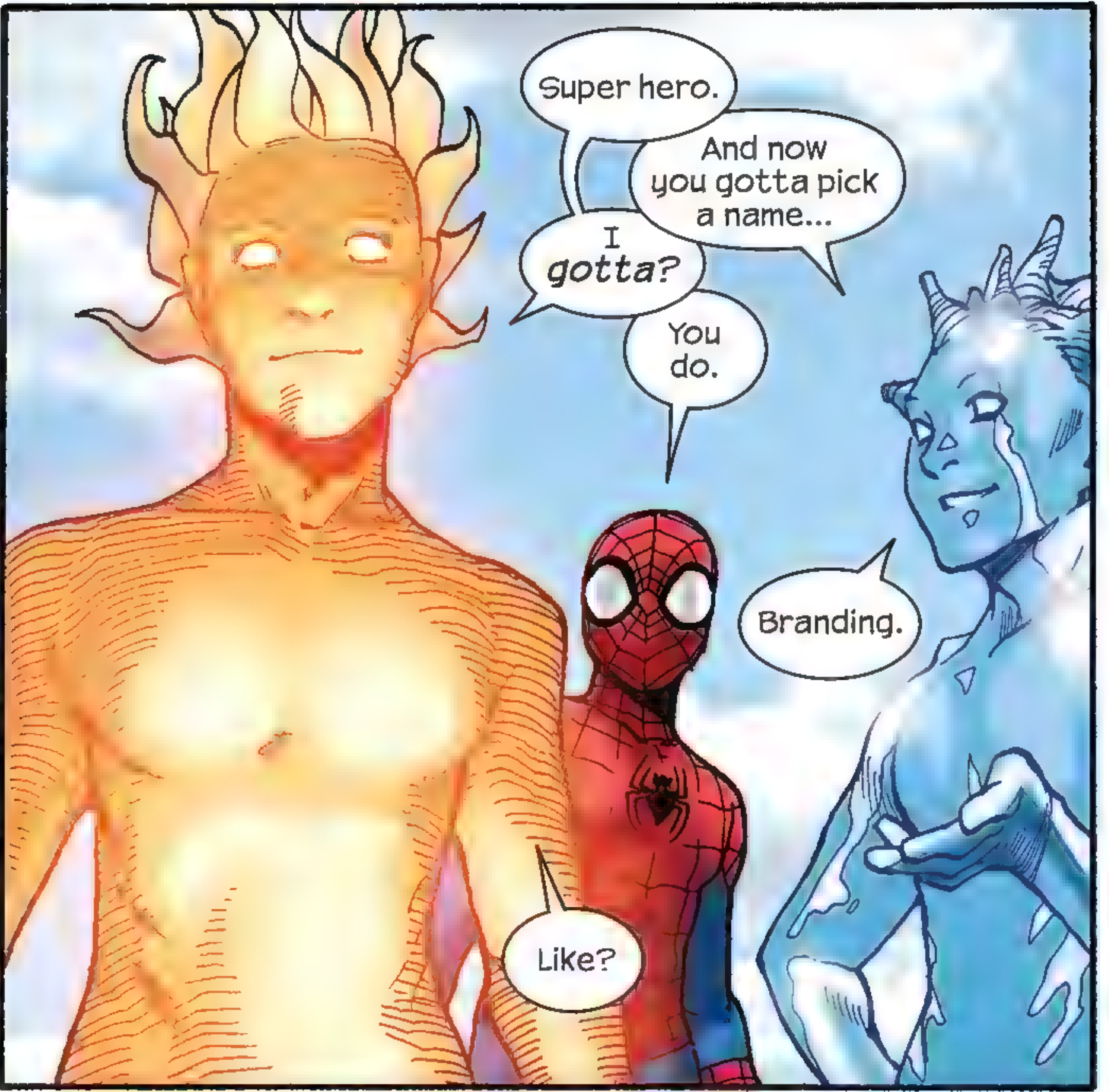
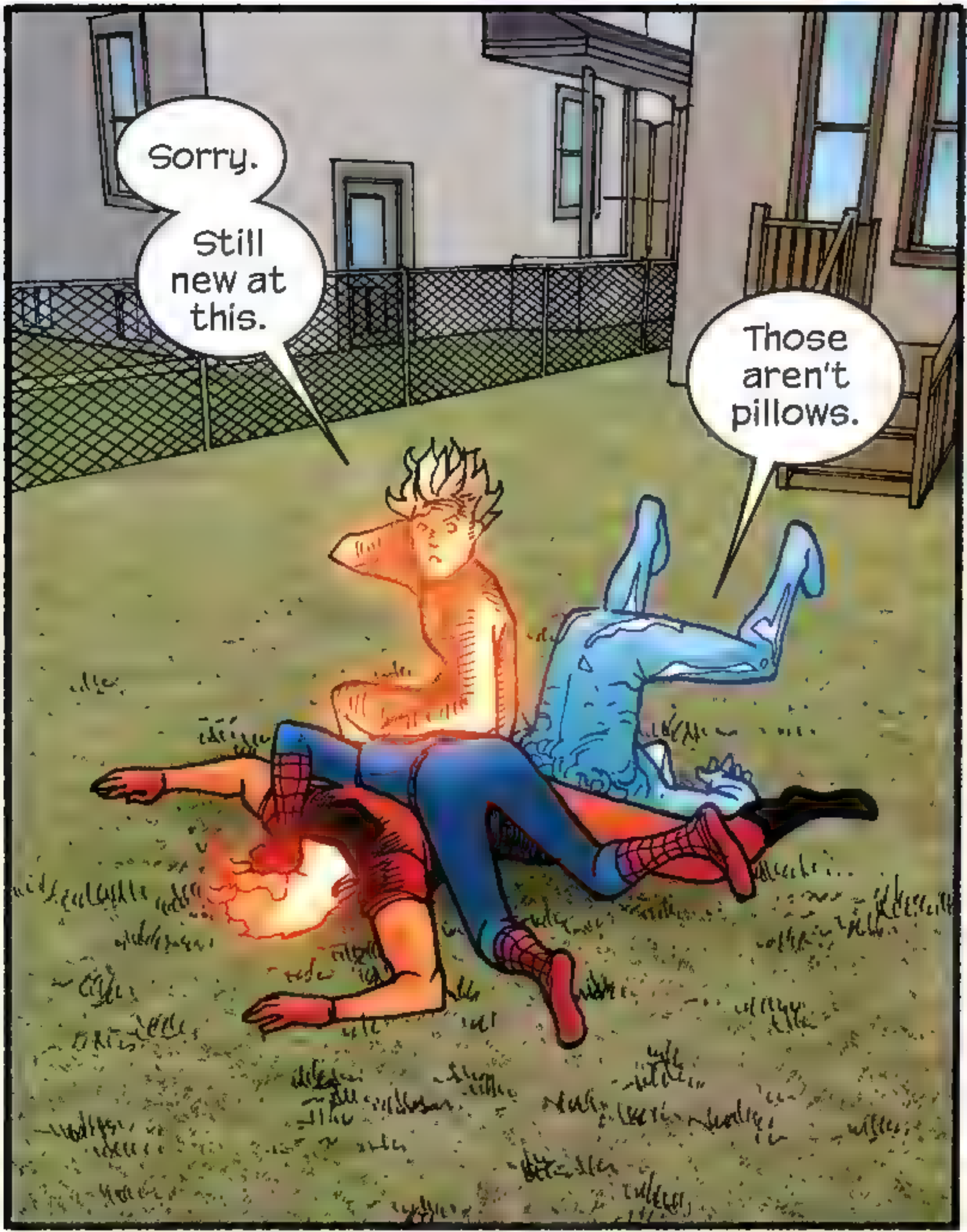


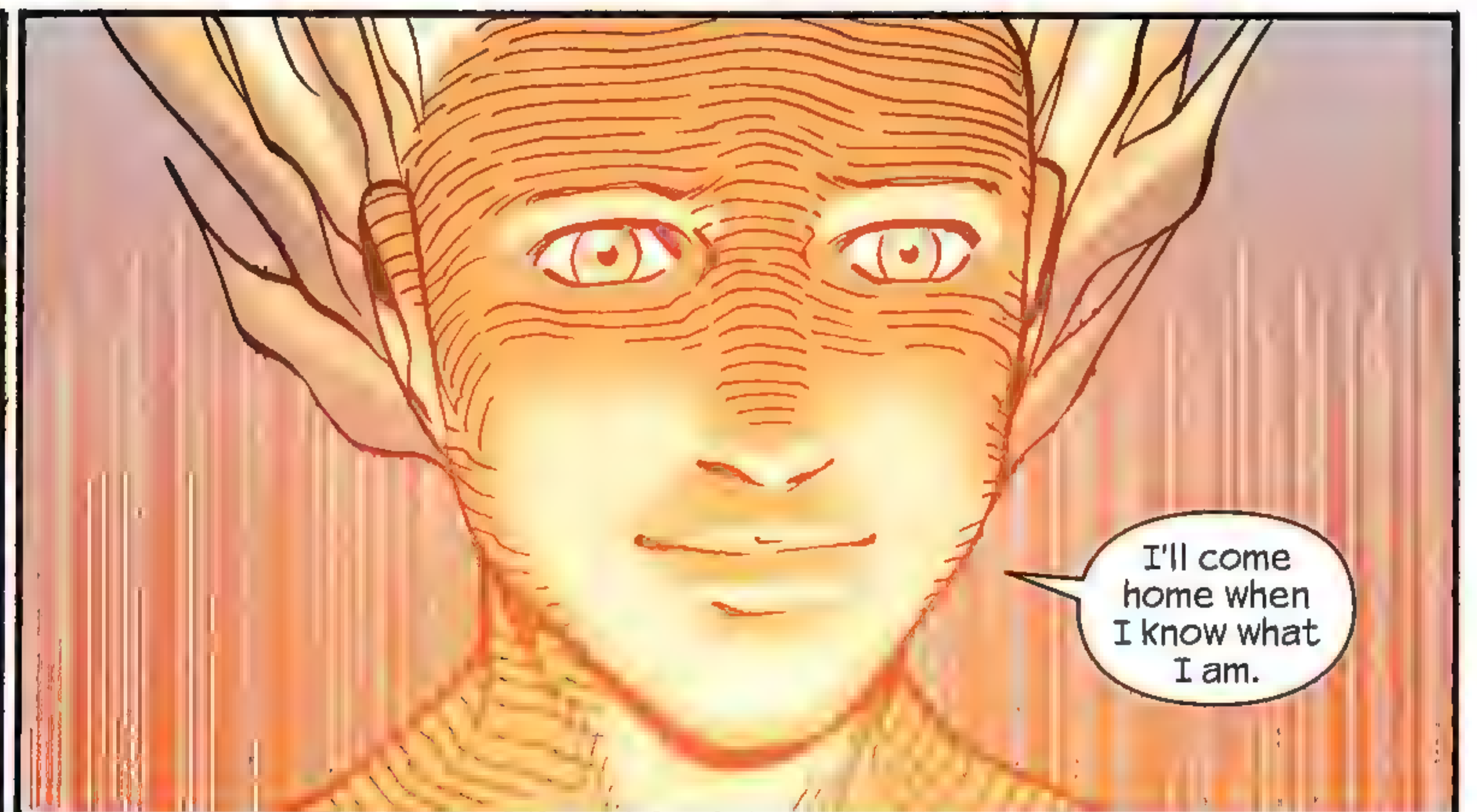
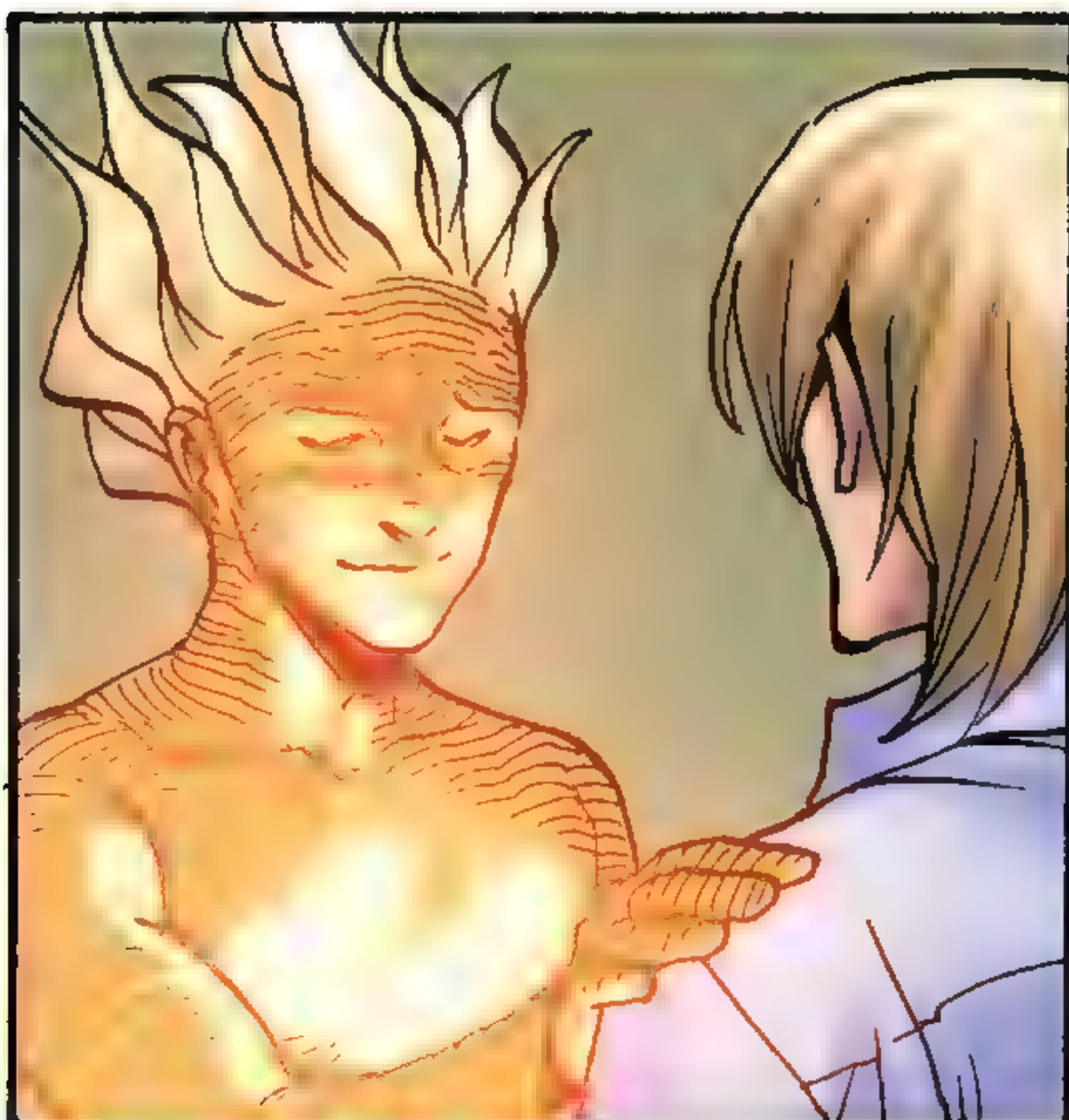
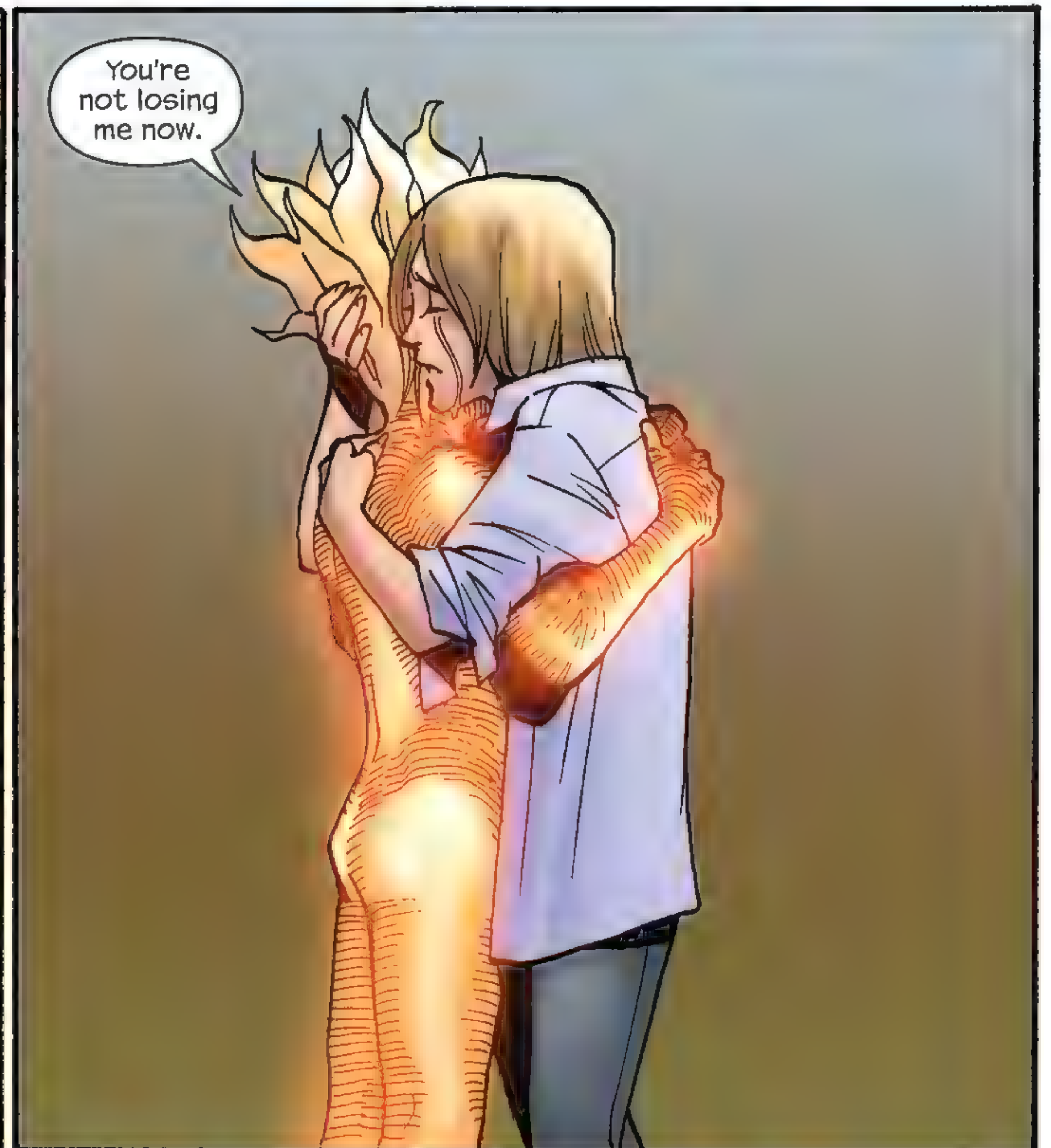
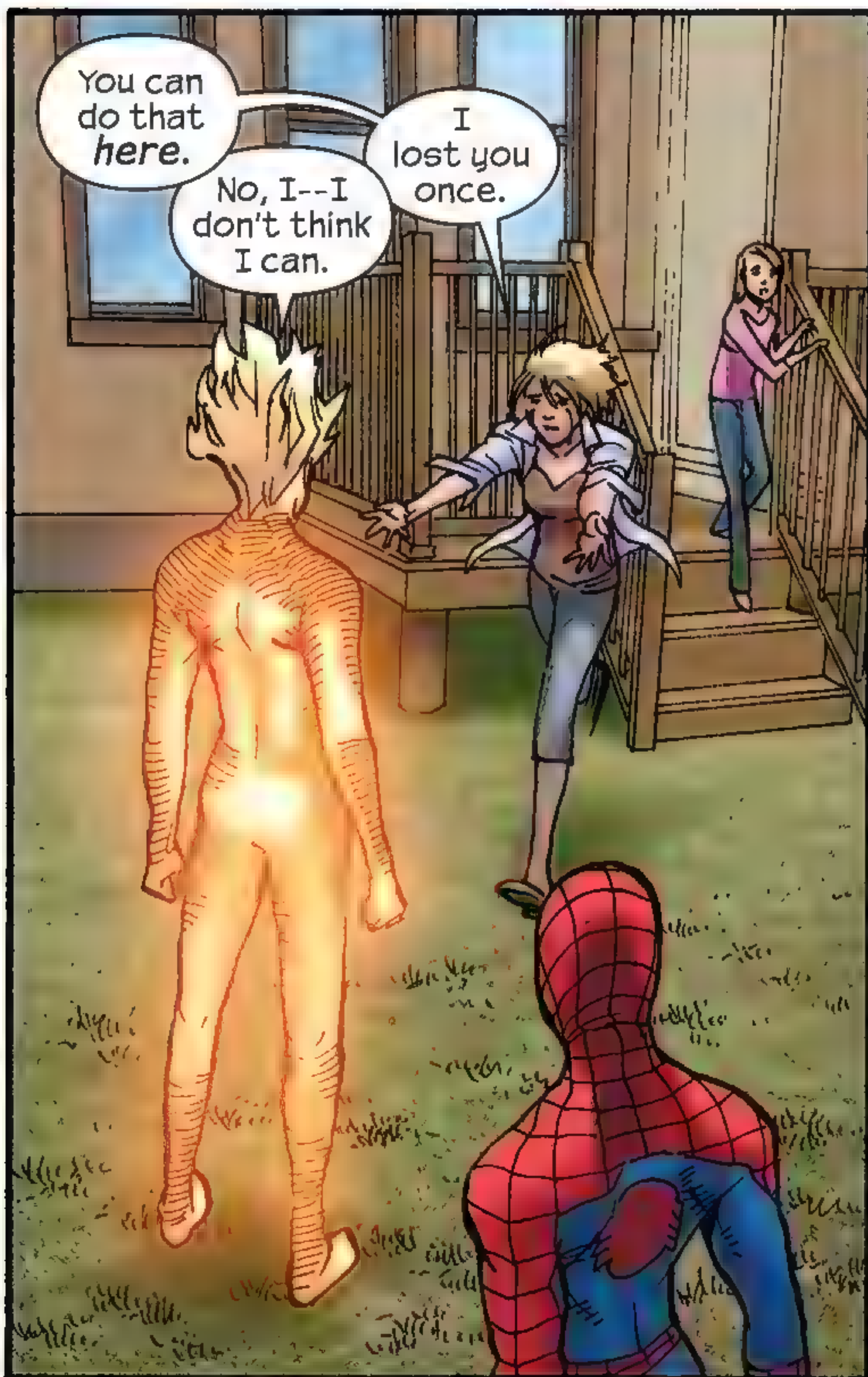
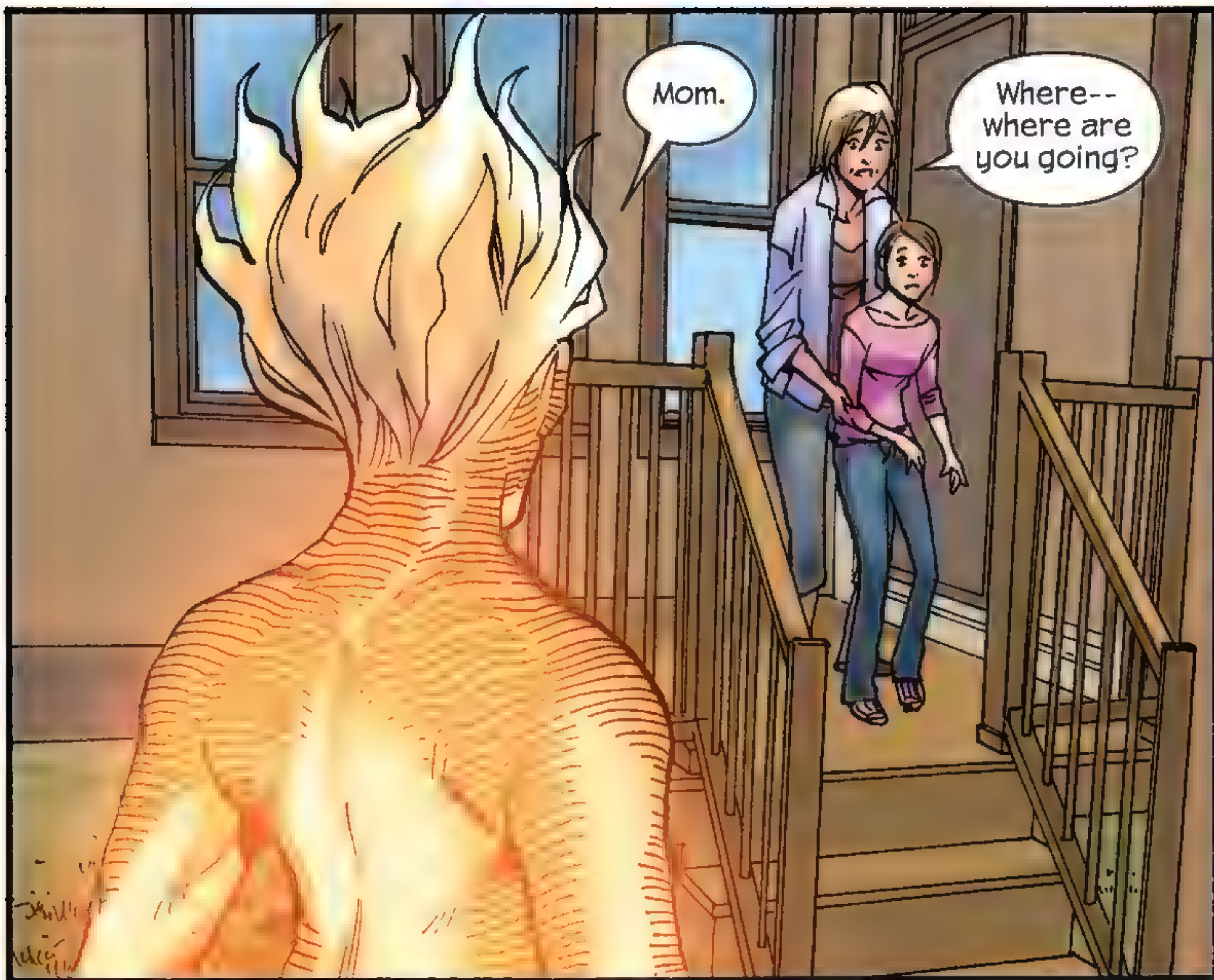


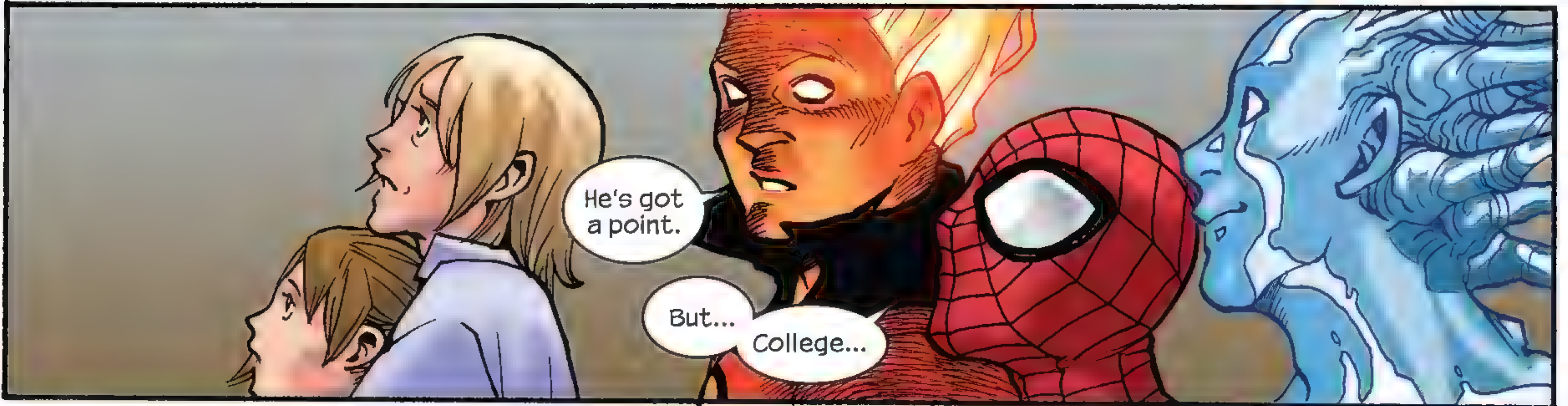












Why do we go to school?

Because with great power--

If you don't know, just don't answer.

You think we'll ever see that dude again?

I promise you we will.

When it's absolutely, positively the least convenient moment for me.



Hey, seriously, the tall lizard chick was the hottest chick I've ever seen in my life.

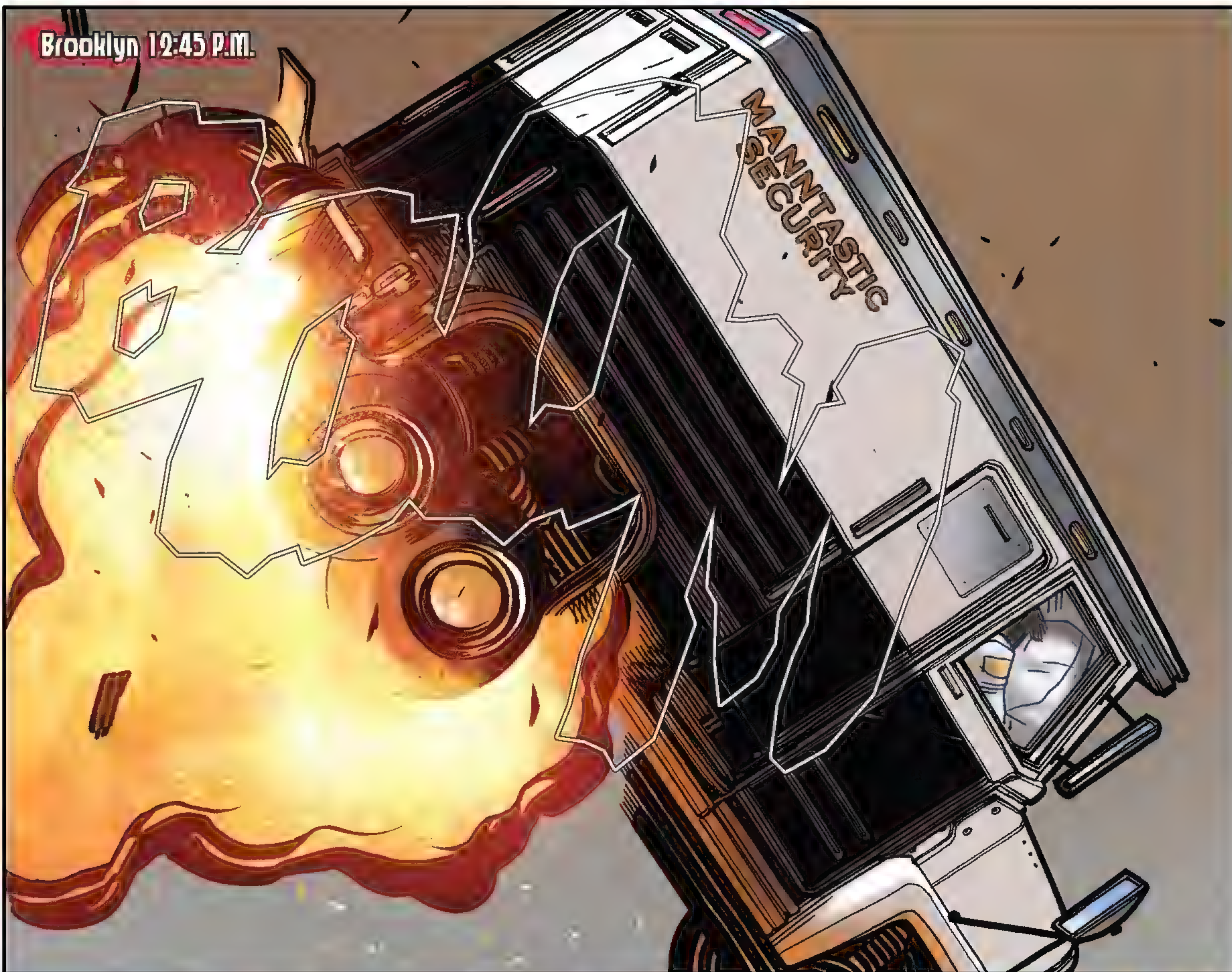
Seriously, she smelled like the reptile section of the zoo and you're freaking me out.

Don't judge my love.





Brooklyn 12:45 P.M.



Wh-what'd you do?

I didn't do nothin'!

You did something...

Wasn't me!! It was--



Okay, Lana. Aim for the lock.

I know, mo-ther!



BOOM!!



Grab what you can and let's go.

This is the big score.

Six bags full of nicely packaged money.

This is it??

There're only six bags.



No sirens, Mom. And no Spider-Man.

You know what, kid? I think we finally got our big--

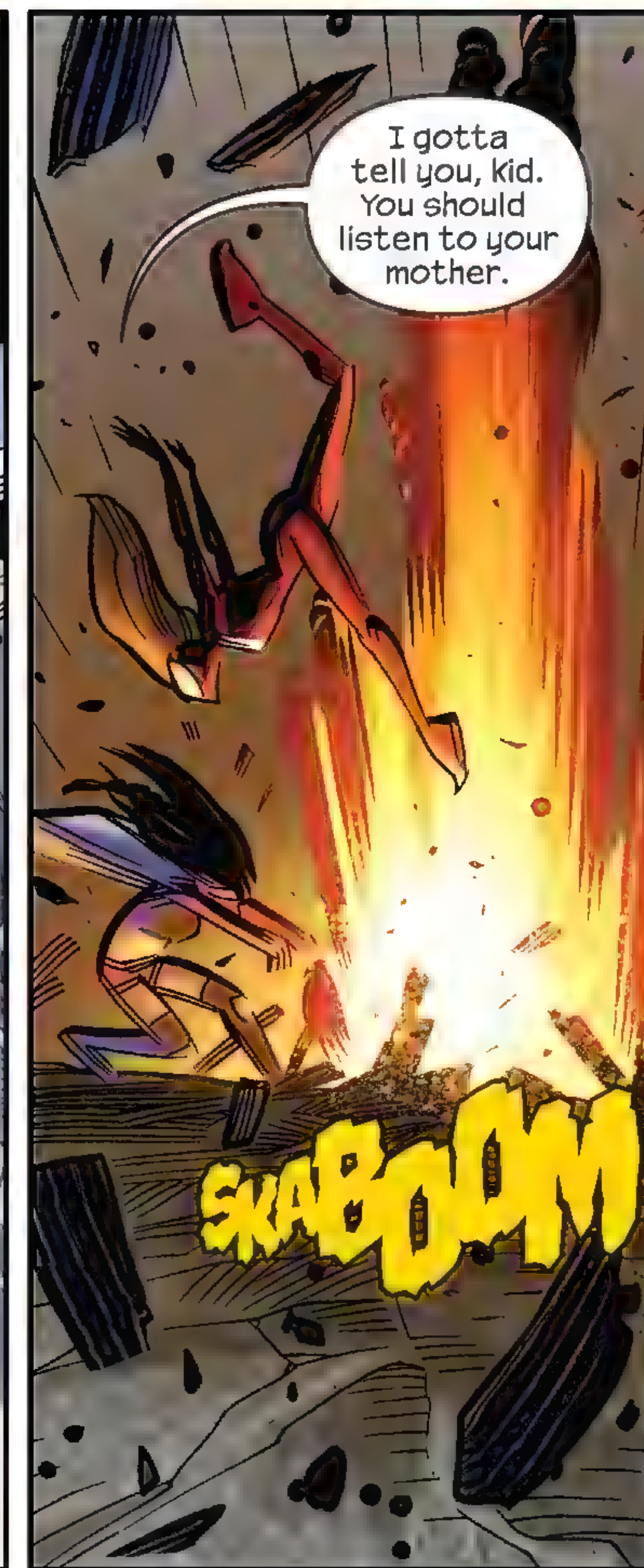
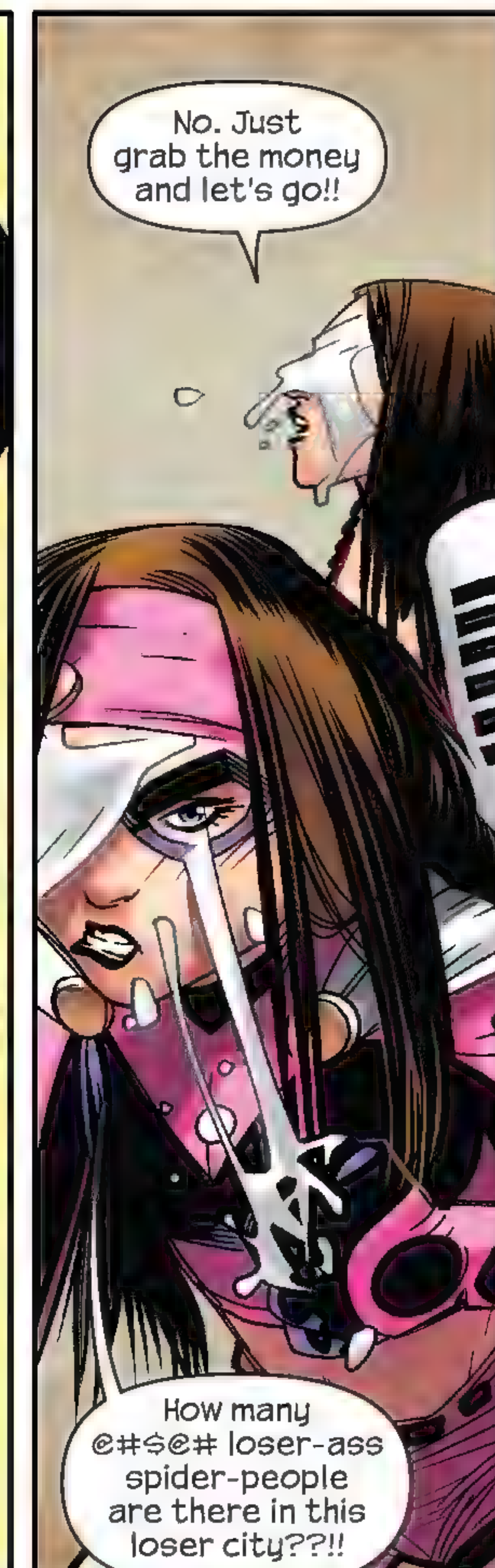


@#%\$@#%\$!!

SPACK

SPACK

@#%\$%!





Ladies,
ladies,
ladies...

There's
no need to
fight.

There's
so much of
the Human
Torch to go
around.



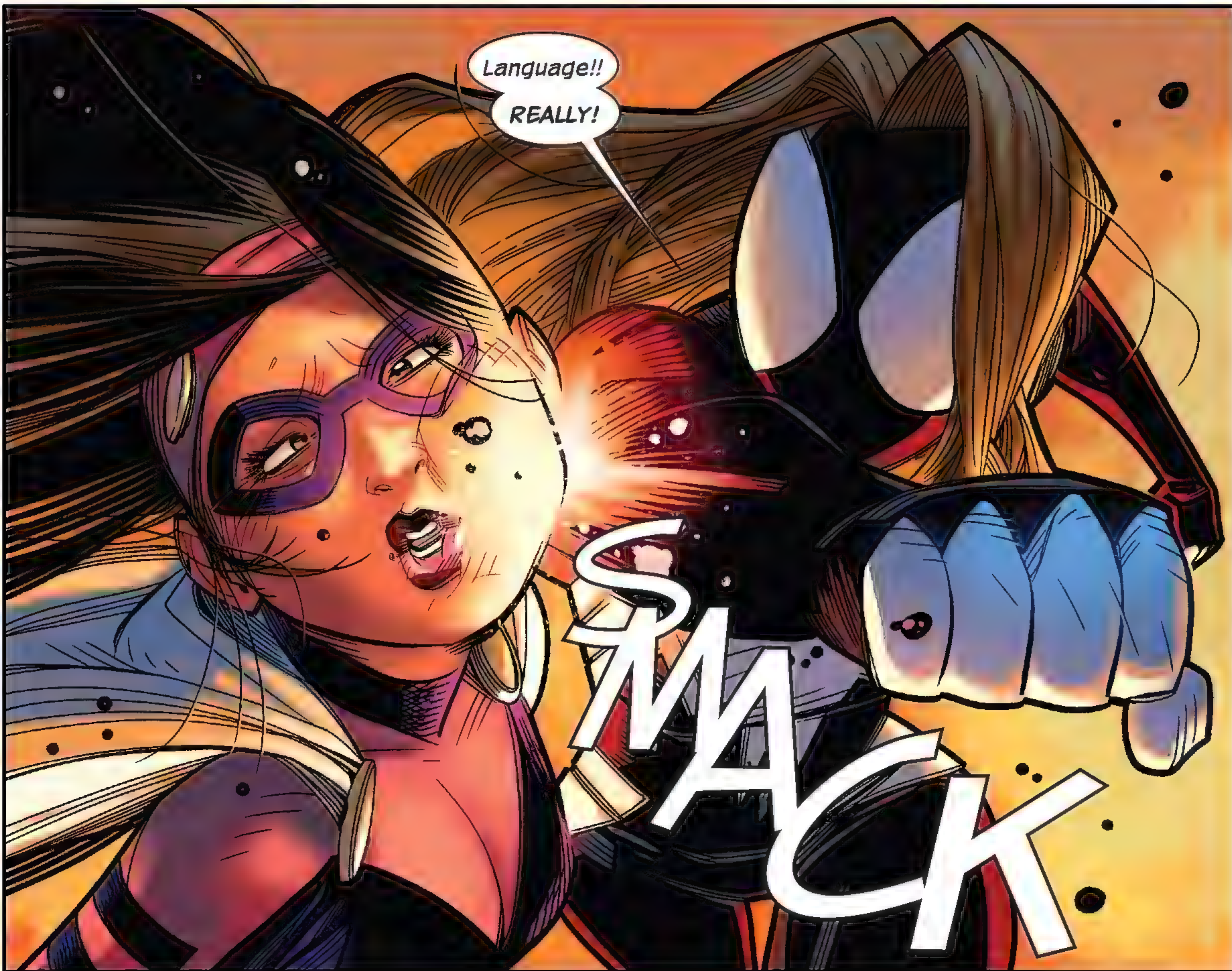
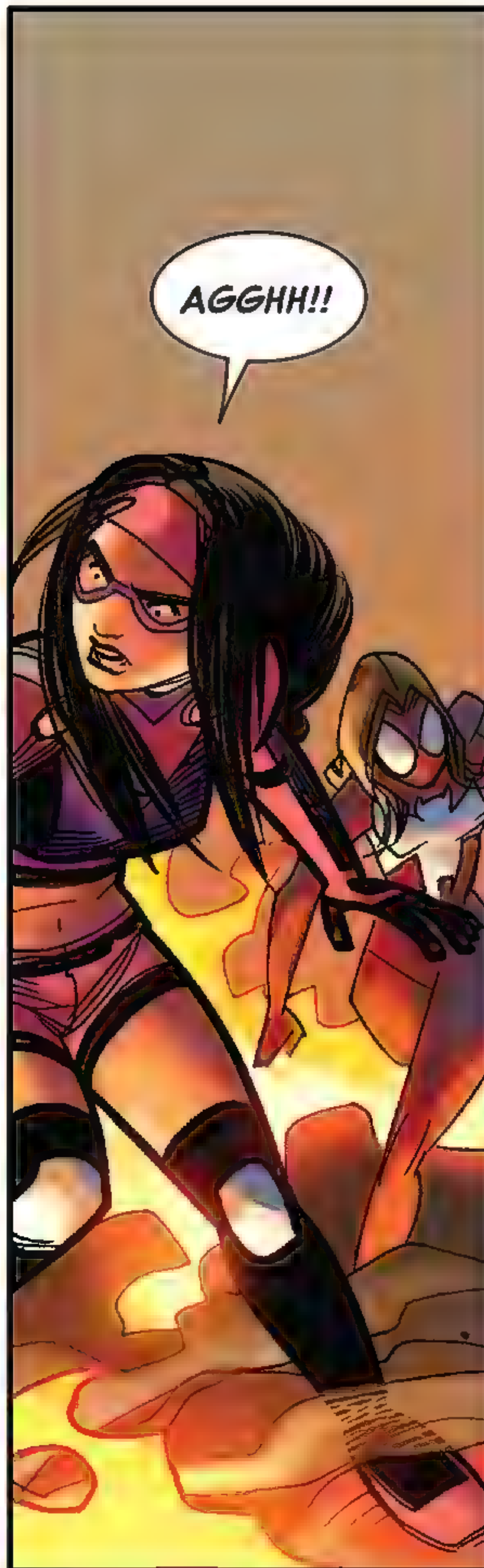
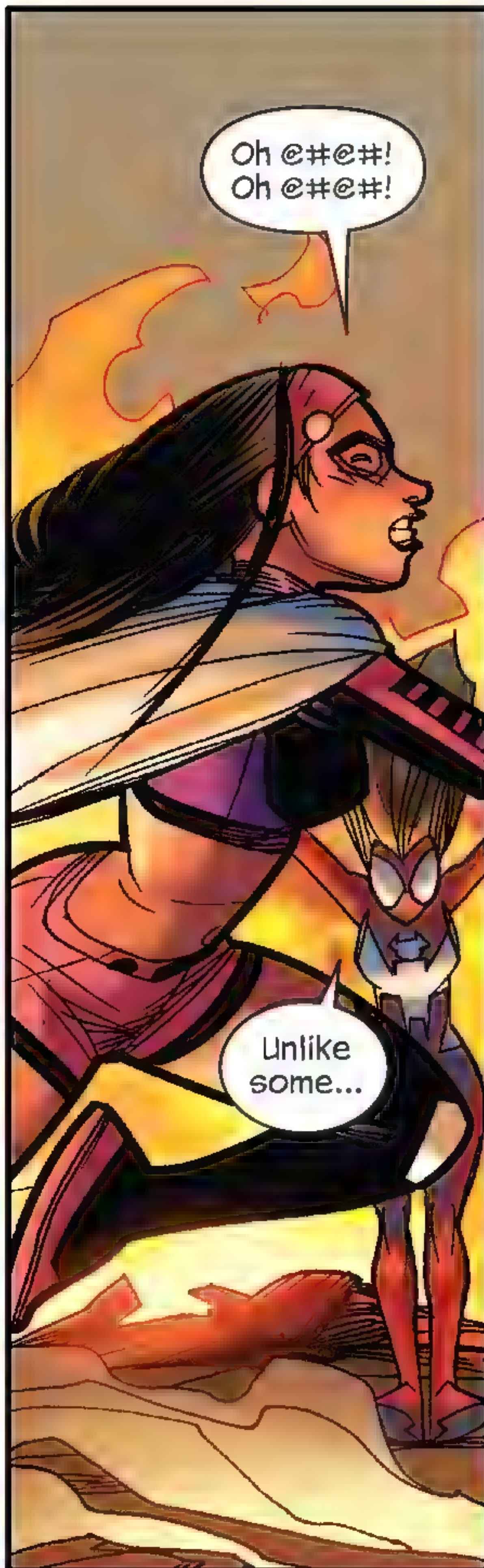
SHABOOM

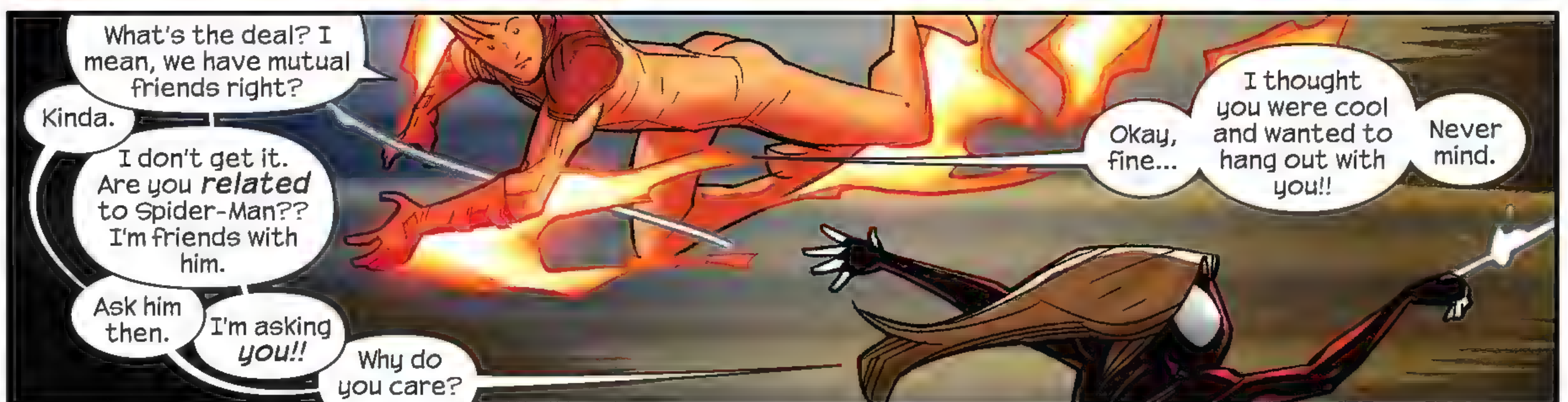
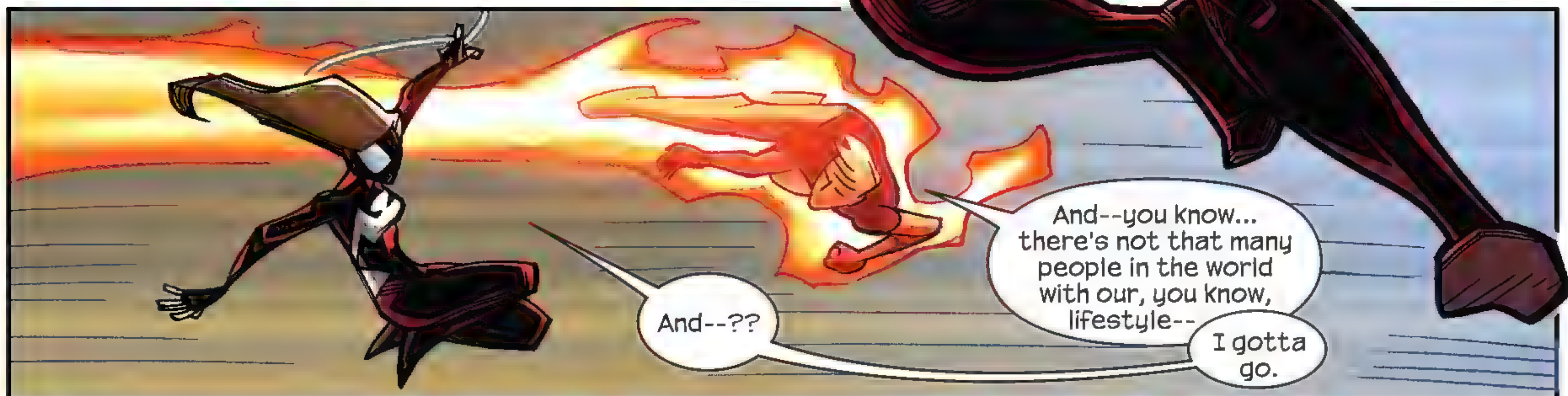
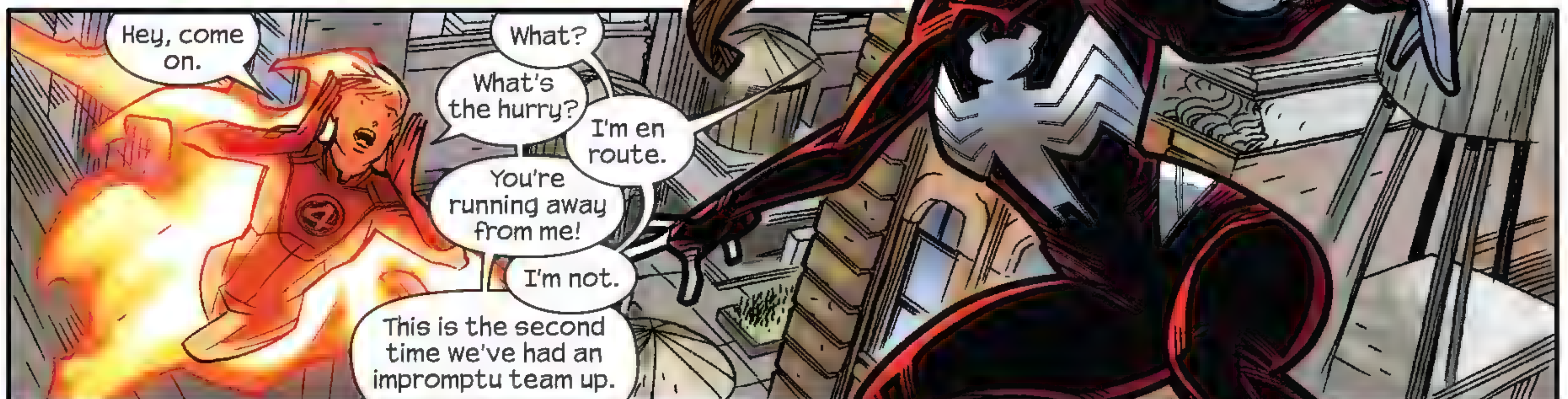
Okay
that one-liner
sucked...there's
no need to--

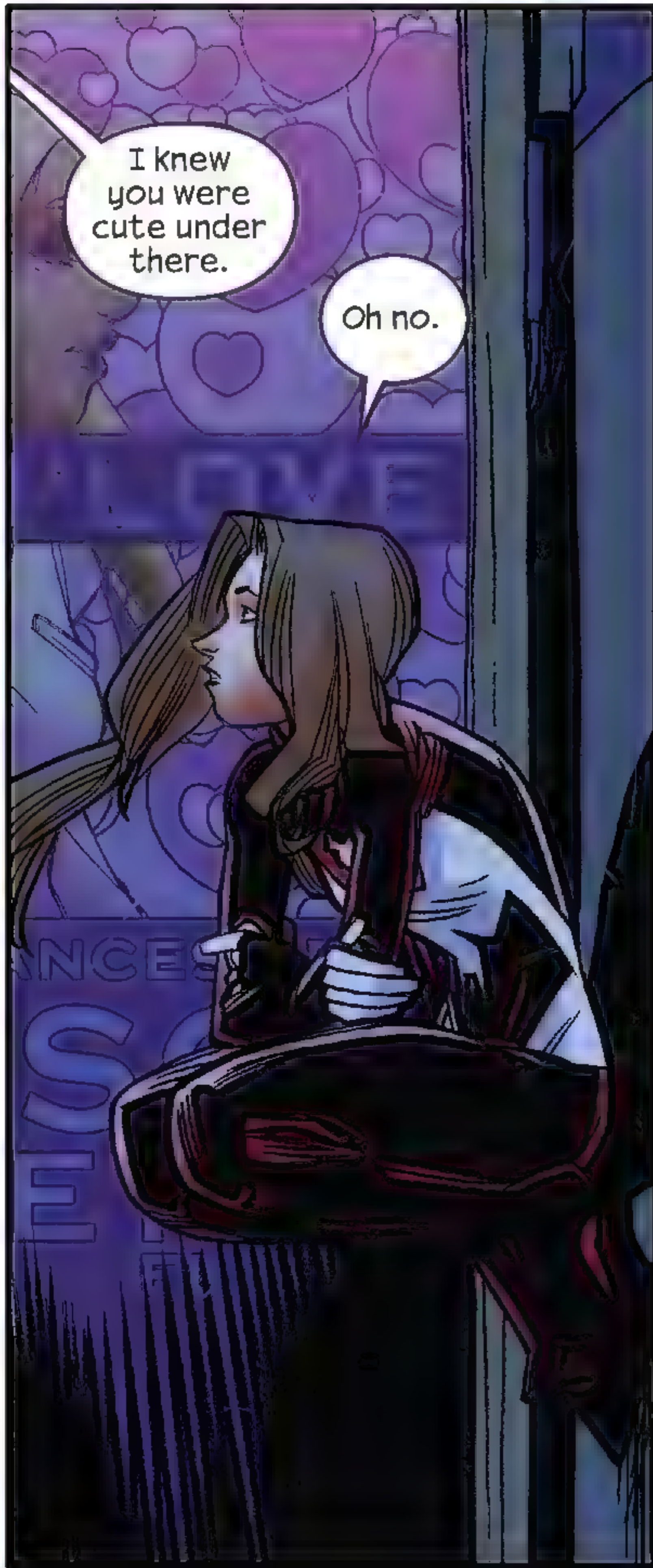
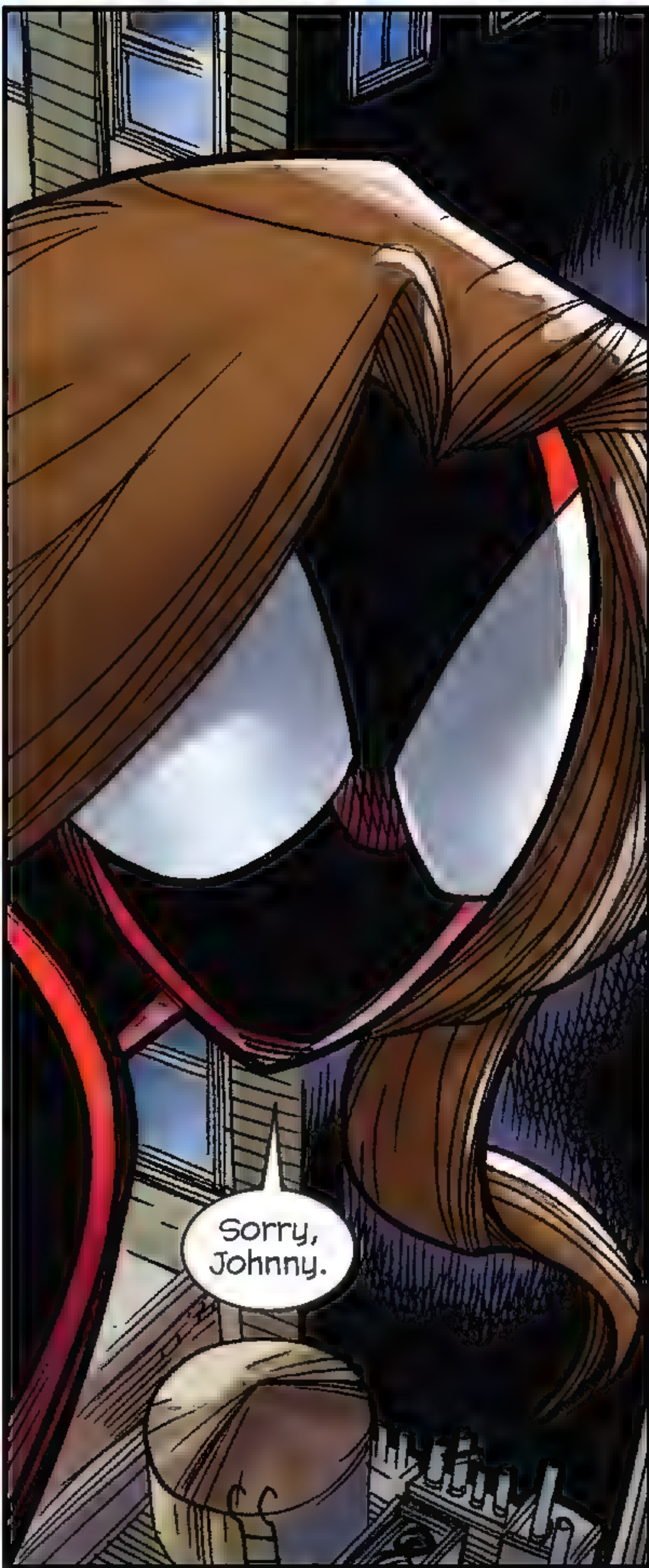
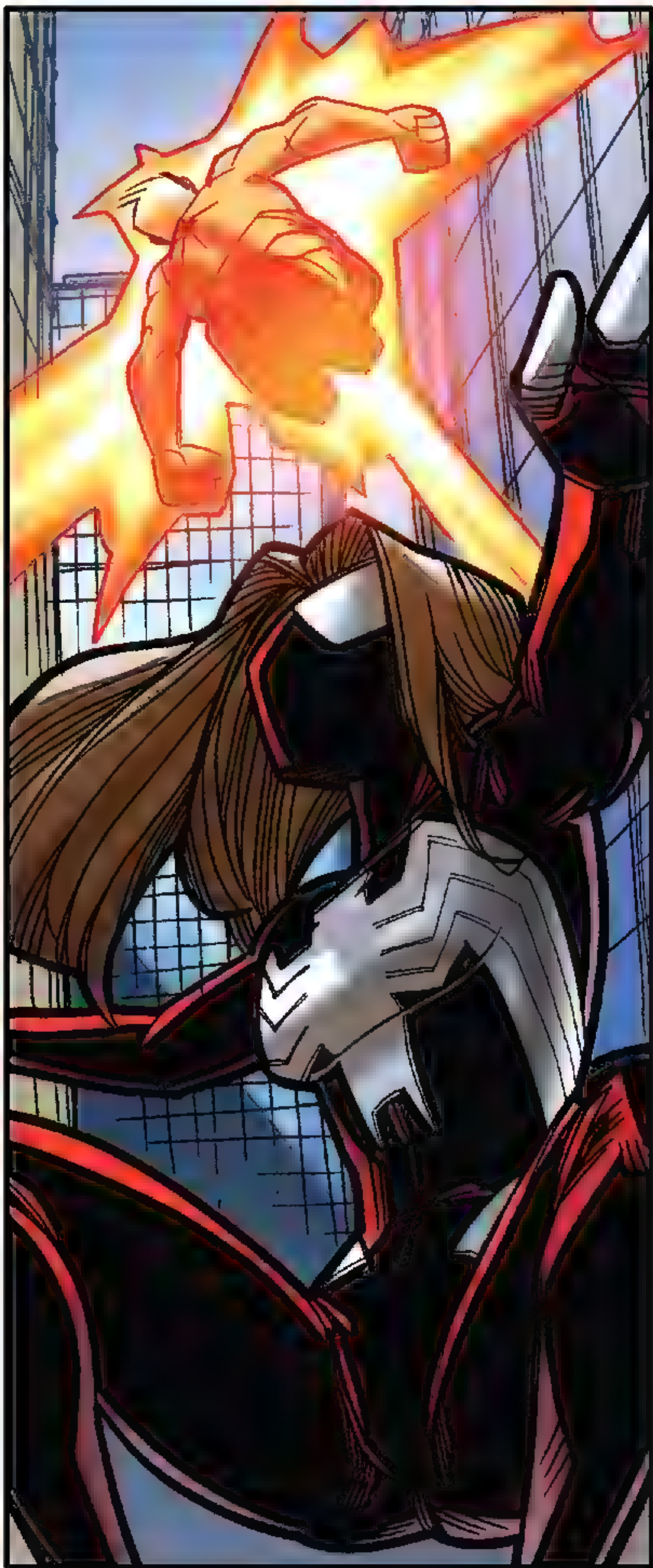


@#%&!</p>
</div>
<div data-bbox="753 534 941 604" data-label="Text">
<p>SPACK
SPACK</p>
</div>
<div data-bbox="688 704 751 717" data-label="Text">
<p>@#%&!!</p>
</div>
<div data-bbox="0 735 1000 1000" data-label="Image">

</div>
<div data-bbox="424 821 511 865" data-label="Text">
<p>At least
you kept it
relatively
PG.</p>
</div>









So, hi, I'm Johnny.

Stop it!!
Go away!!

Like I'm going to tell anyone who you are.

This isn't fair.



I'm Johnny Storm--Human Torch--you are--?

It's nice, right? I'm Johnny...

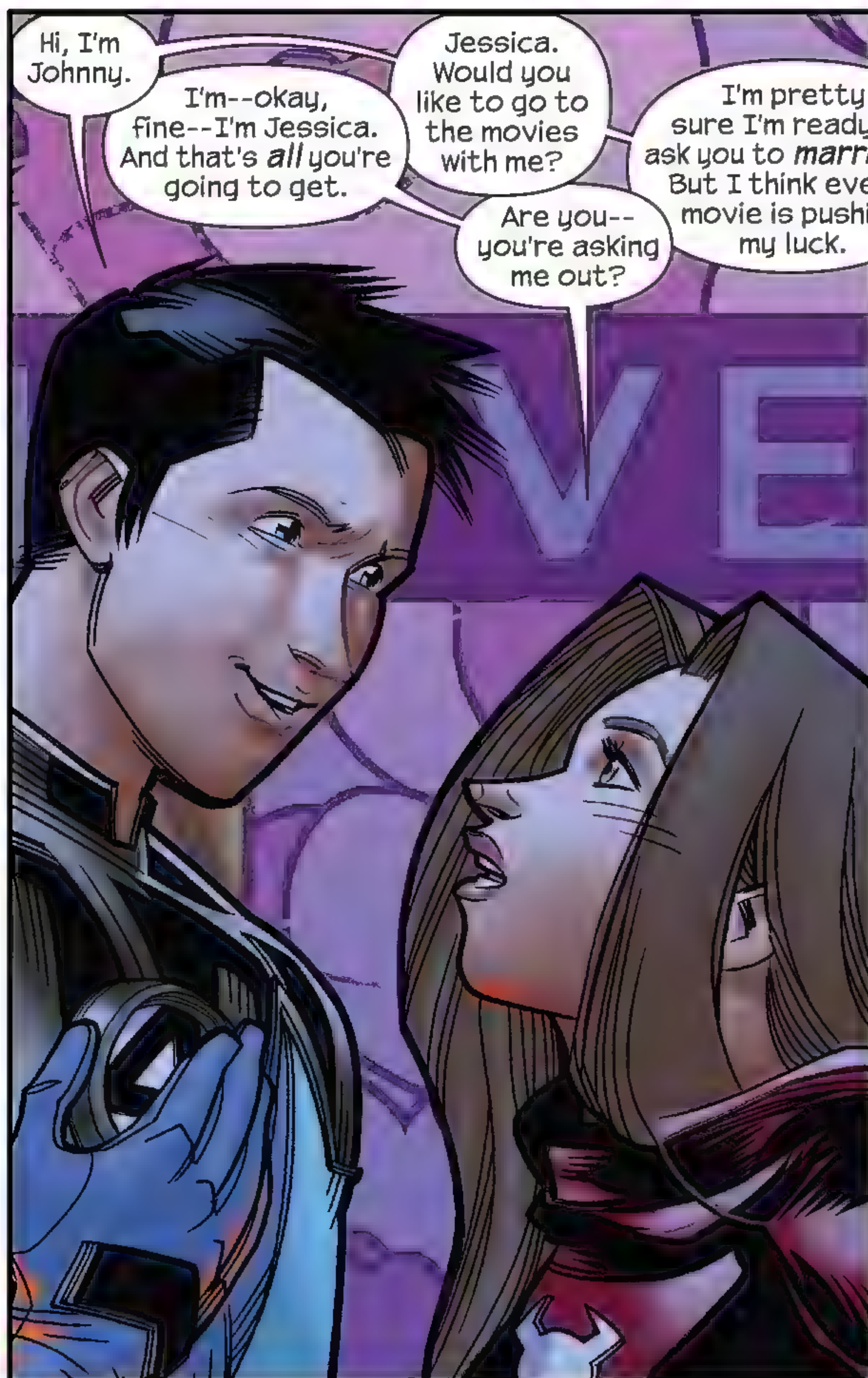
I know you do.

You did something to your hair.

I know who you are.

Why don't you want to be friends with me? You have *so many* friends?

Ugh!! You're too much.



Hi, I'm Johnny.

I'm--okay, fine--I'm Jessica. And that's *all* you're going to get.

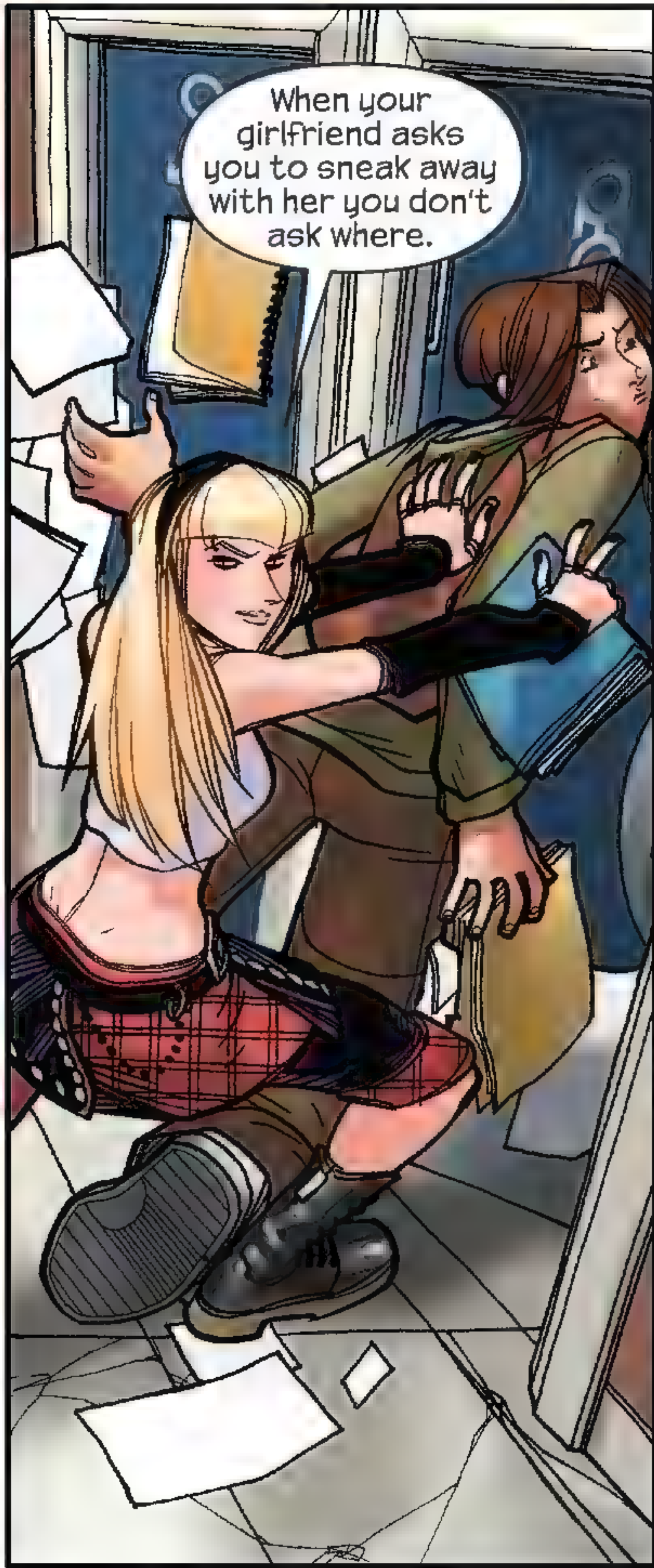
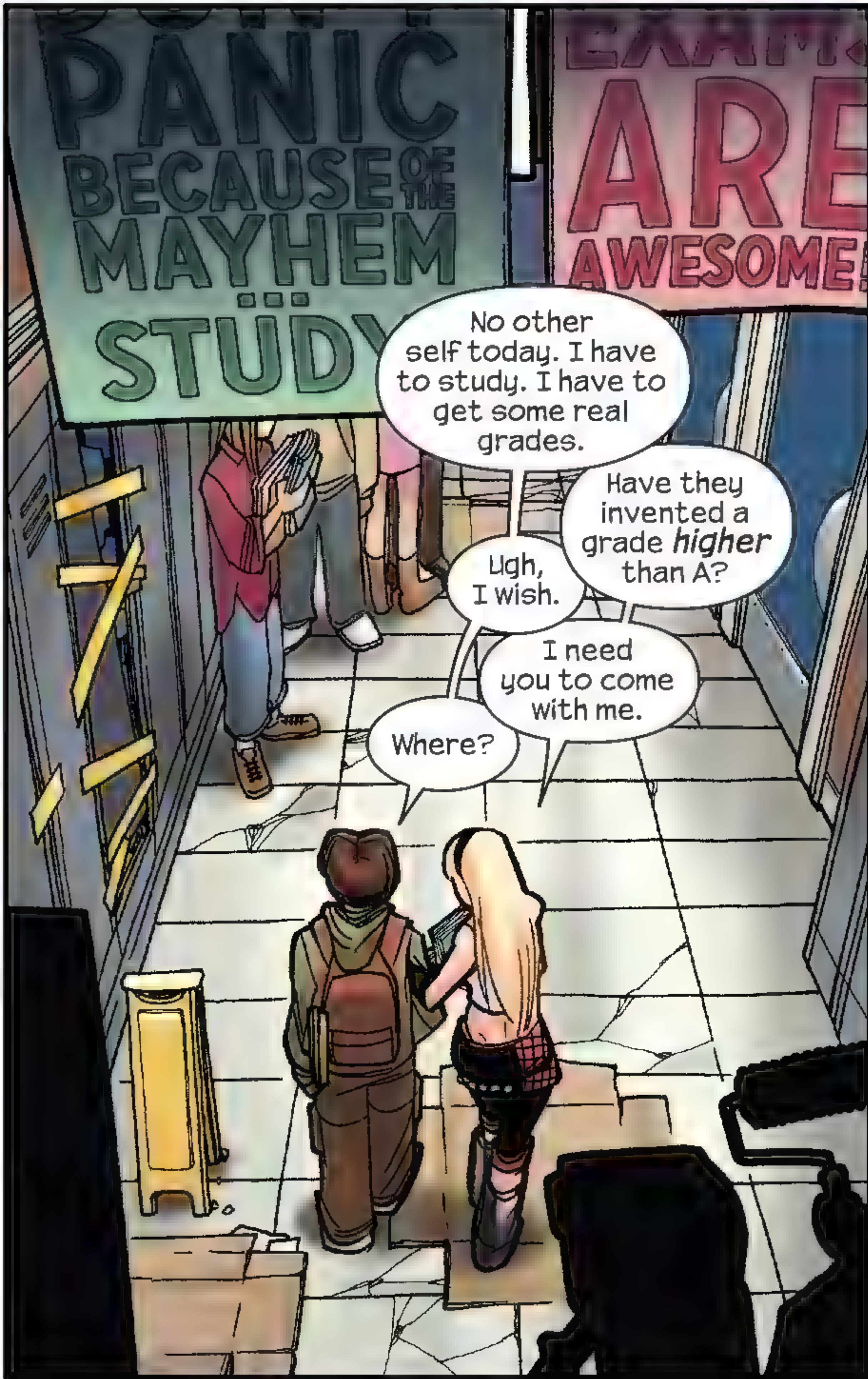
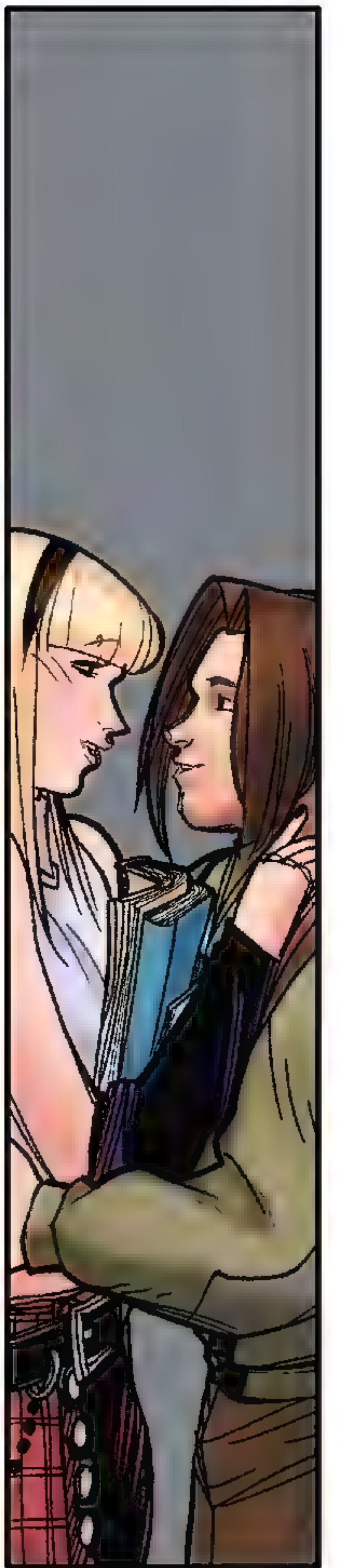
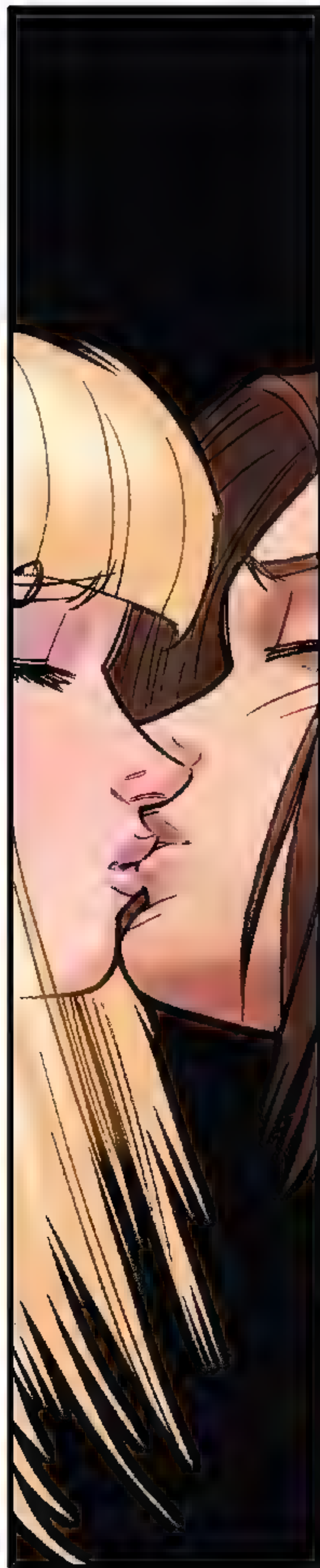
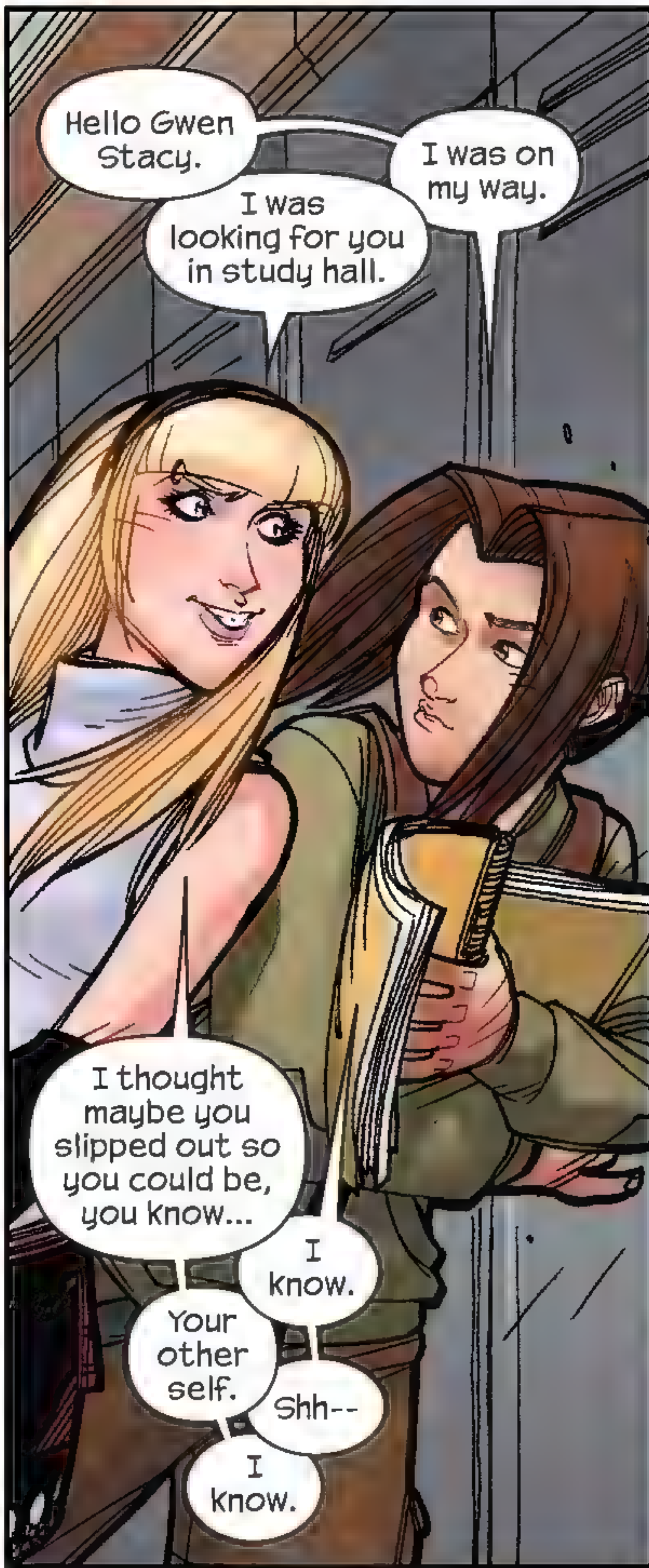
Jessica. Would you like to go to the movies with me?

Are you--you're asking me out?

I'm pretty sure I'm ready to ask you to *marry me*. But I think even a movie is pushing my luck.



Oh my God.

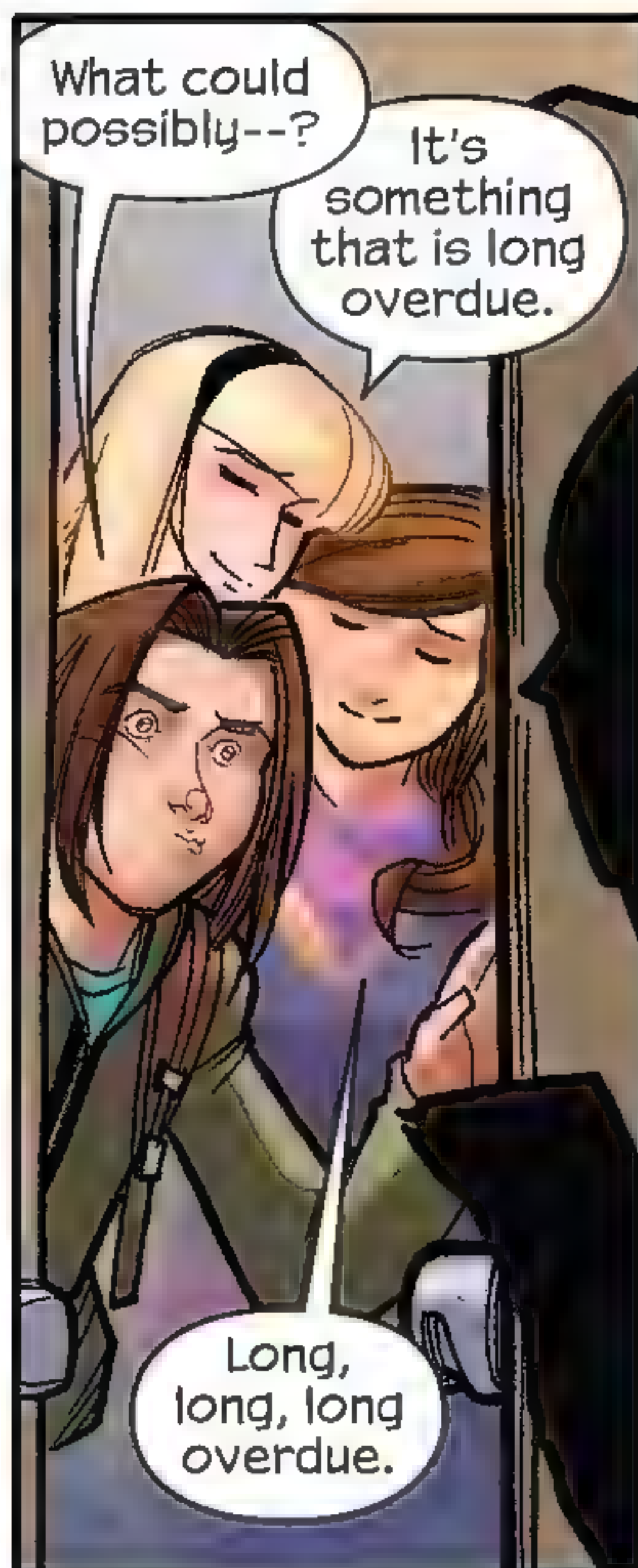




Kitty?

Mister Parker.

If you please...



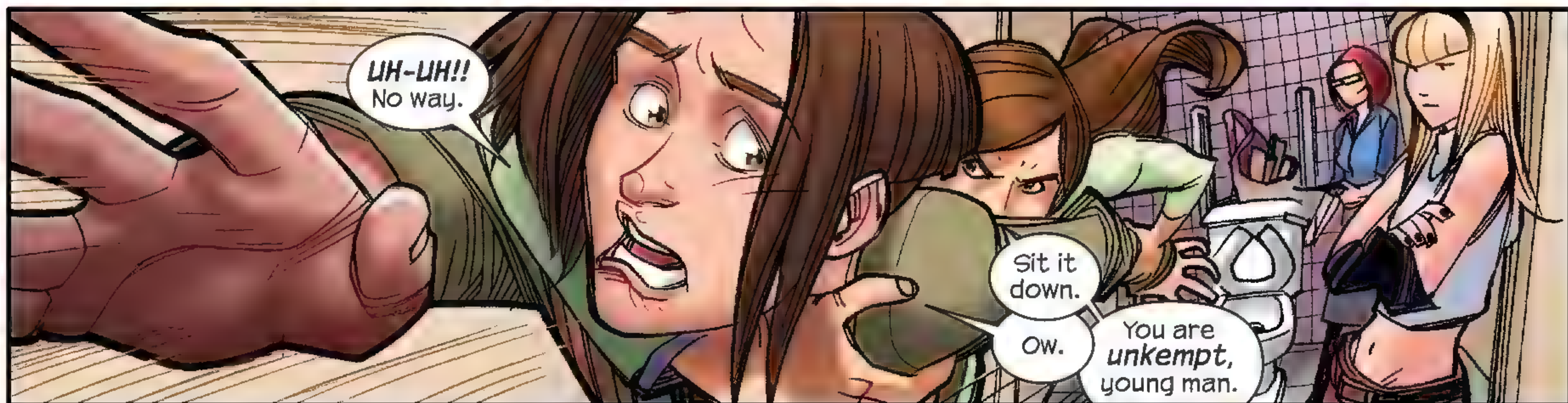
What could possibly--?

It's something that is long overdue.

Long, long, long overdue.



You're getting a haircut, Peter Parker.

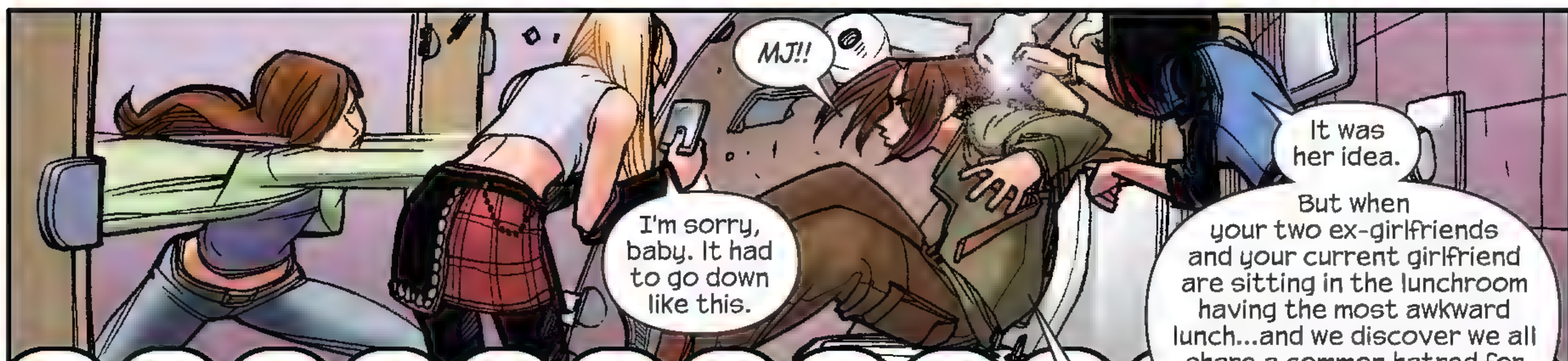


UH-UH!! No way.

Sit it down.

Ow.

You are unkempt, young man.



MJ!!

I'm sorry, baby. It had to go down like this.

It was her idea.

But when your two ex-girlfriends and your current girlfriend are sitting in the lunchroom having the most awkward lunch...and we discover we all share a common hatred for your hair...well, you only have *yourself* to blame.

You *all* hate my hair?

Sweetie, look at you in the mask. Look at the masked you...your hair is so big your head looks perfectly round.

You're round-head Spider-Man.

(I didn't realize it was *that* round.)

It's round, honey. You look like Charlie Brown.

I don't want you three having lunch together anymore.



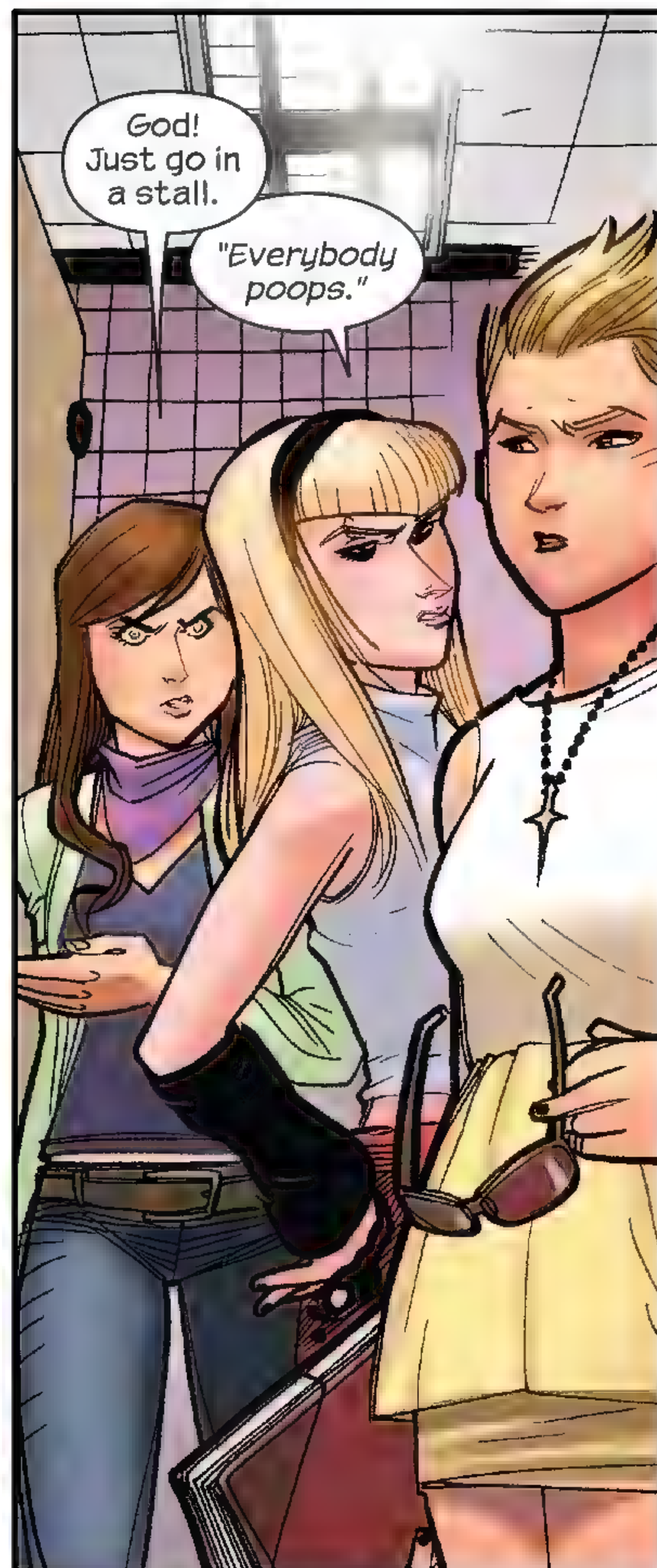


Oh come on, now!!

This is the ladies' room.

Then what are *you* doing in it, Tandy?

I'm going to report you all.

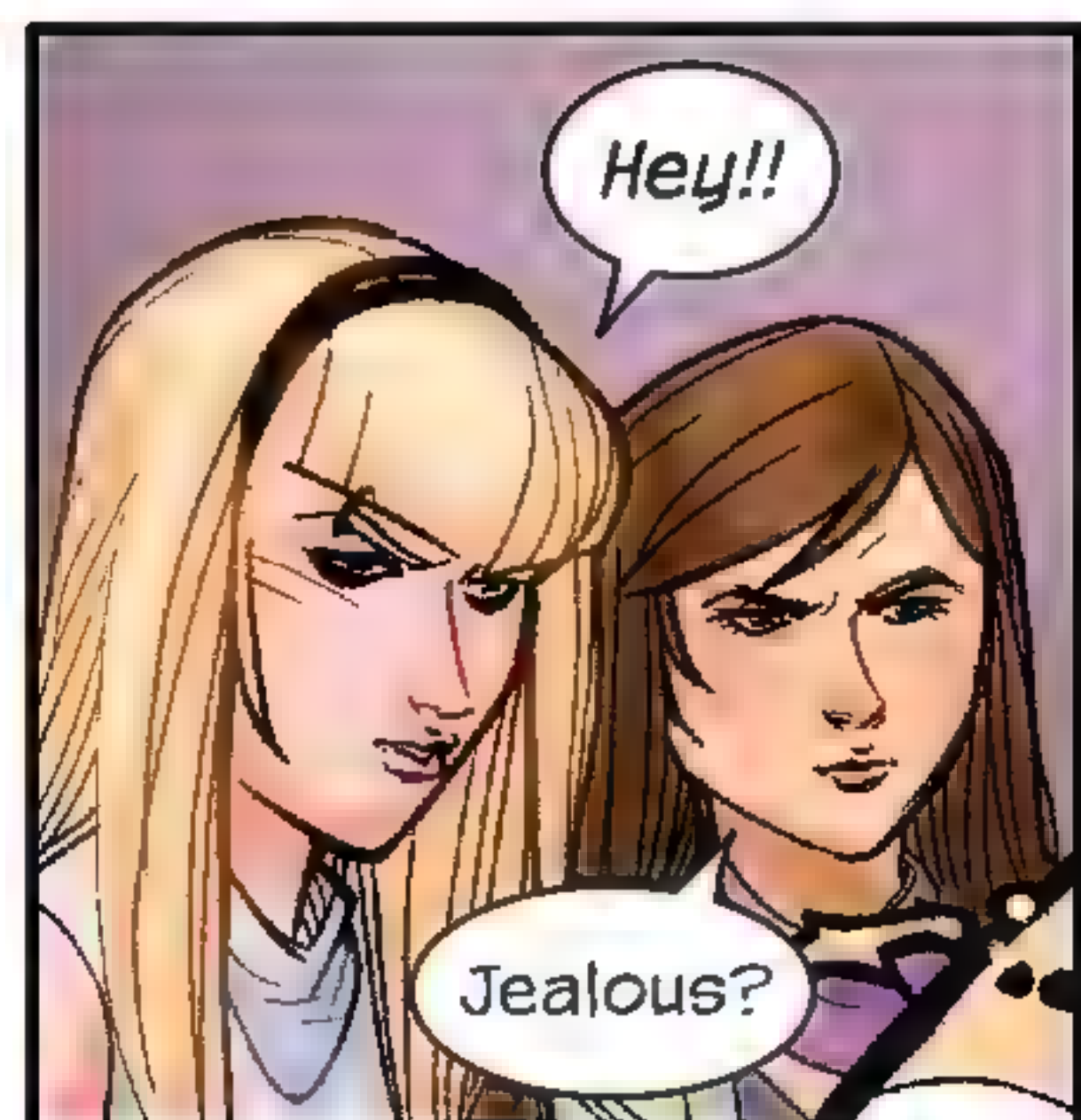


God! Just go in a stall.

"Everybody poops."

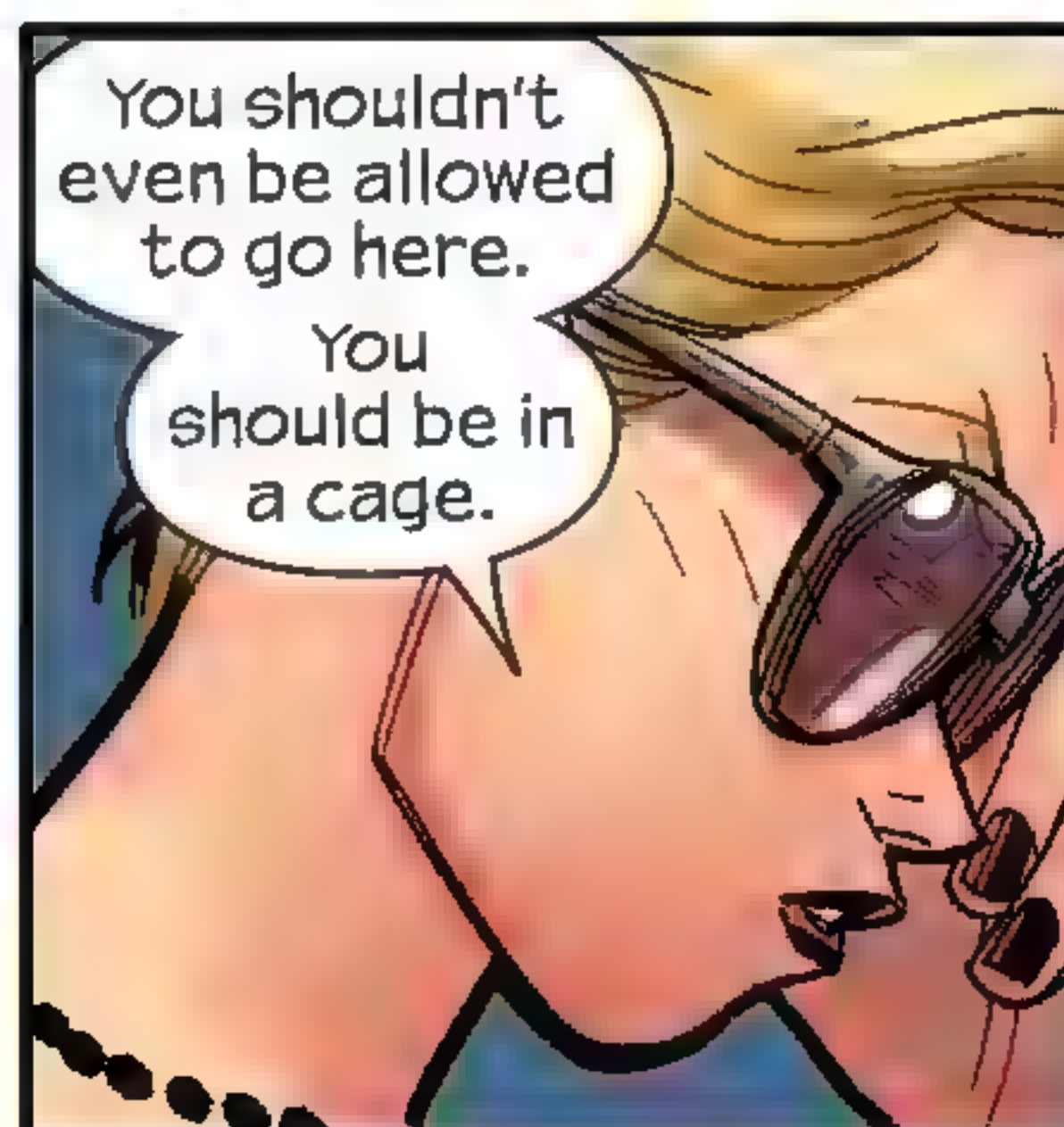


Don't tell me what to do, mutant.

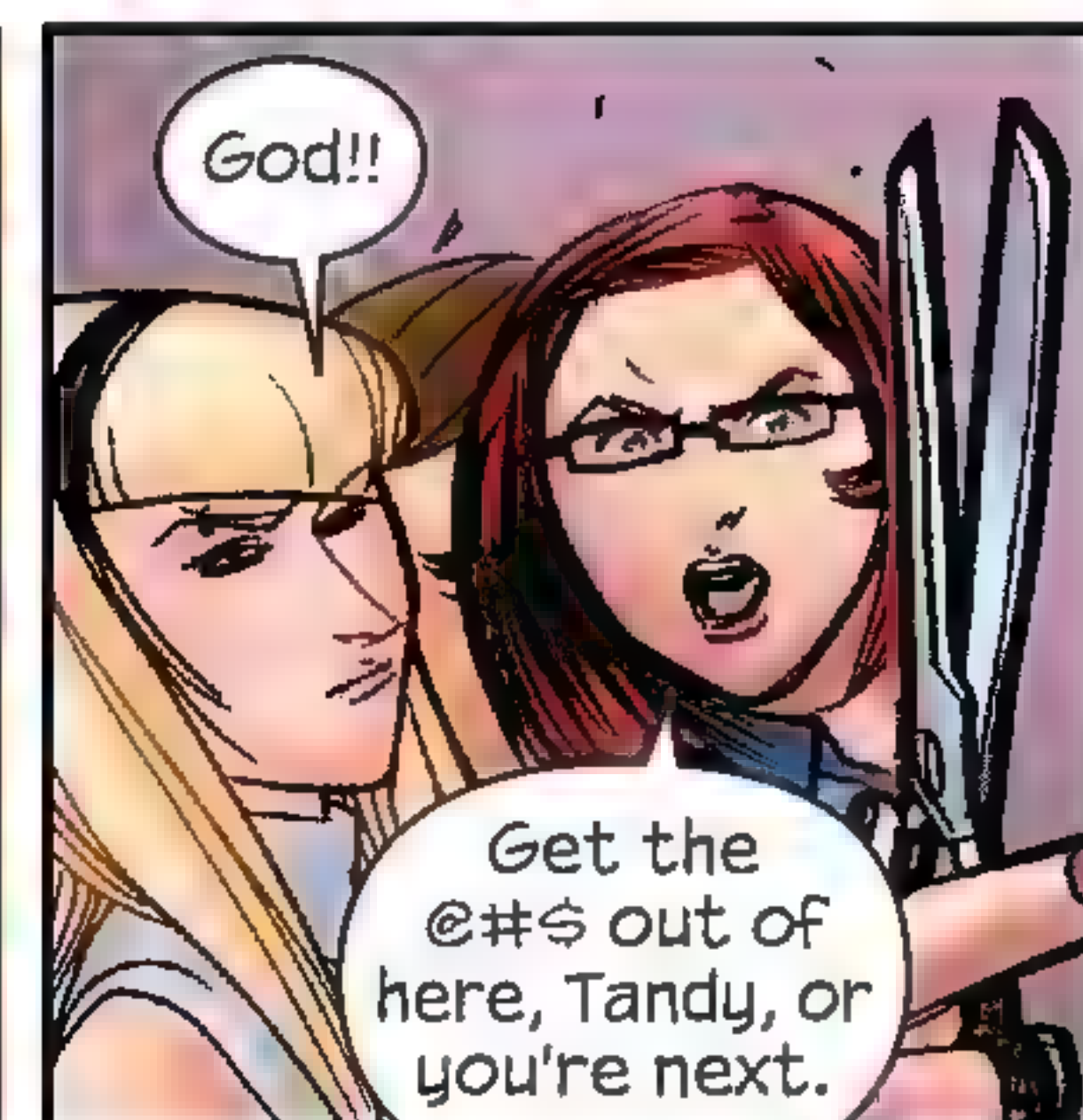


Hey!!

Jealous?



You shouldn't even be allowed to go here.
You should be in a cage.



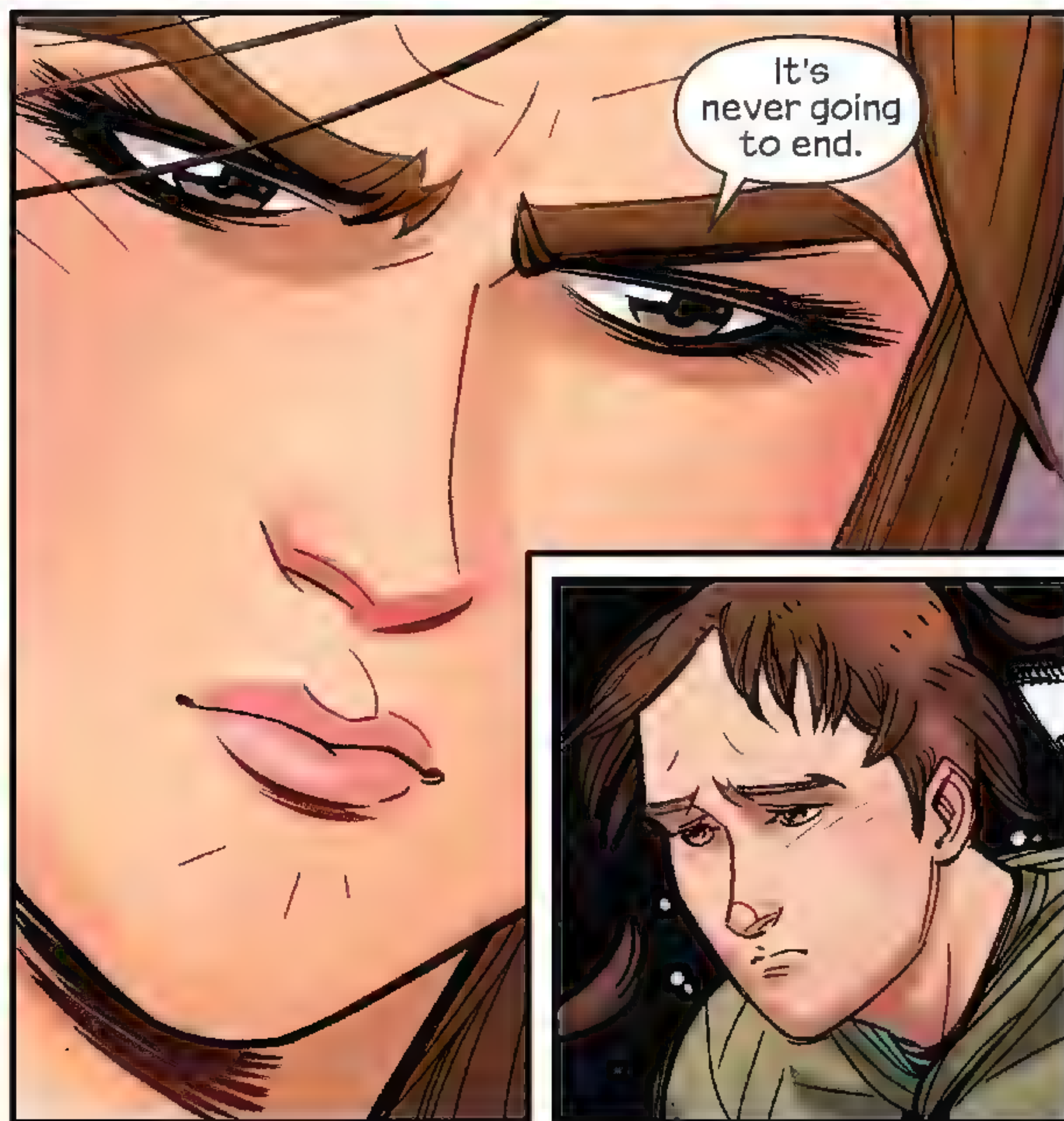
God!!

Get the @##\$ out of here, Tandy, or you're next.



Wow.

What a #\$\$@%*^@!



It's never going to end.



Parker Home.

I LOVE IT!!

I love it I love it I love it!!!



I know, Aunt May, right?

Now I can see your pretty face.

It is a pretty face.



Dude!

What? I can't think you're pretty too?

There's supposed to be solidarity among men, Bobby.

I can't help it. You're too pretty.



It is a little short.

Well, Mary Jane didn't have the beautician experience she claimed she had.

She actually has none.

It's fine.

It'll grow back. It's an all-new you.

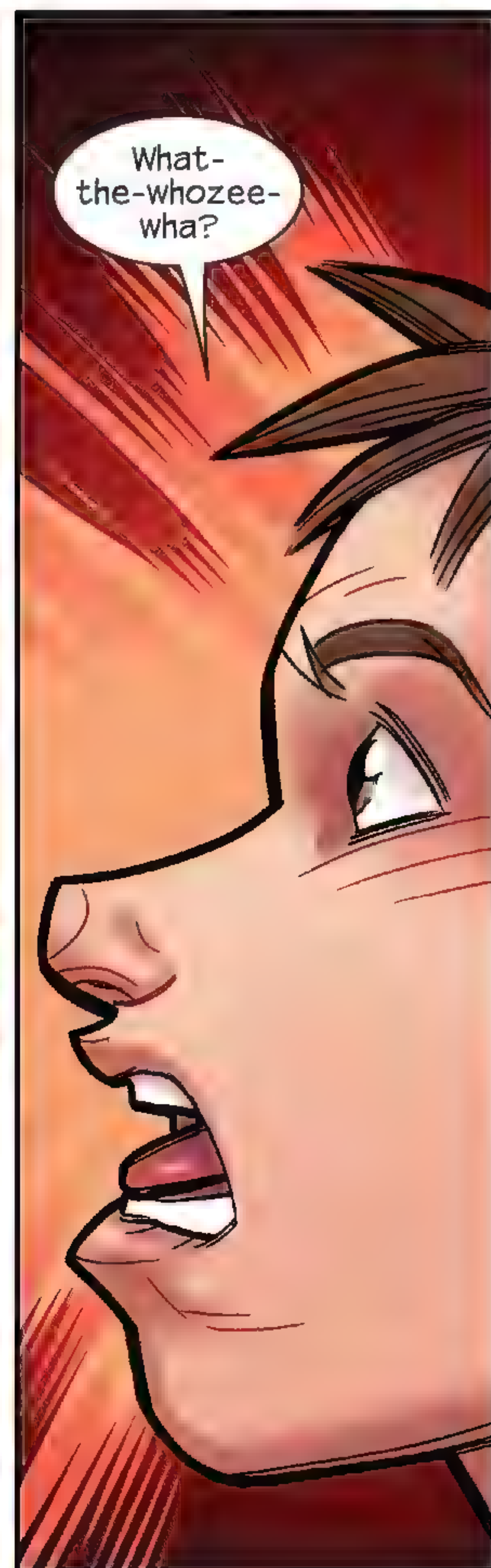
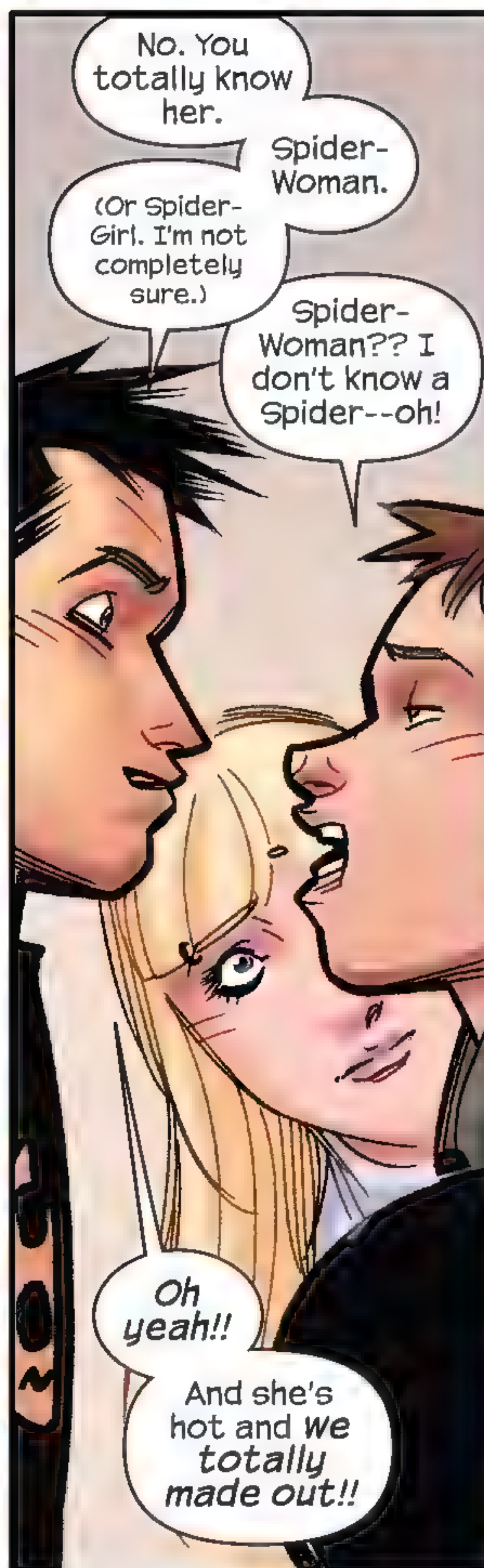
Please let go of my head.

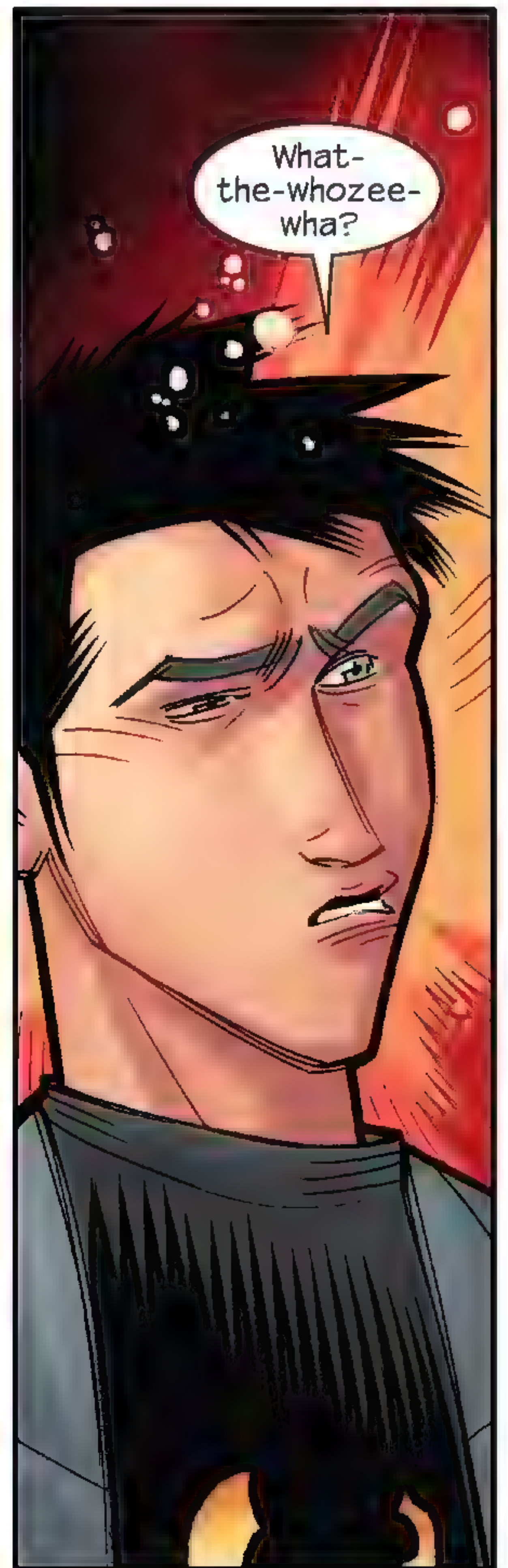
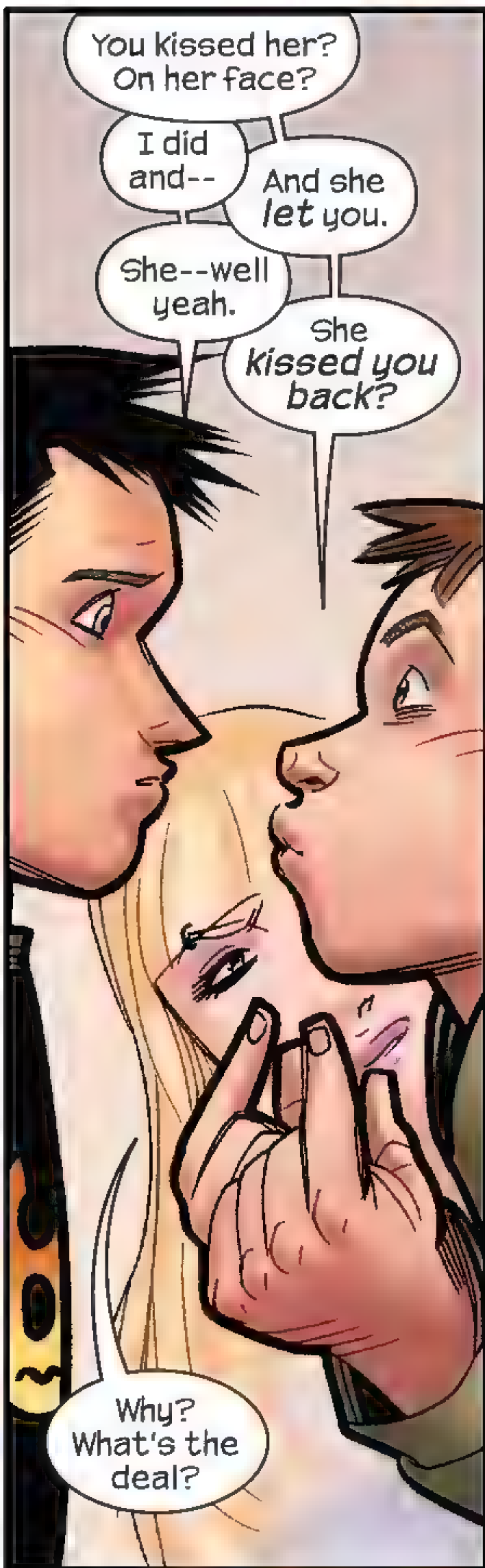
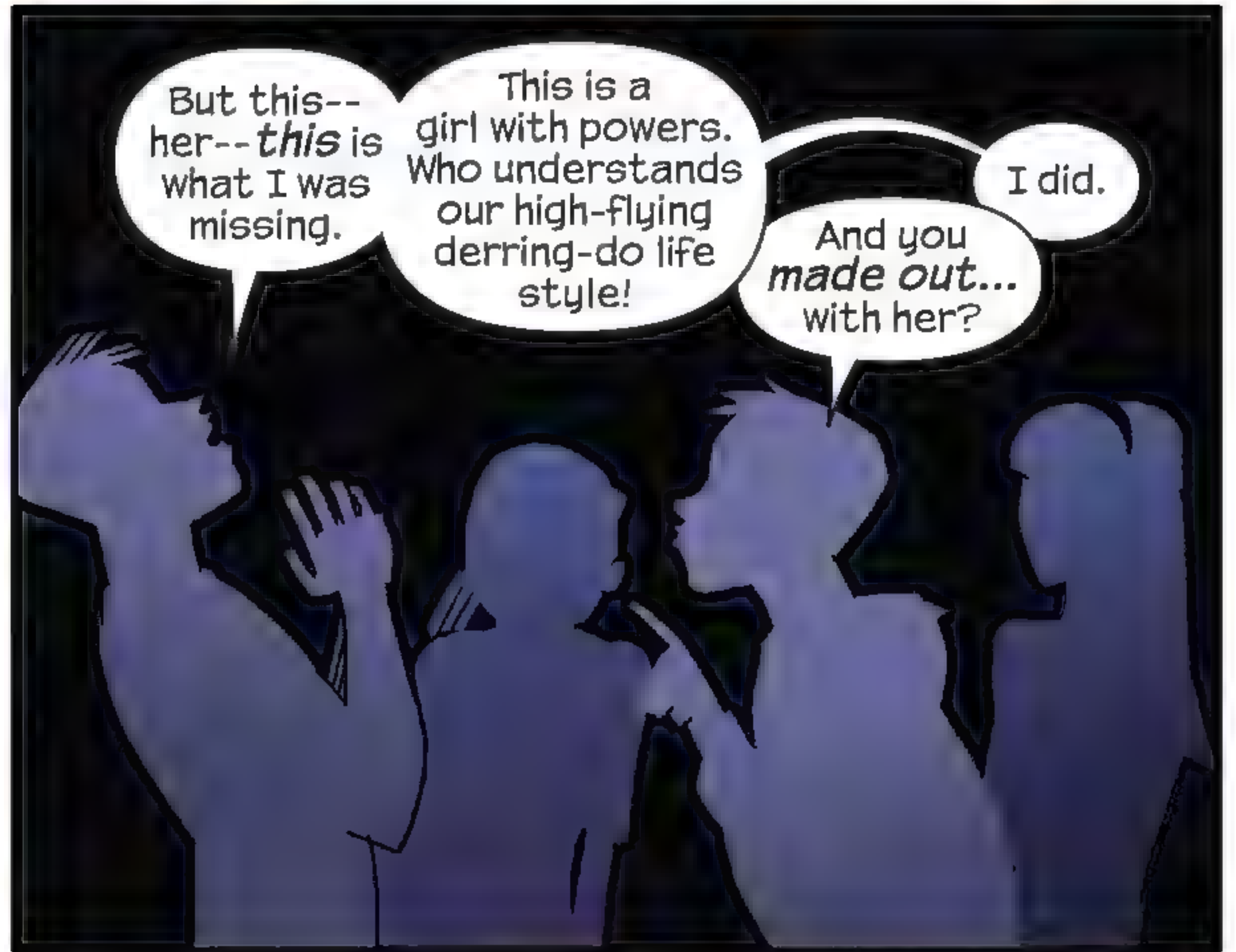
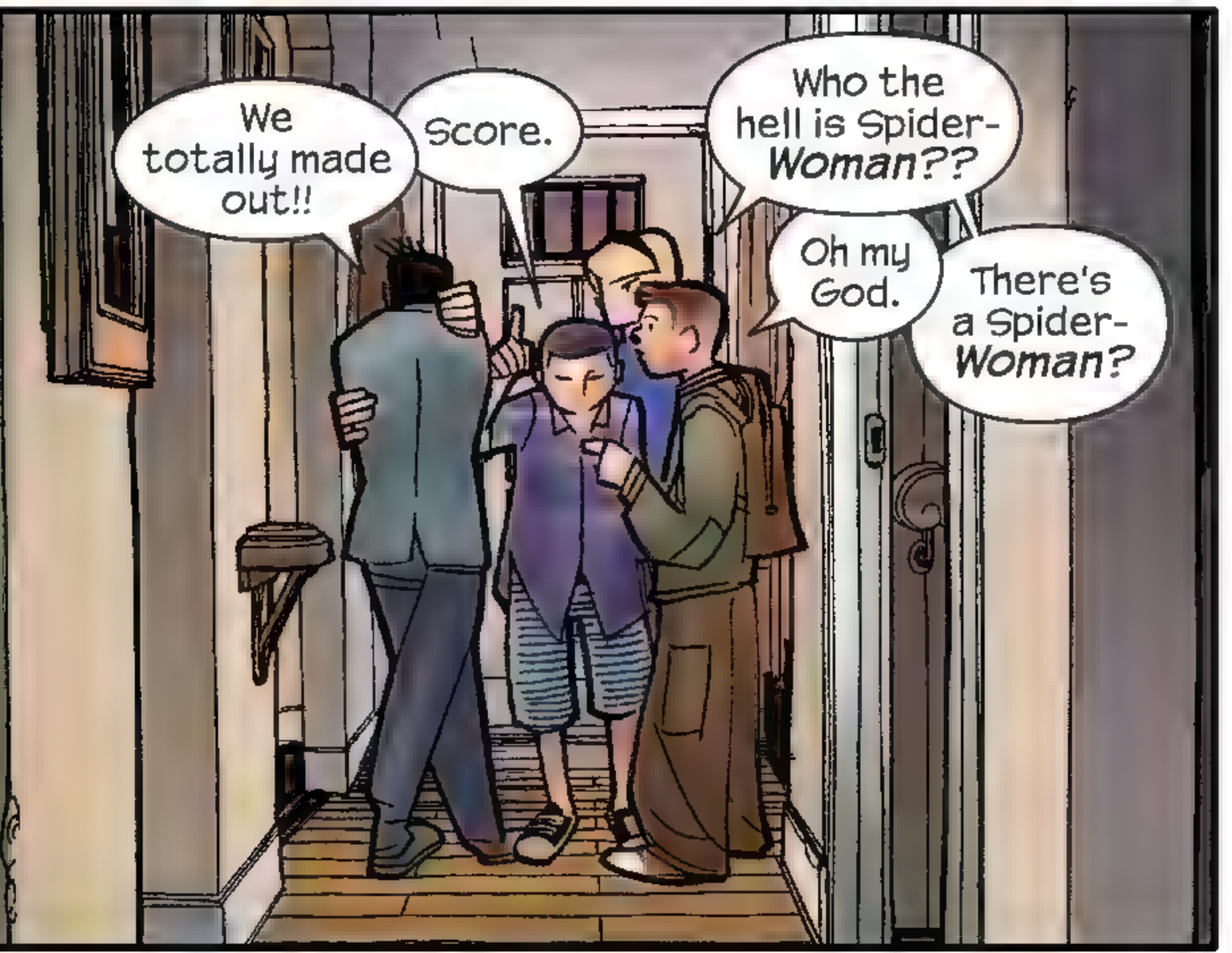


It happened!!

For real!!

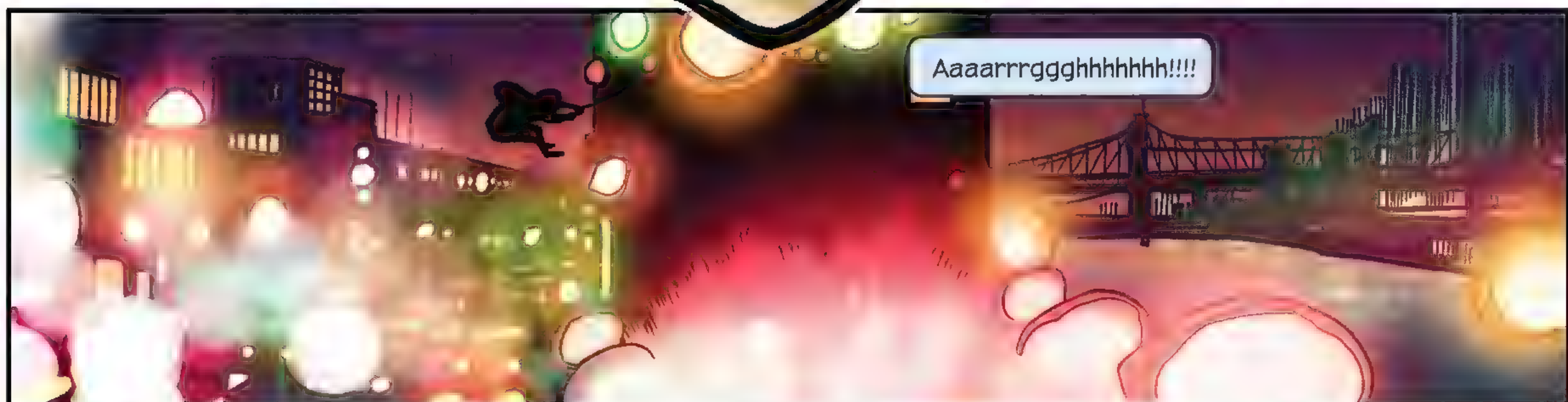
I'M IN LOVE!!



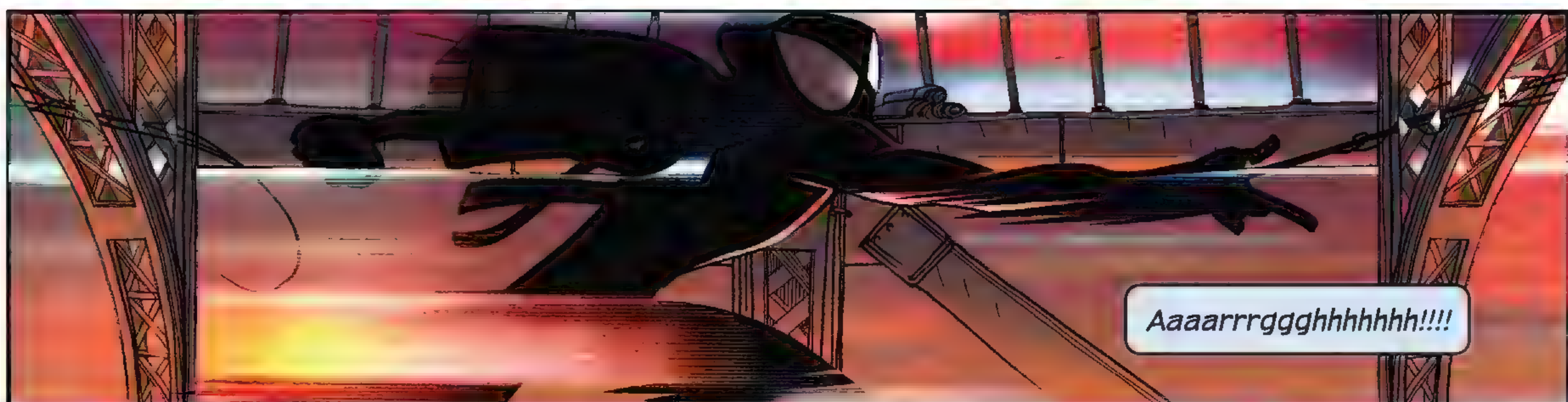




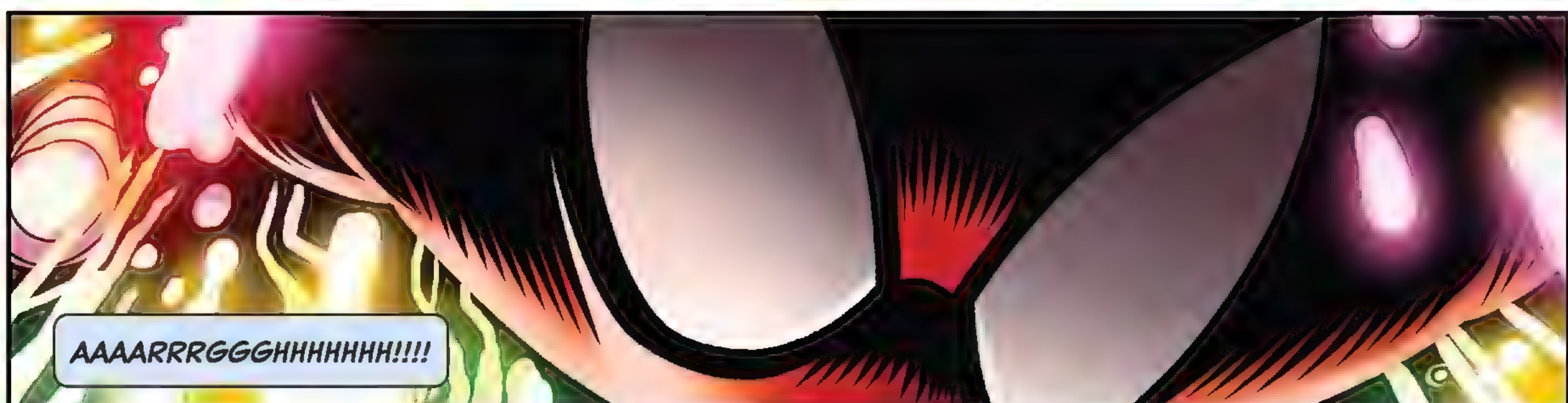
Aaaarrggghhhhhhh!!!!



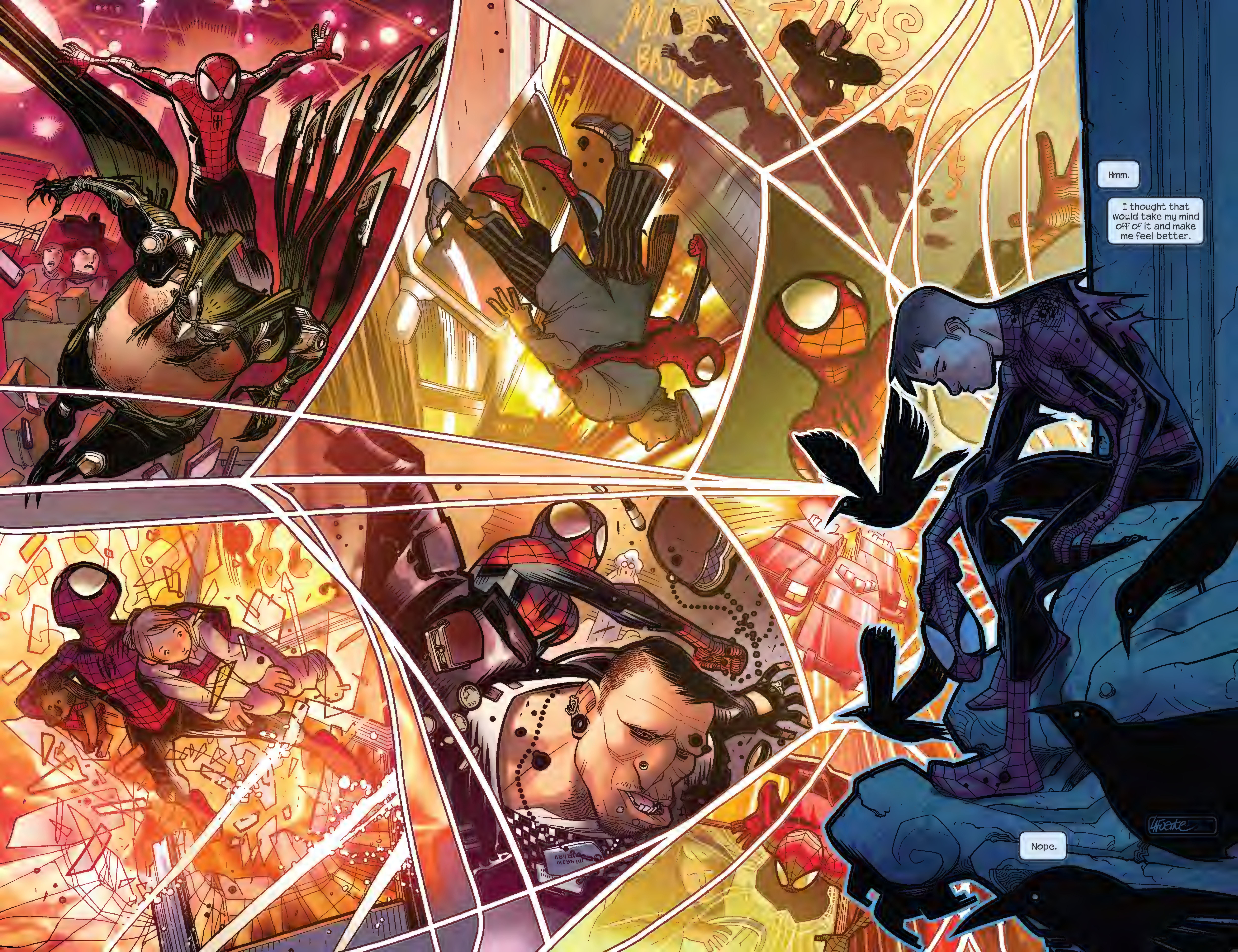
Aaaarrggghhhhhhh!!!!



Aaaarrggghhhhhhh!!!!



AAAARRGGGGHHHHHHH!!!!

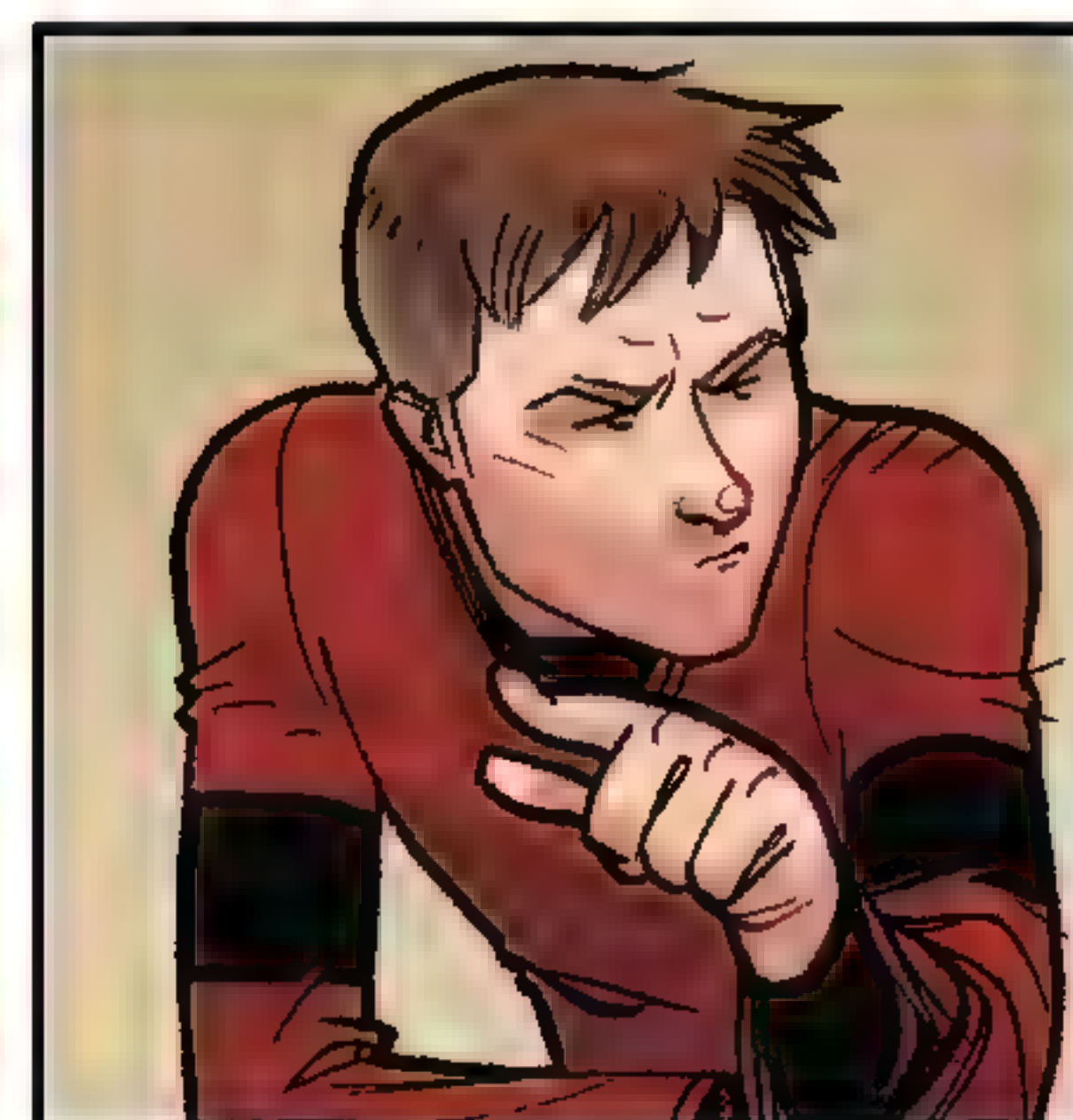
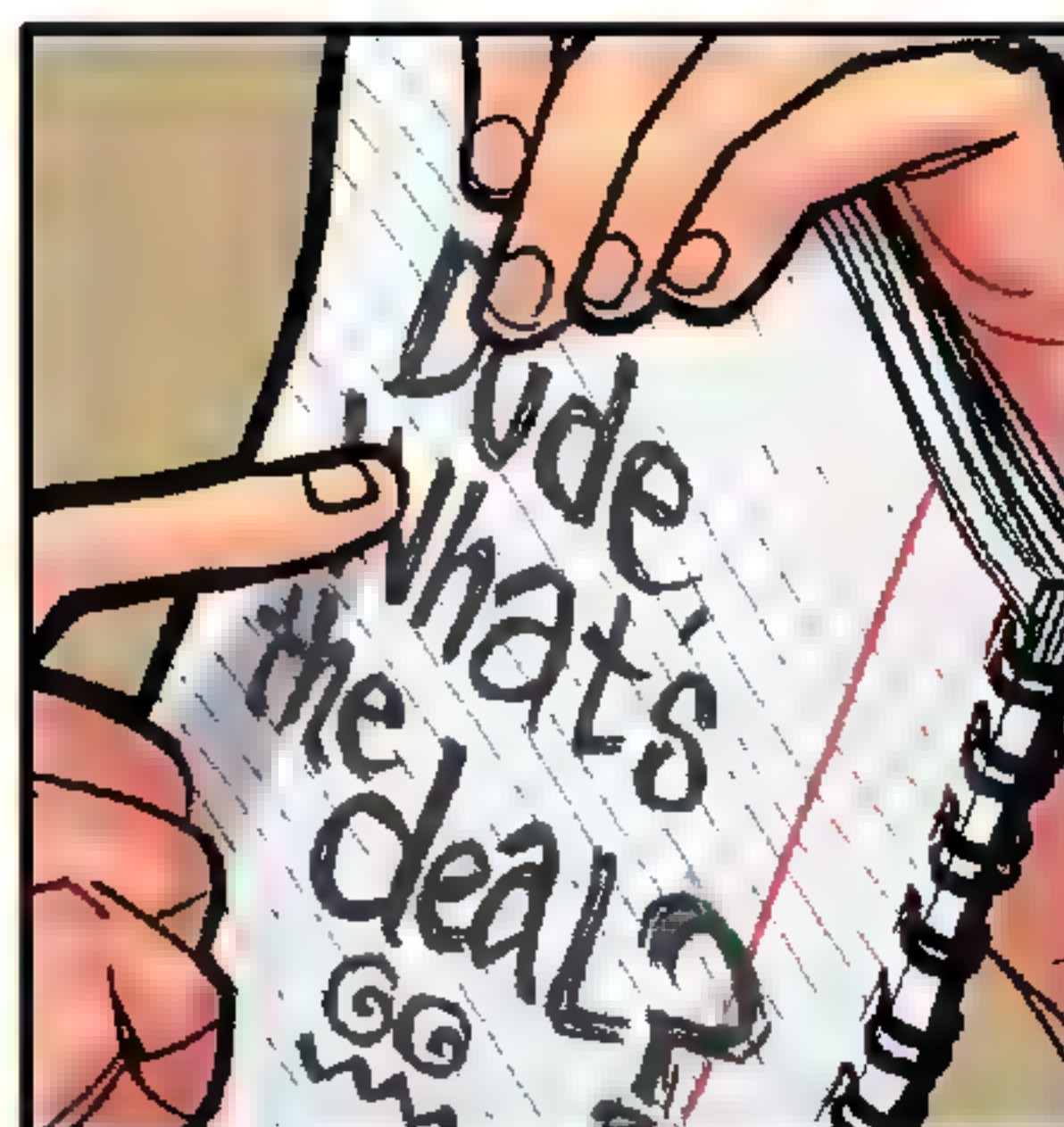
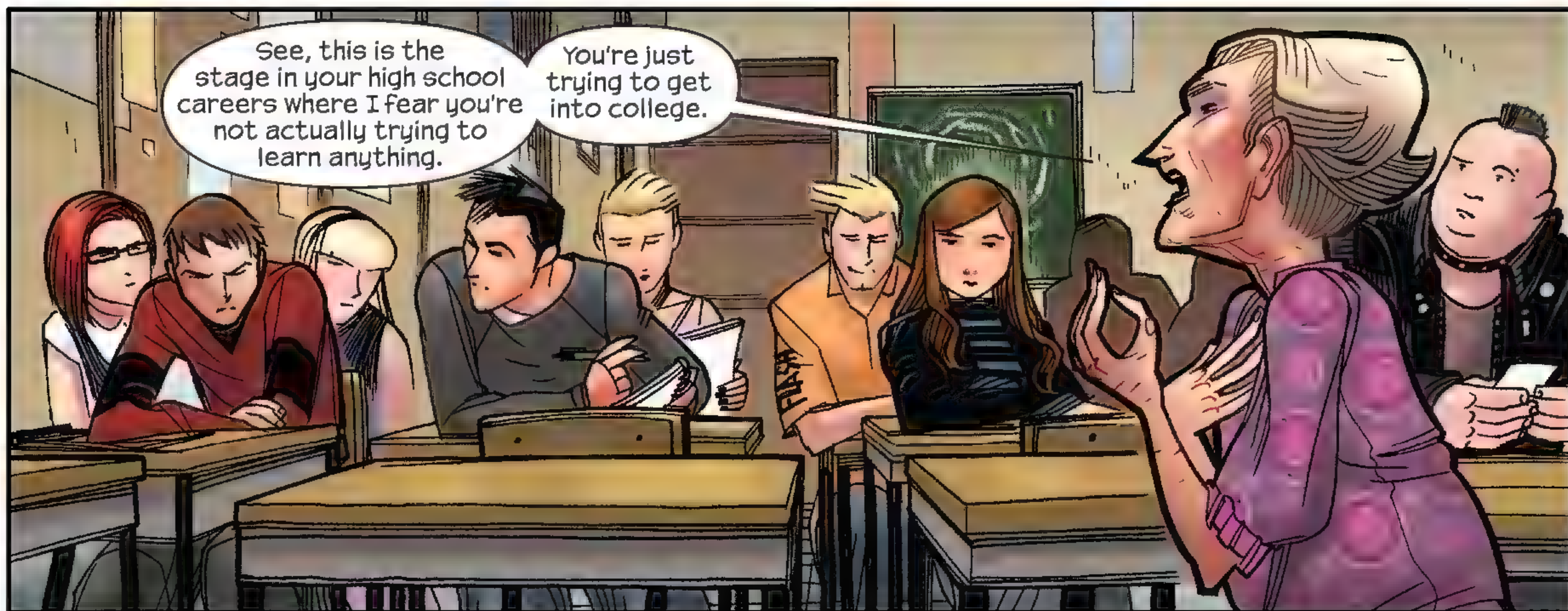


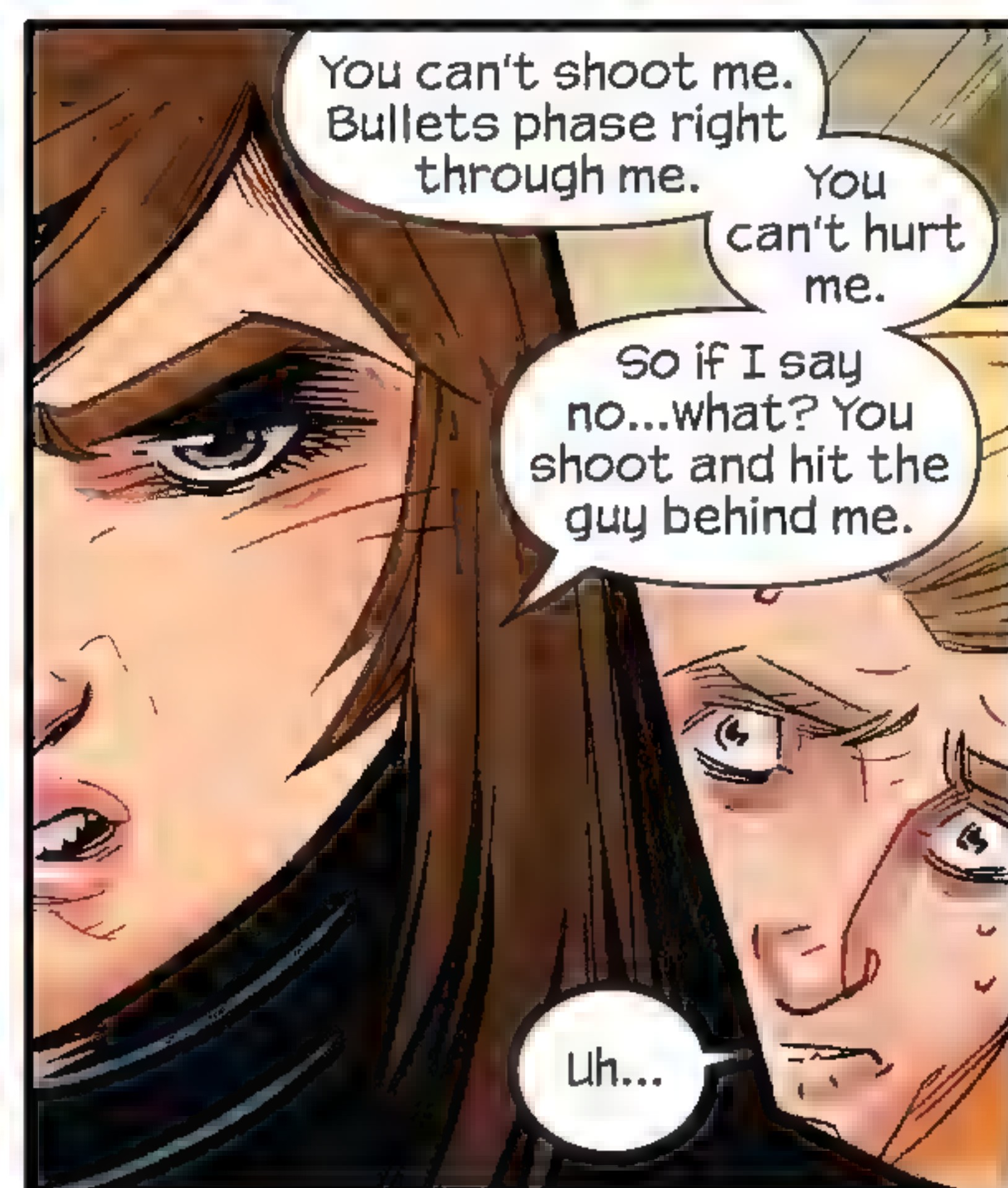
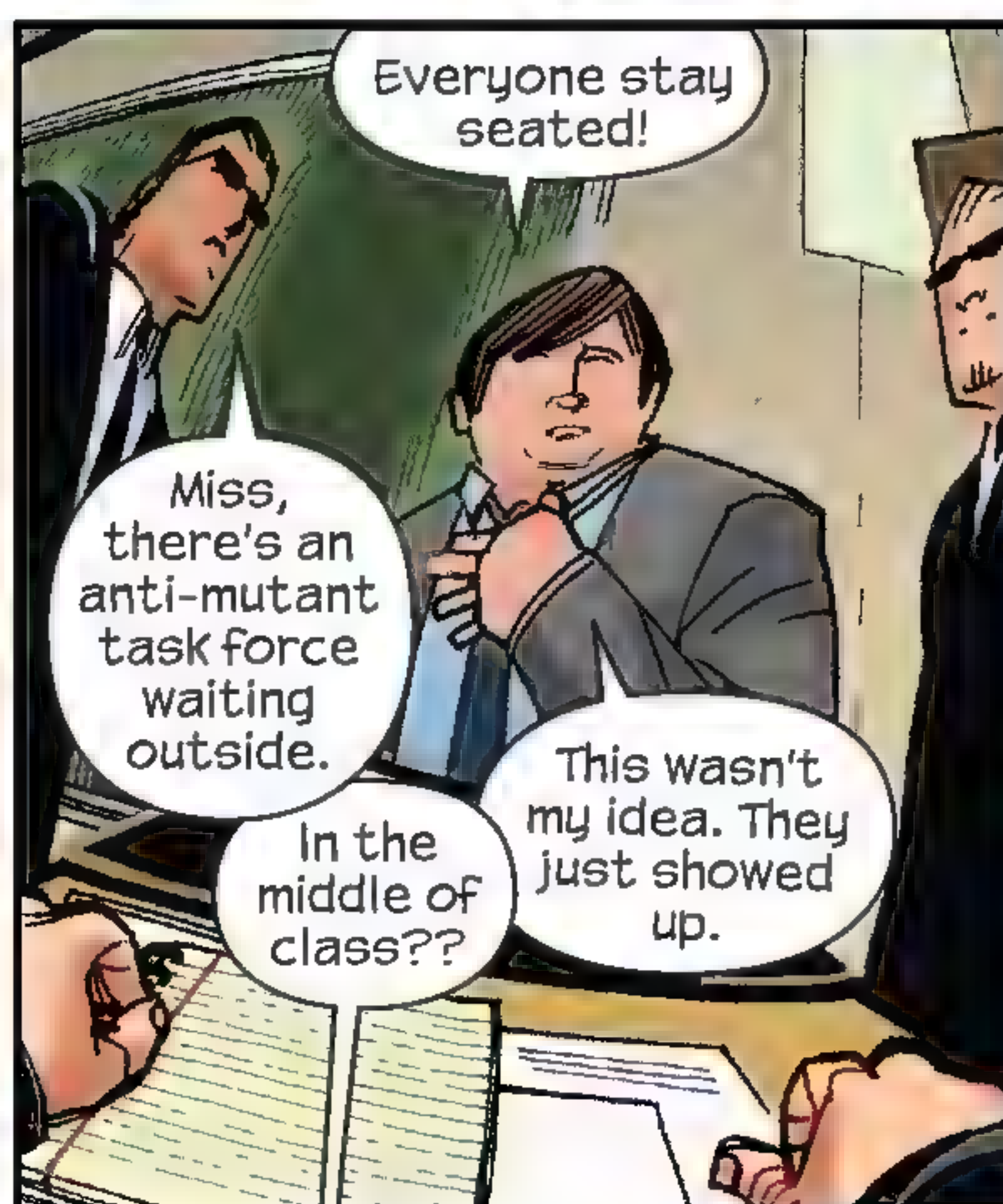
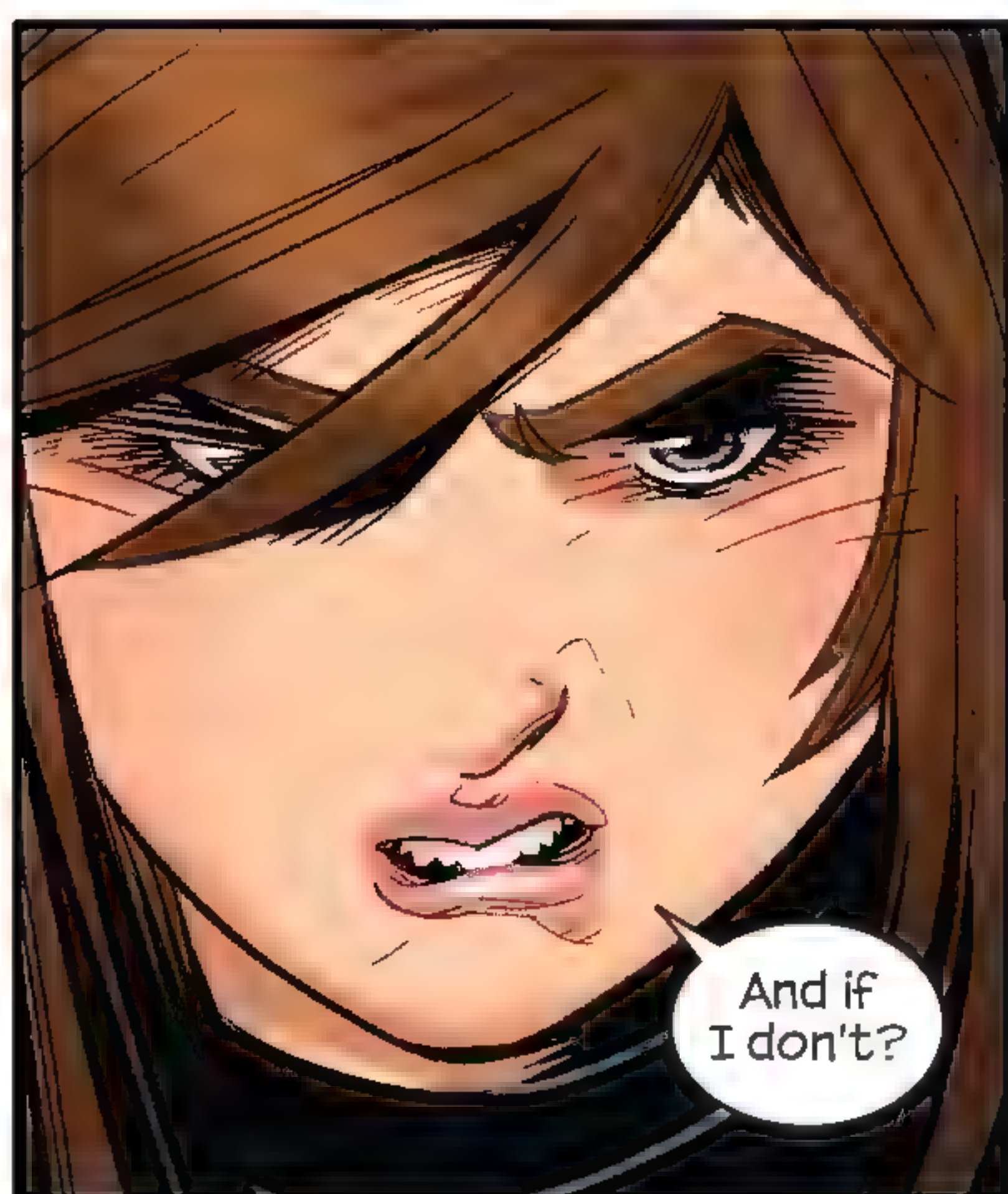
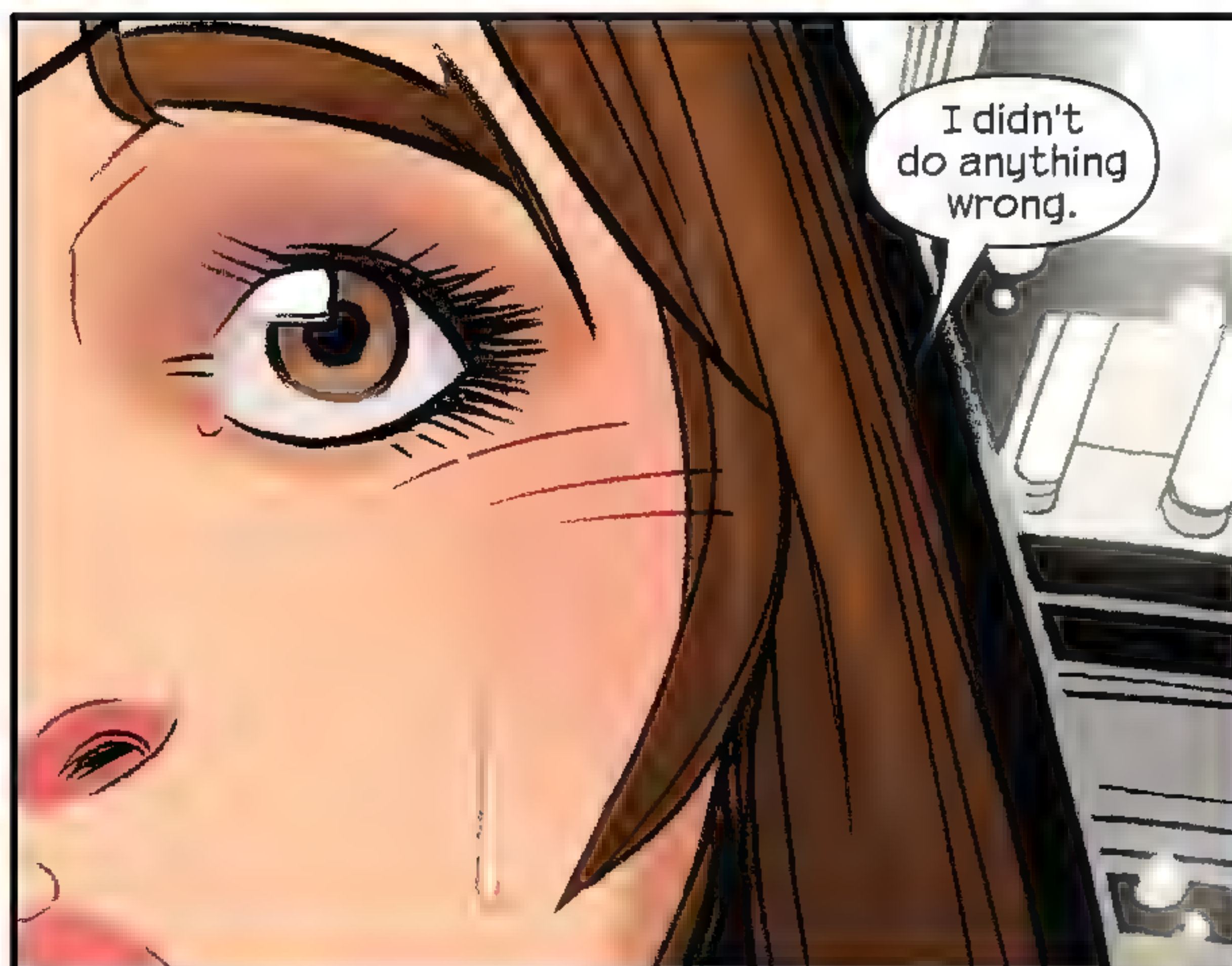
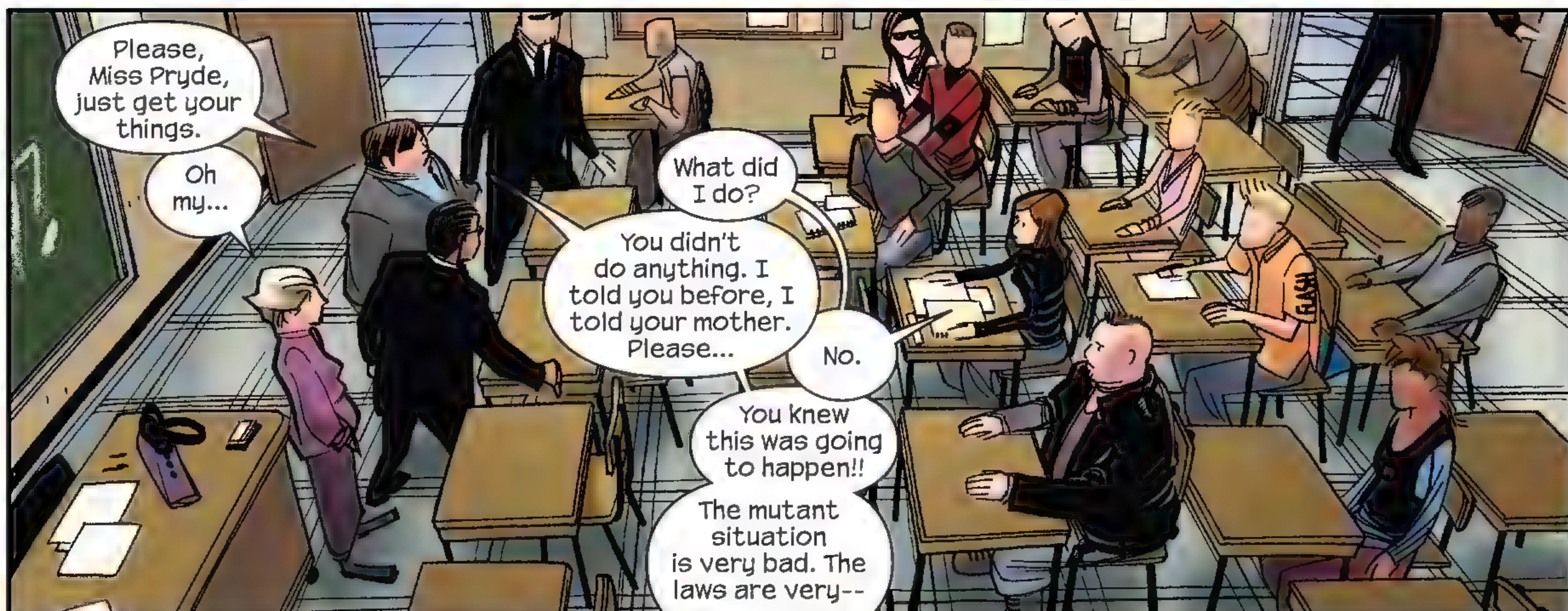
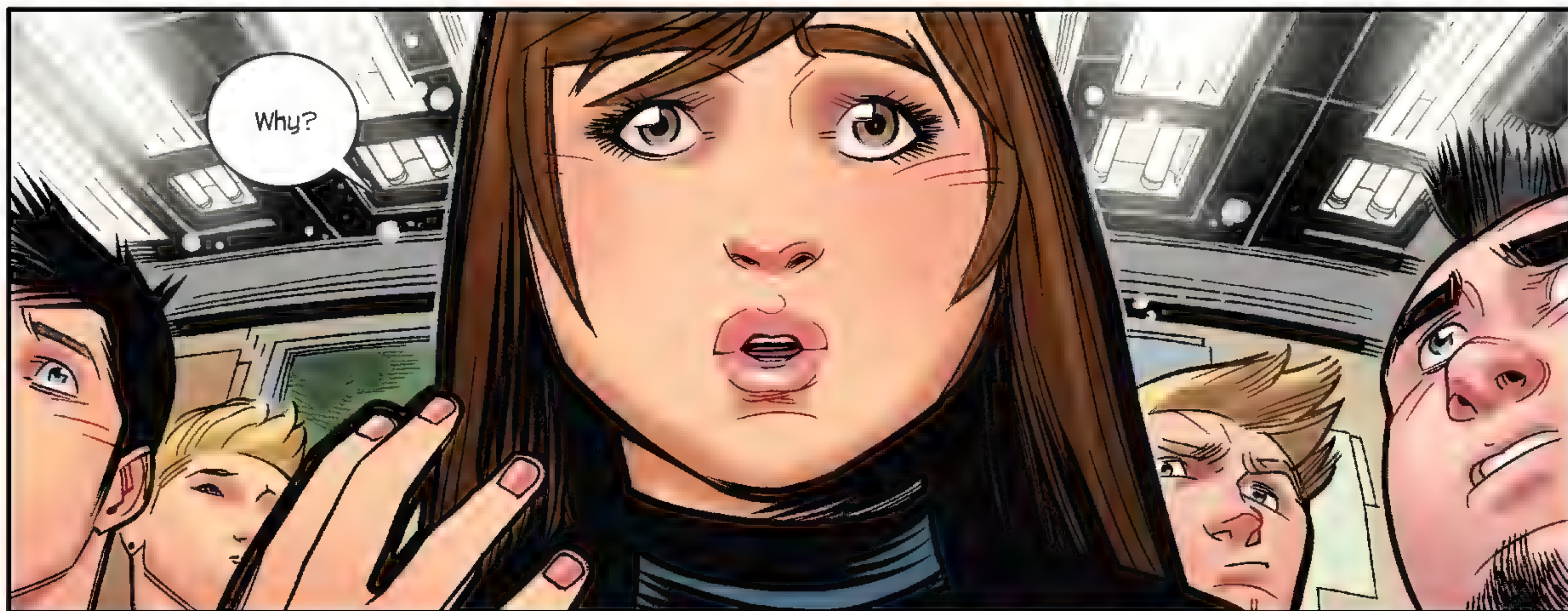
Hmm.

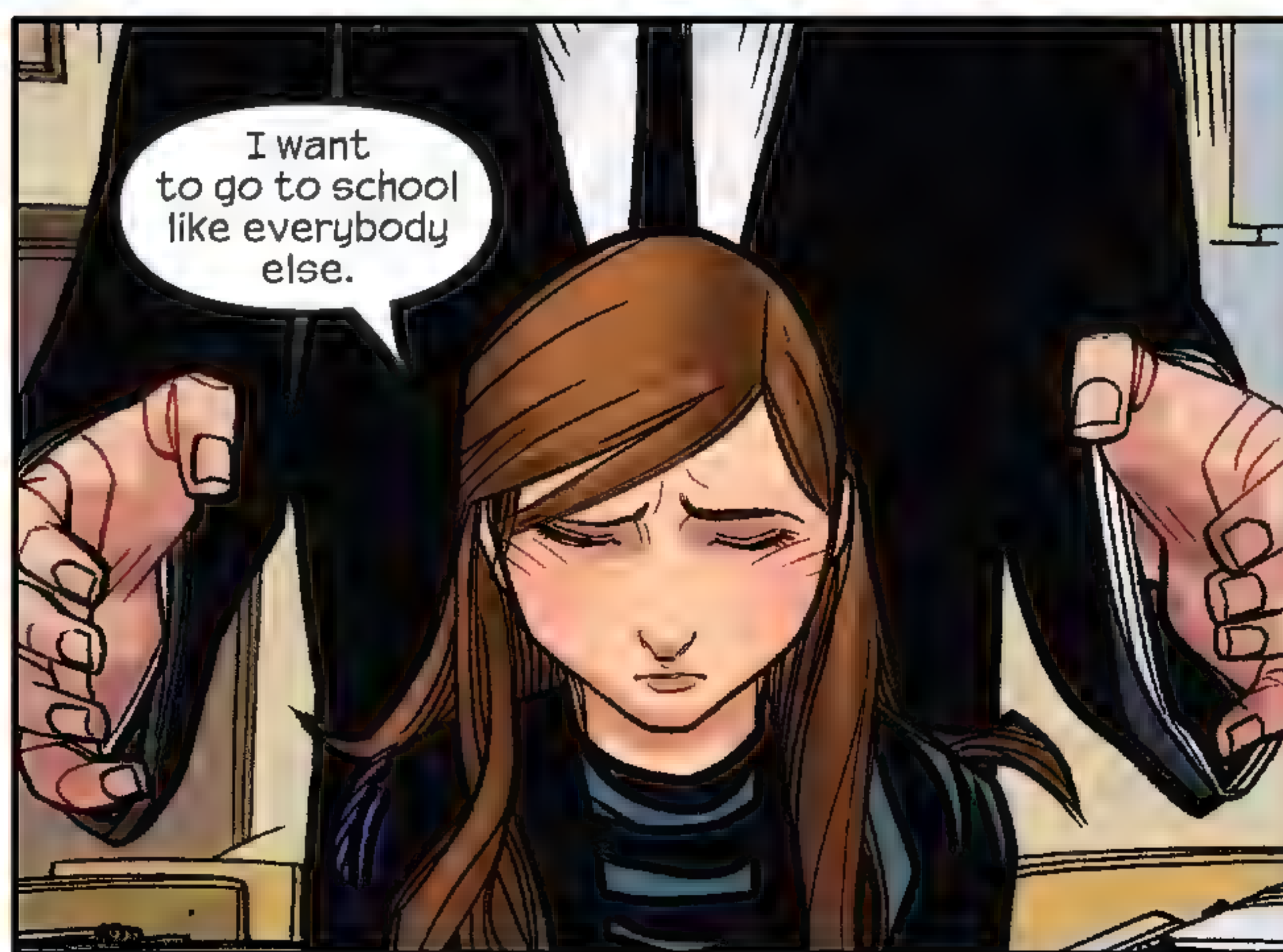
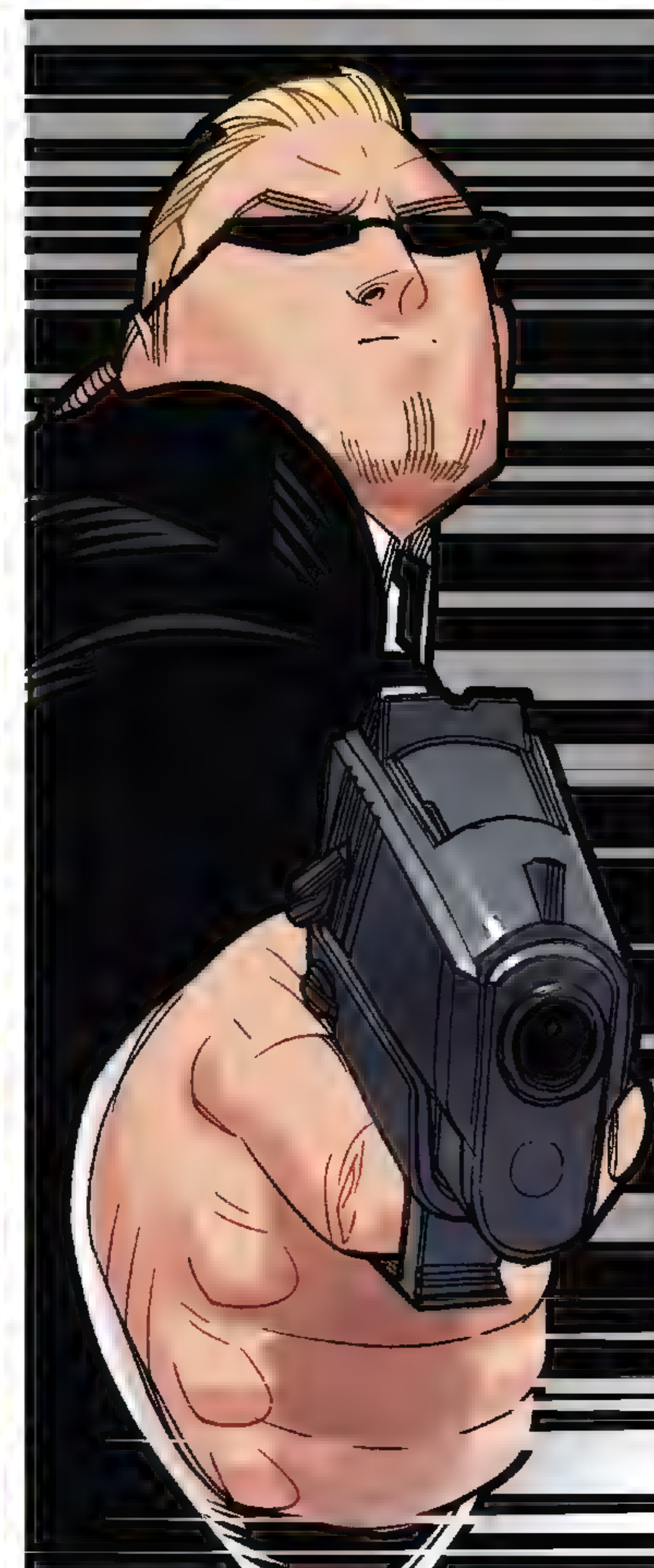
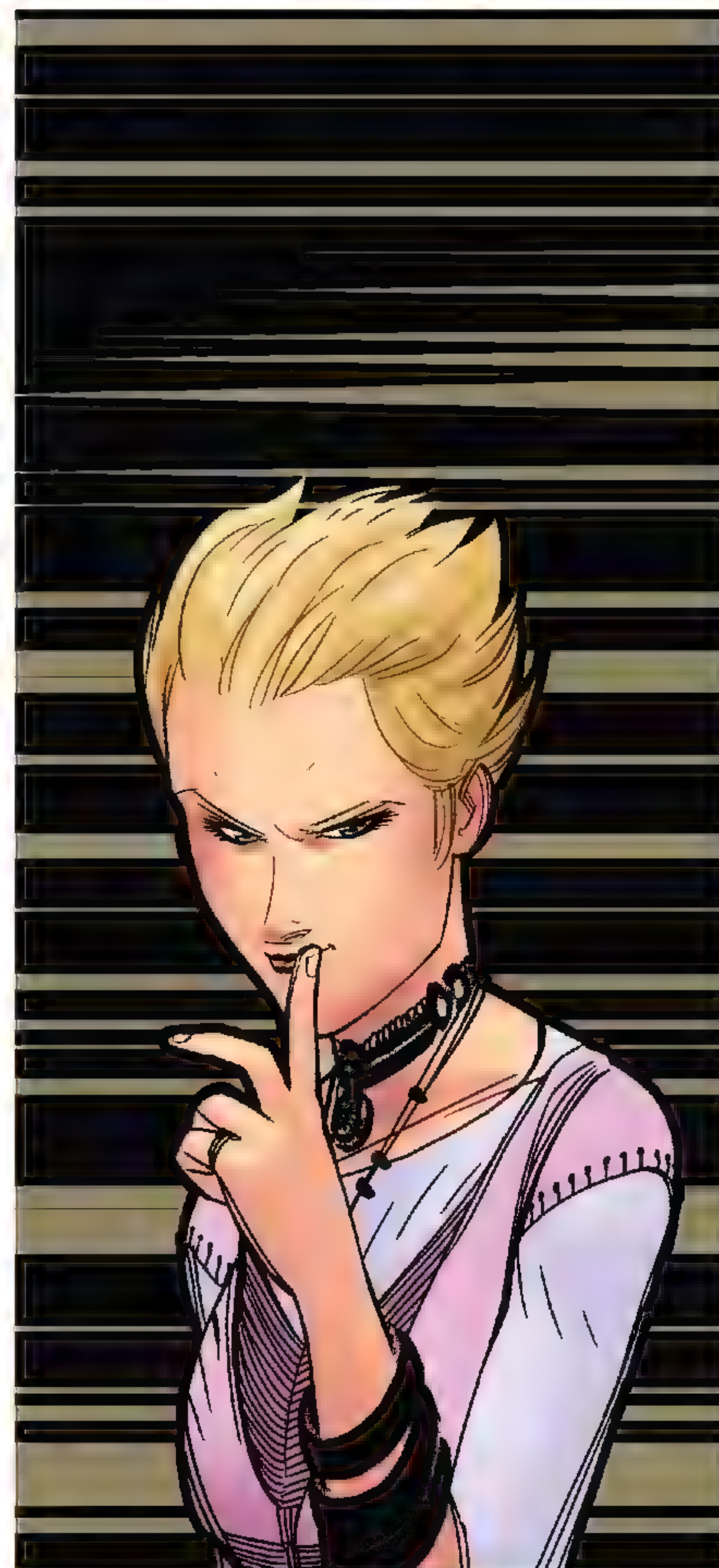
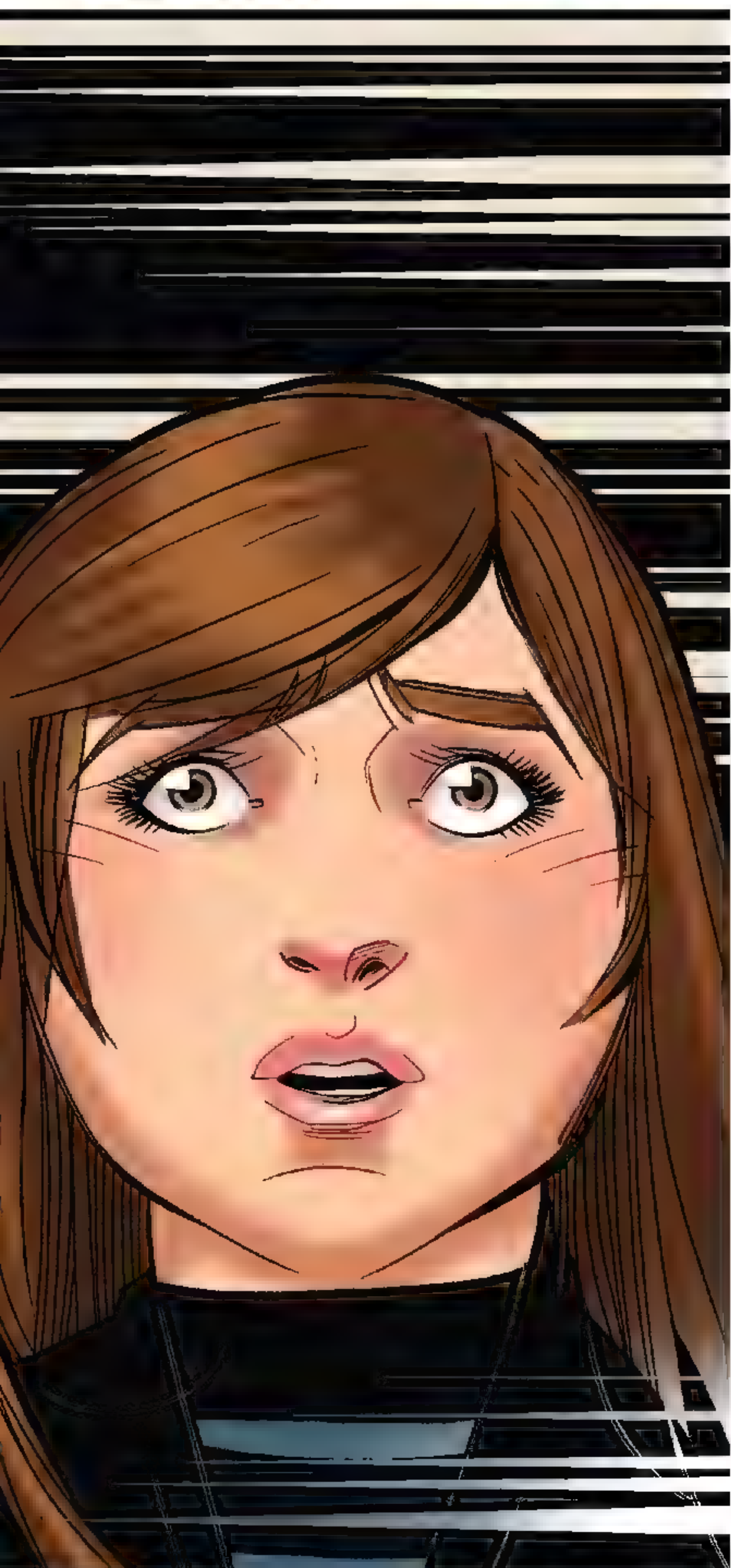
I thought that
would take my mind
off of it and make
me feel better.

Nope.

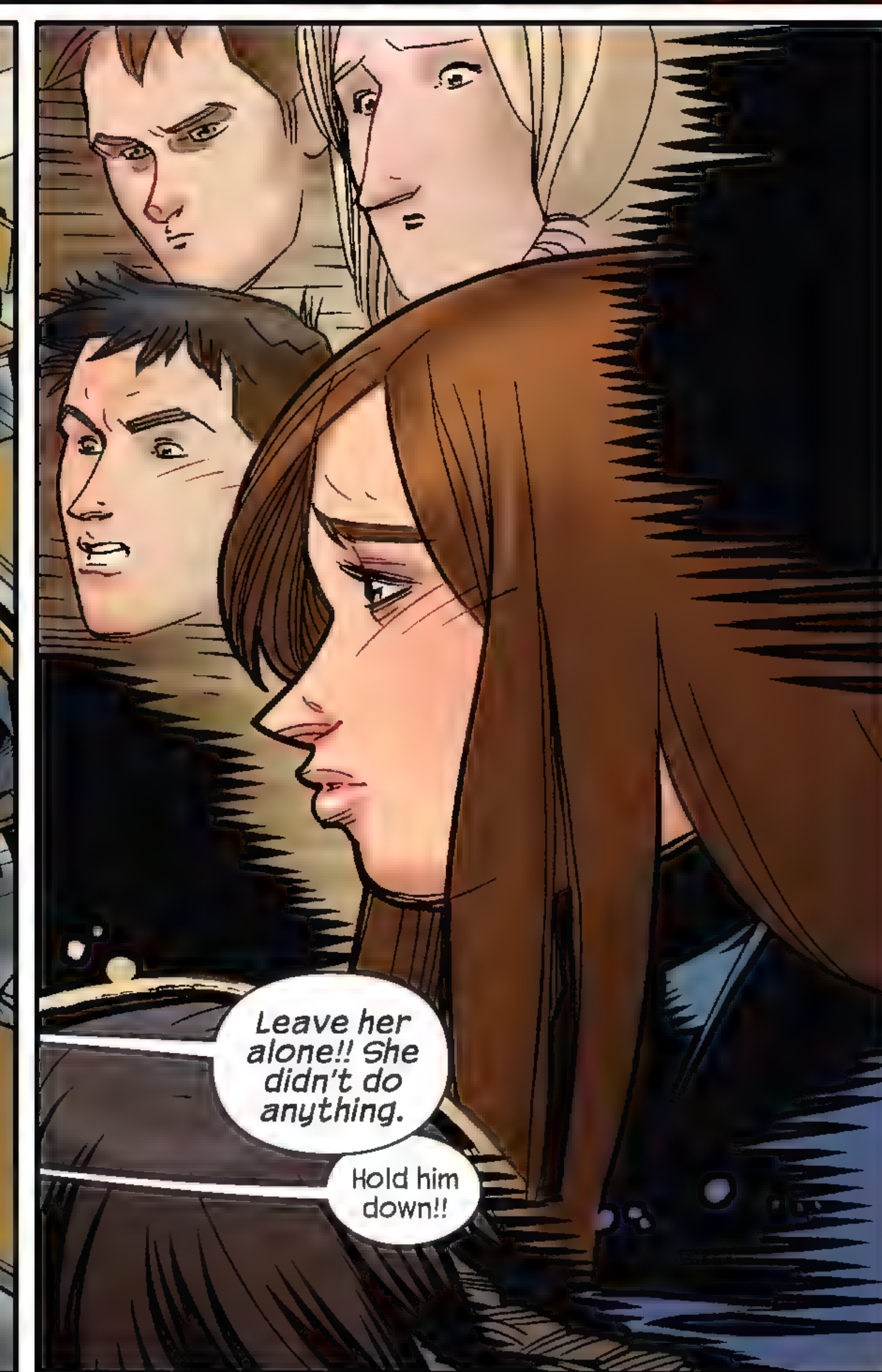
Wente

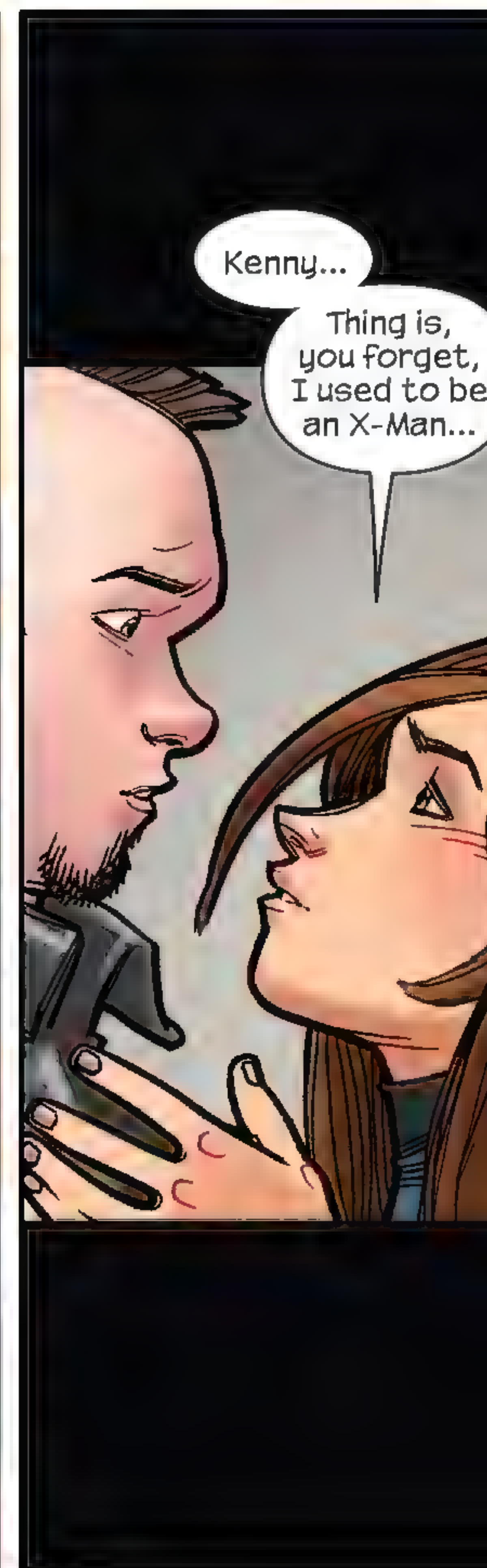
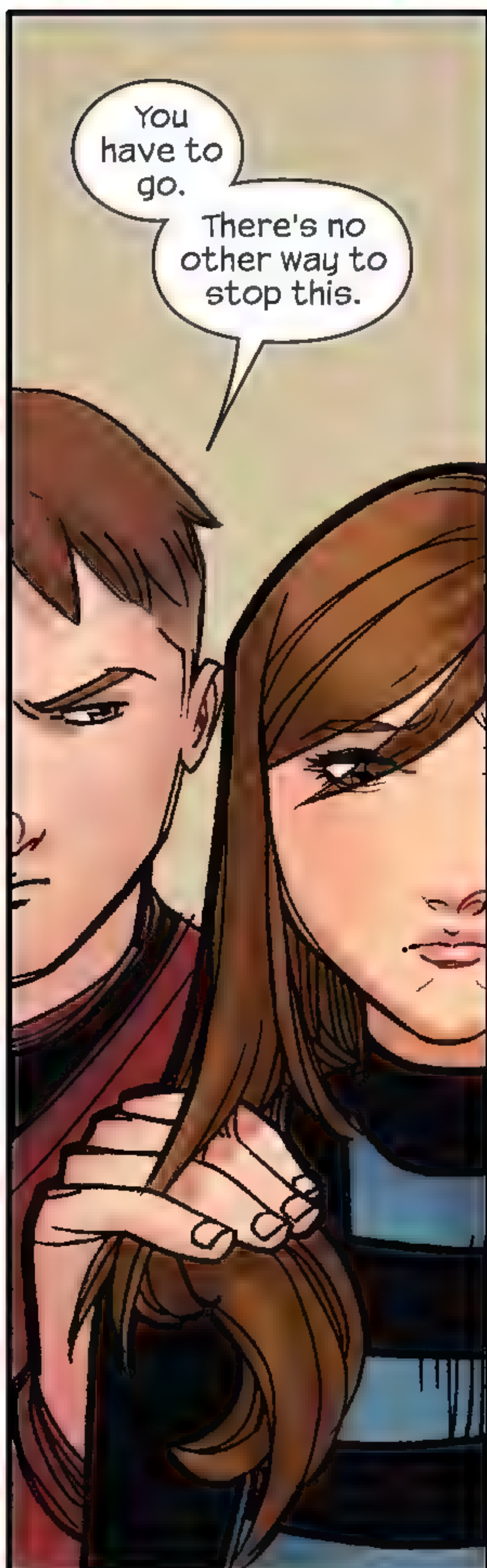
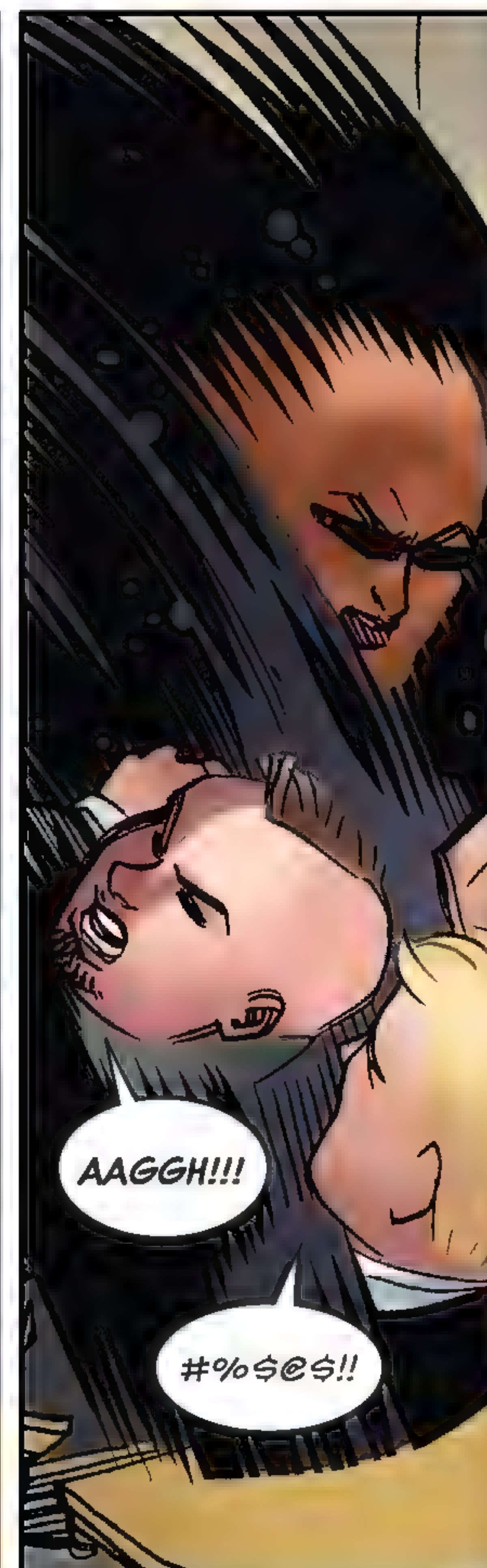
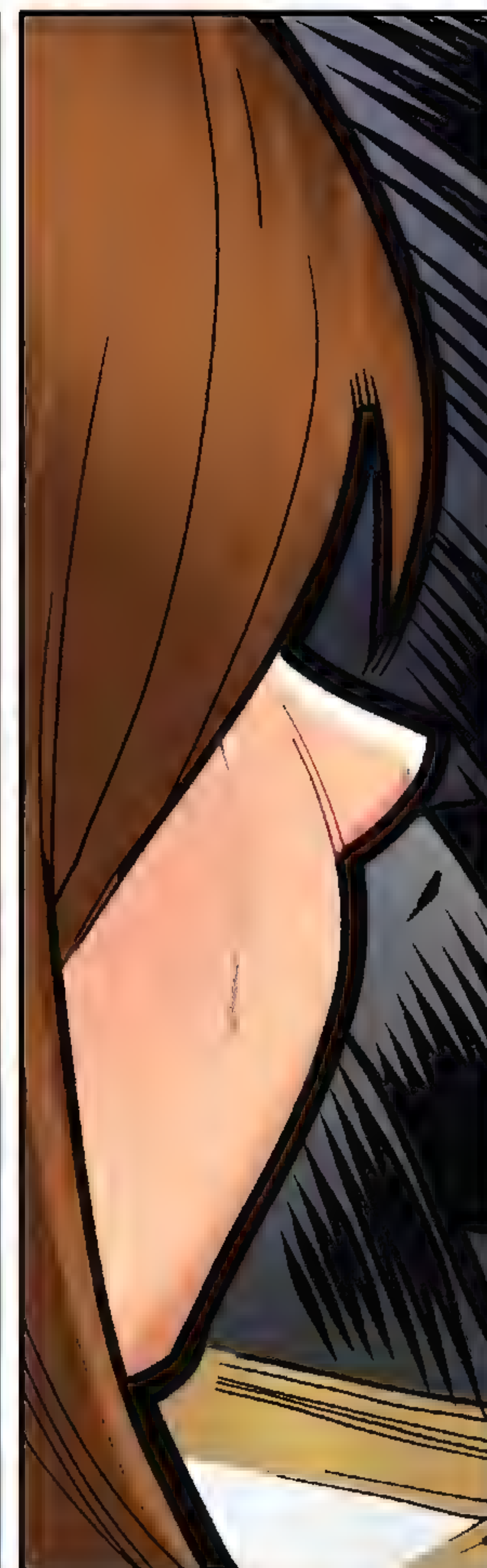
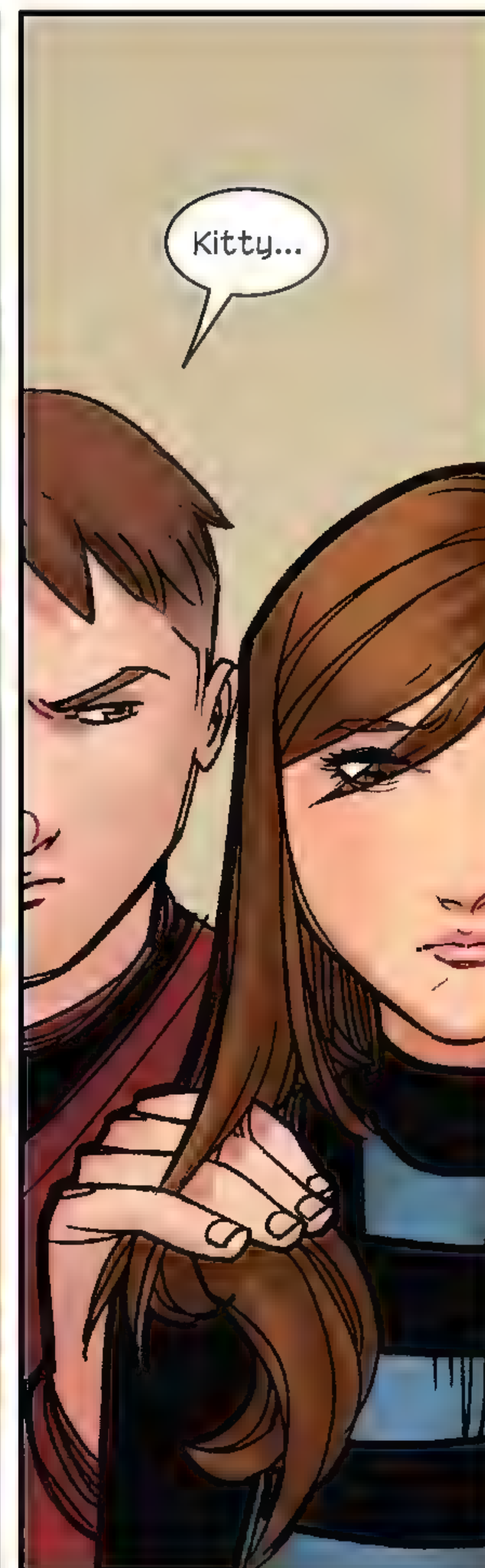
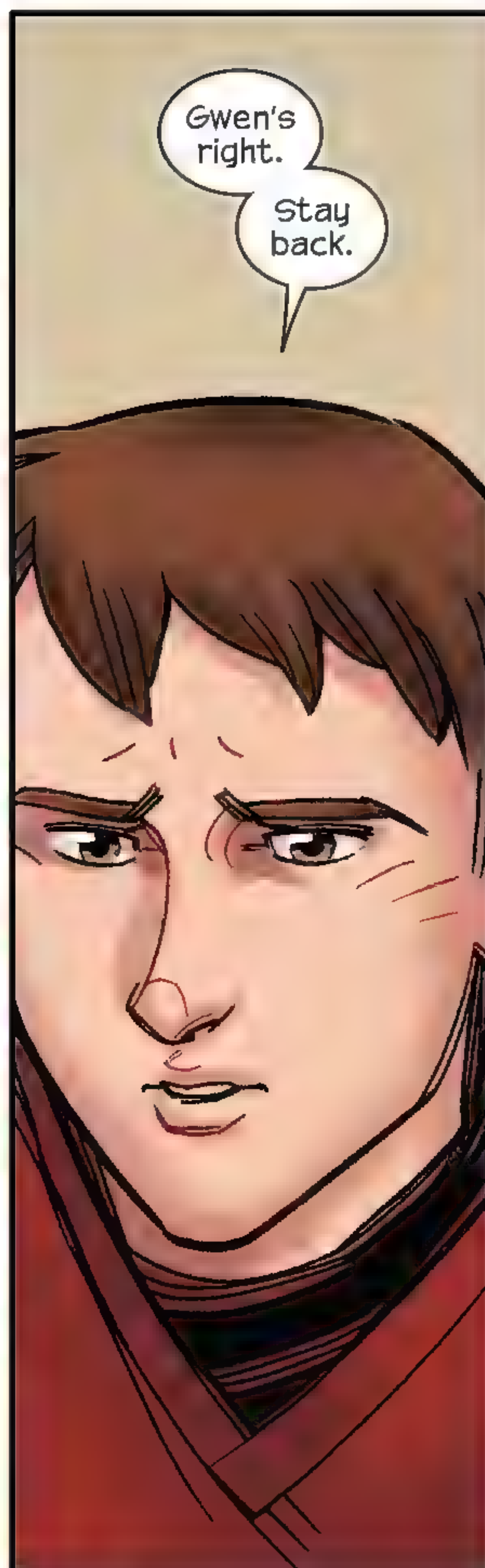


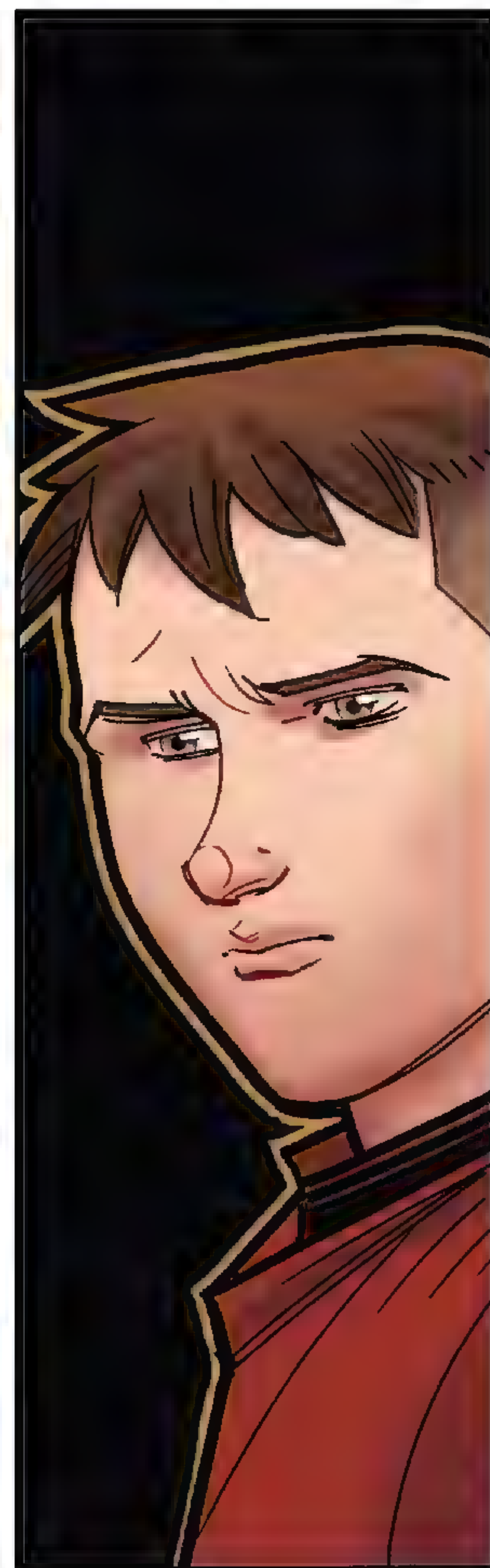
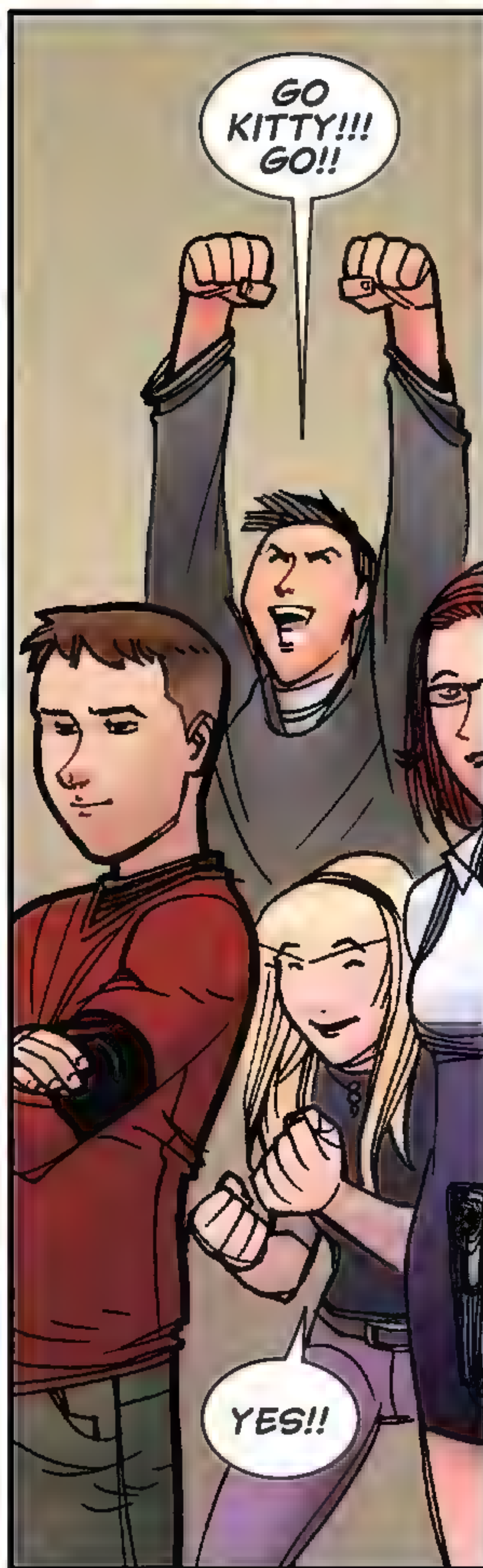
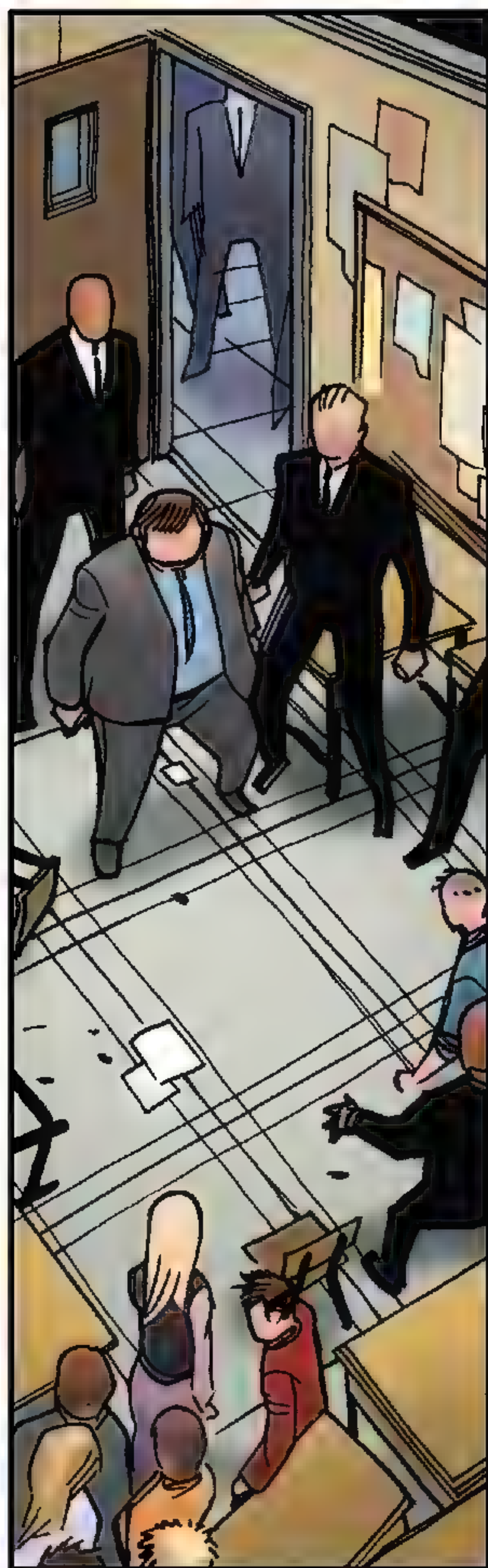














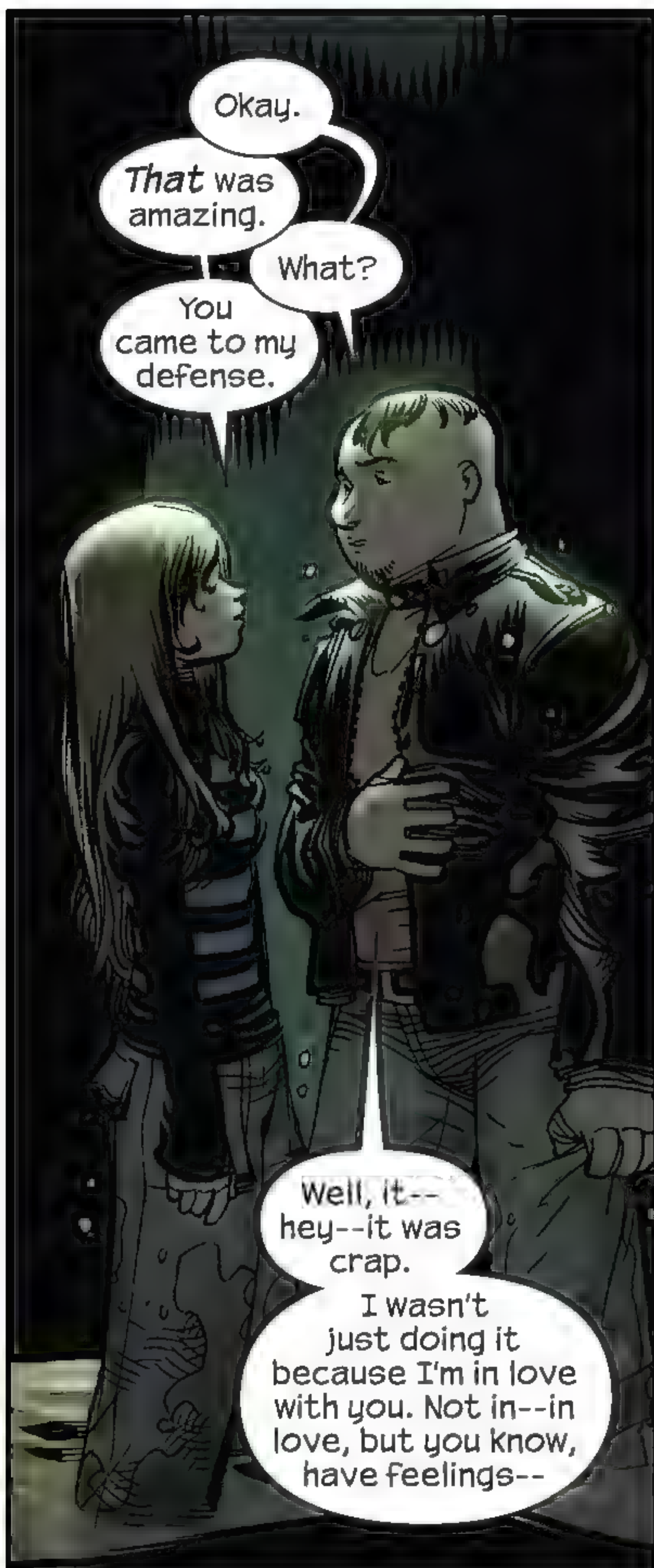
What the
what the
what?

Are you
okay?

Where
are we?

Sewer.

Like,
under the
school?



Okay.

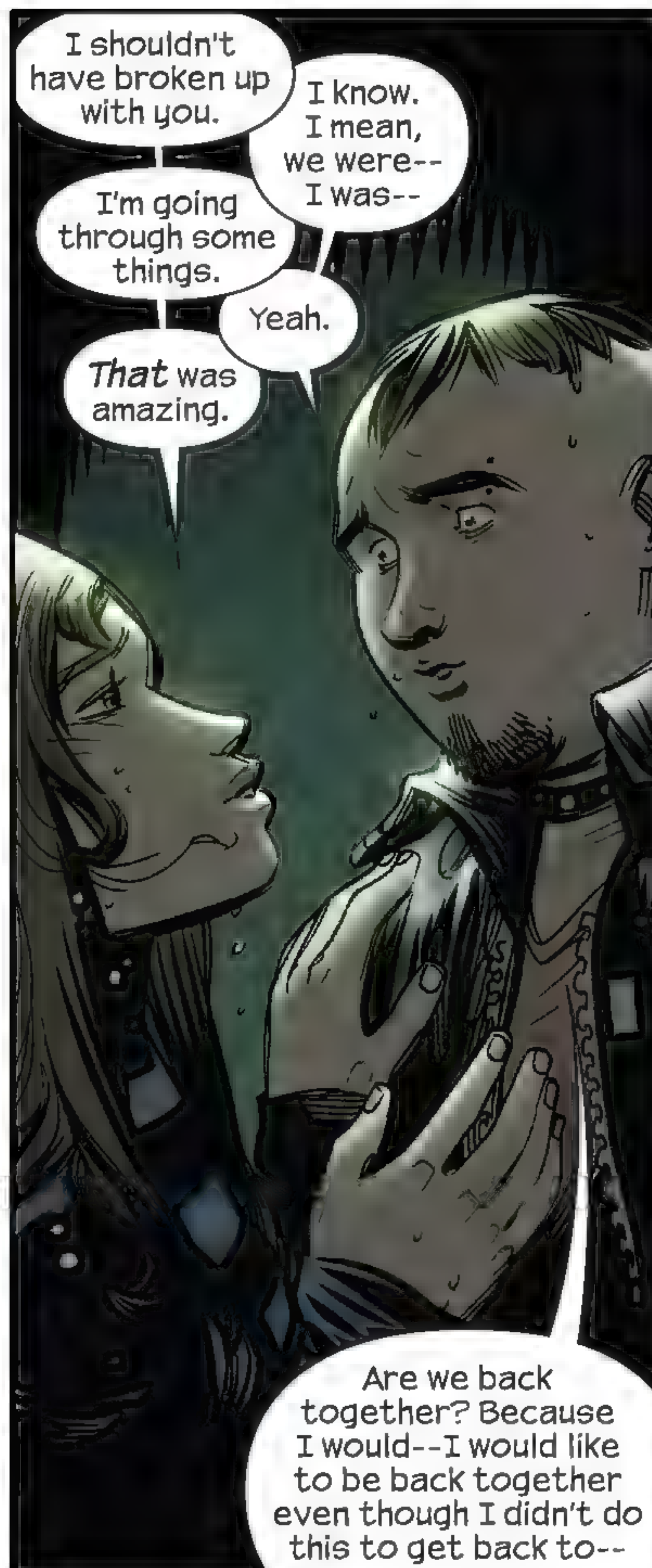
That was
amazing.

What?

You
came to my
defense.

Well, it--
hey--it was
crap.

I wasn't
just doing it
because I'm in love
with you. Not in--in
love, but you know,
have feelings--



I shouldn't
have broken up
with you.

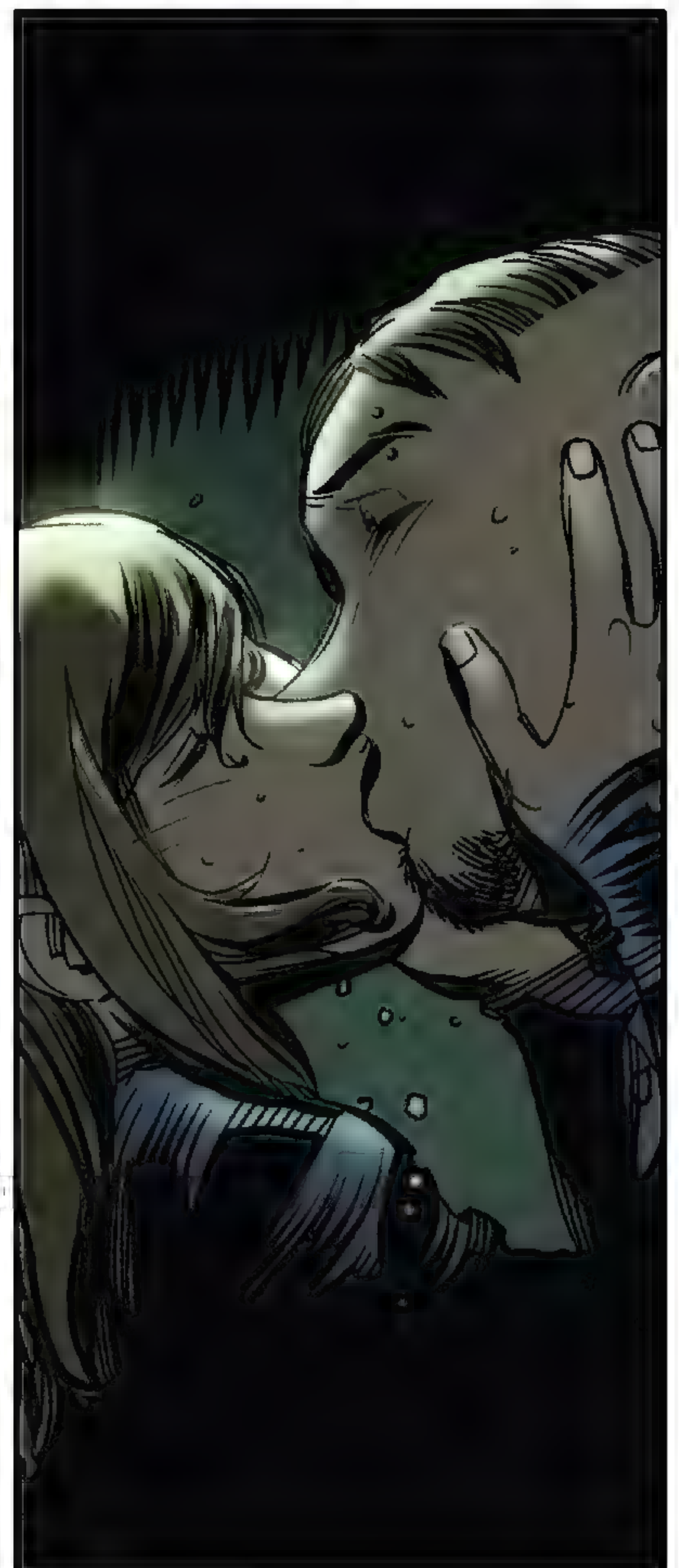
I know.
I mean,
we were--
I was--

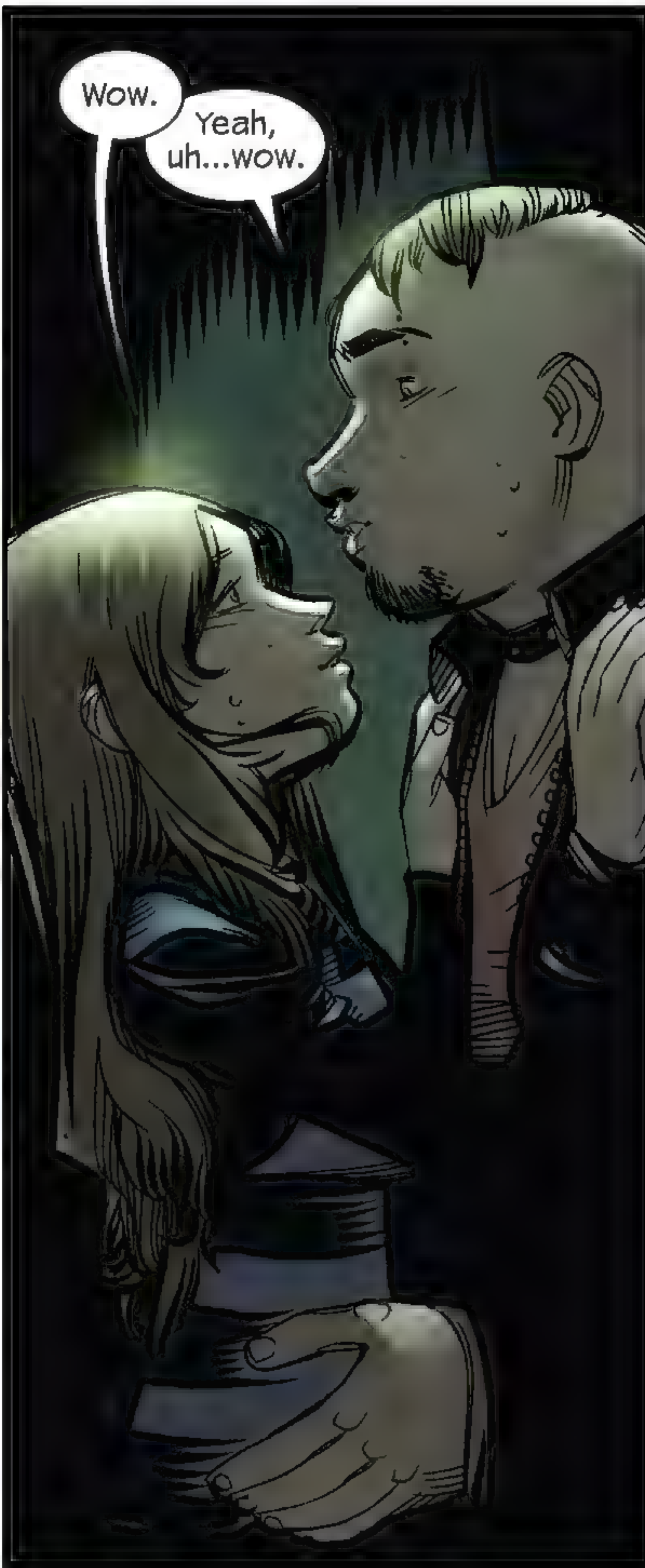
I'm going
through some
things.

Yeah.

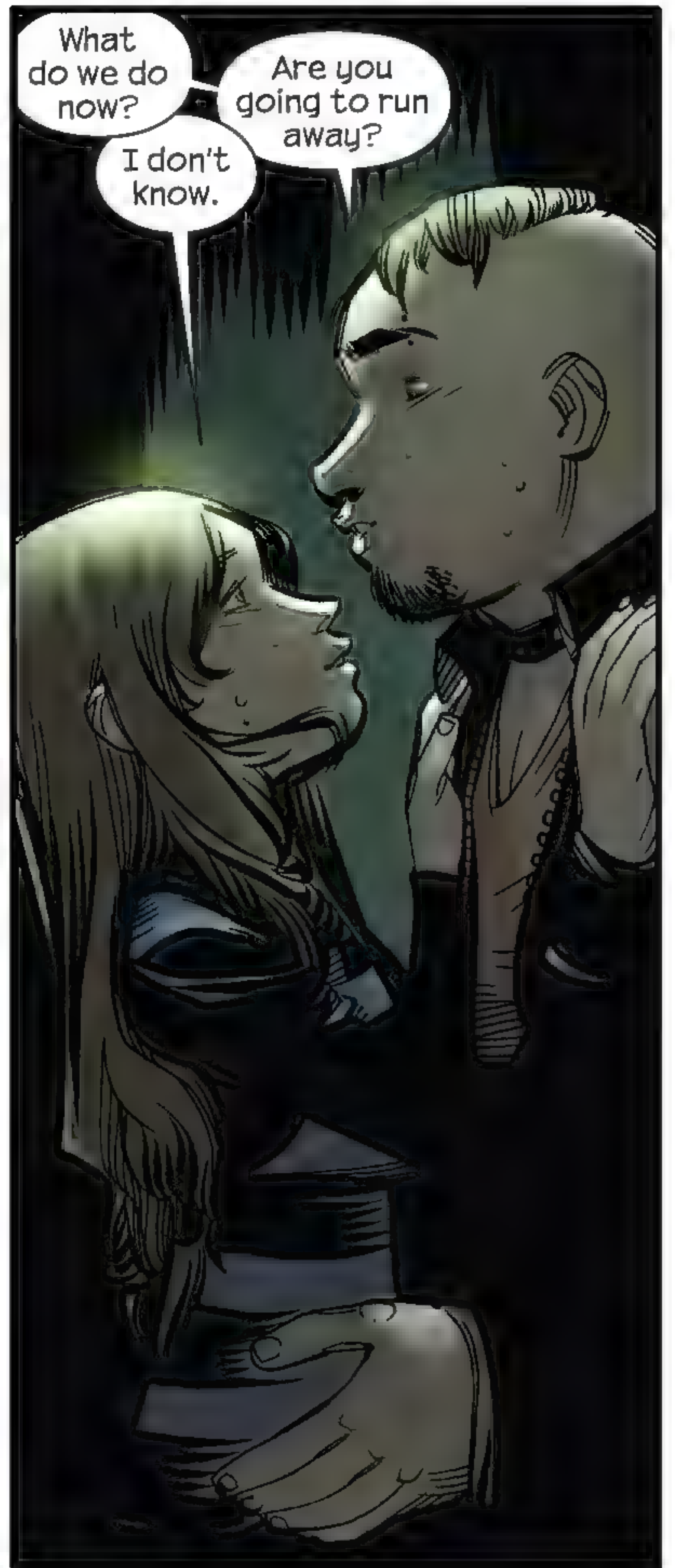
That was
amazing.

Are we back
together? Because
I would--I would like
to be back together
even though I didn't do
this to get back to--

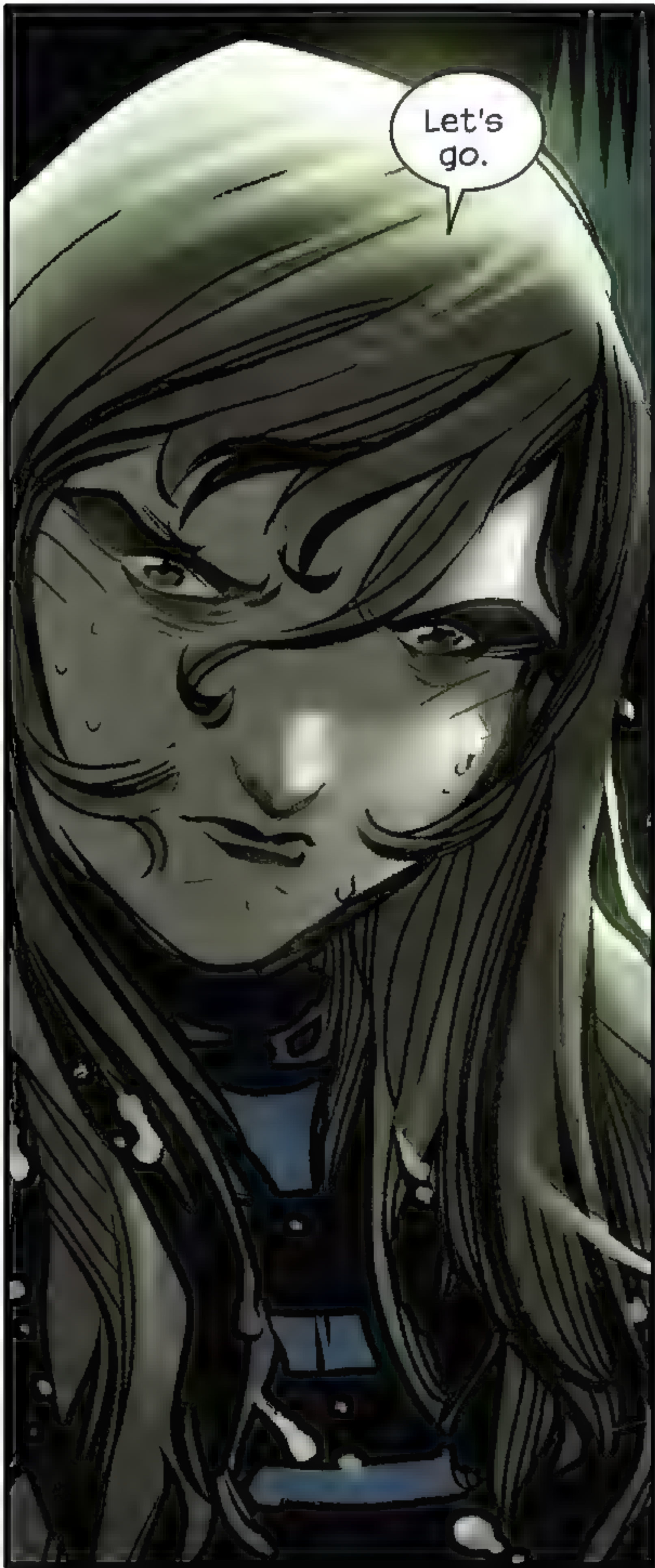




Wow.
Yeah,
uh...wow.



What
do we do
now?
I don't
know.
Are you
going to run
away?



Let's
go.





How could you let *this* happen??!!

How does this happen?

Federal agents with guns??!

Mutants in the school?

I don't understand

My child has phobias!!

Where is this mutant?

Spider-Man!

How does this happen?

First we had that costumed maniac!!

What are you going to do about it??!!

What about me!!??

They should round them all up.

Guns in the school! During a class!!

How does this happen?

How do you consider this an education?

The problem is the mutants.

The problem is us.

Who's responsible?

Please, everyone, just take a moment and *settle down* so I can--

I--

I'm going to sue the pants off of this entire building.

How does this happen?

Who's responsible???

Mutants allowed in class??!! What did you think would happen??!!

And to think I went to school here.

I want to know who's responsible.



Spider-Man.

Spider-Man's a hero. He's not a mutant.

Our government brought loaded guns into a classroom!!

During class!!

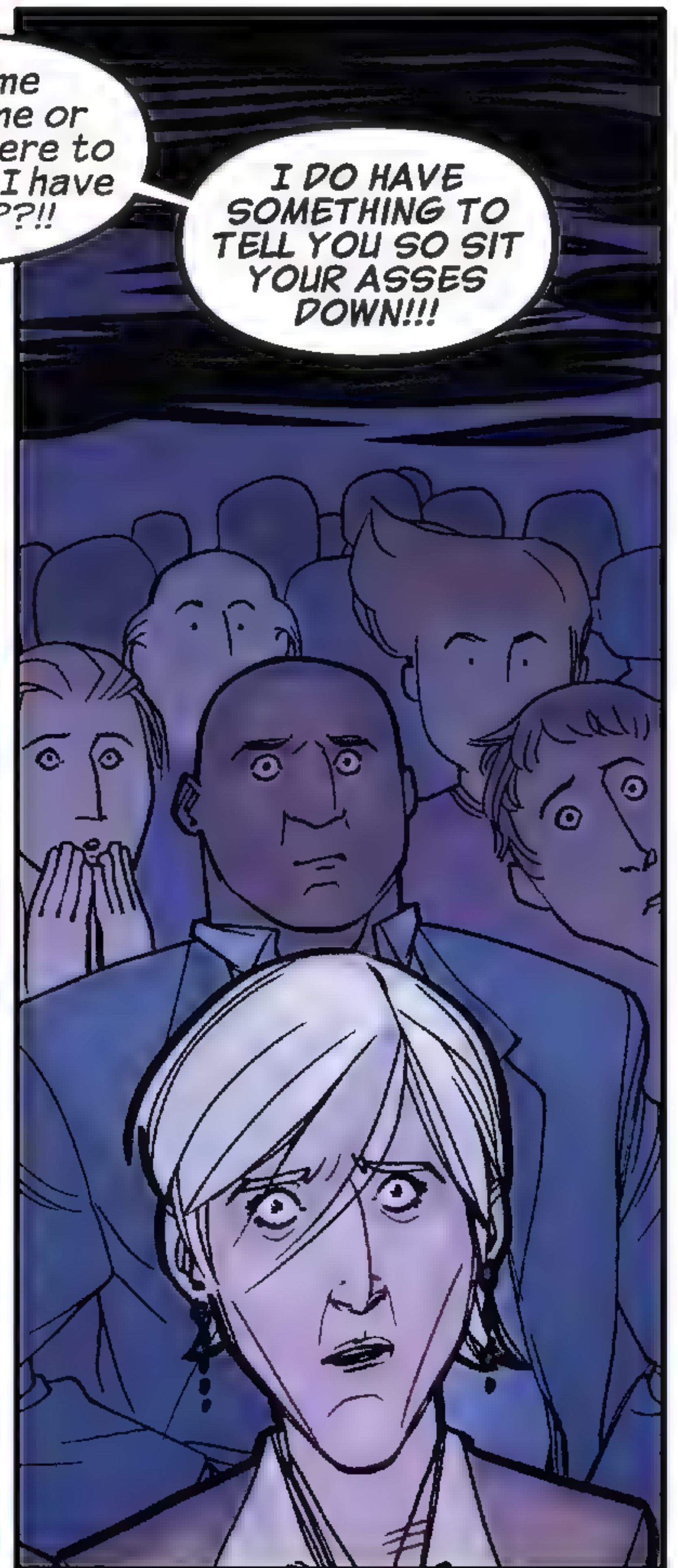
Spider-Man is not the issue!!

Says who. How does this happen?



How about you people sit down and shut your faces!!

Did you come here to nag me or did you come here to listen to what I have to tell you??!!



I DO HAVE SOMETHING TO TELL YOU SO SIT YOUR ASSES DOWN!!!



Okay.

What happened today was unacceptable on *every* level.

Federal agents came into this school, with no appointment, and took matters into their own hands.

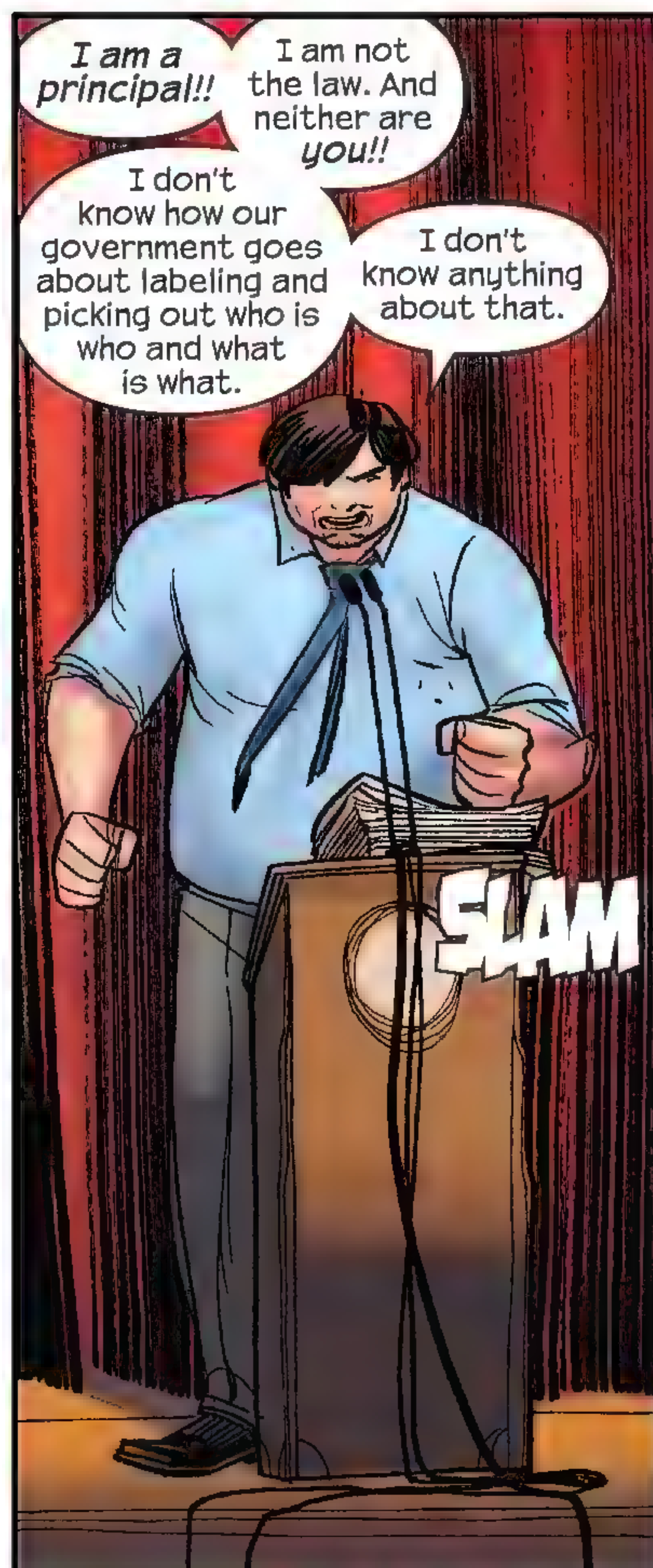
Being a mutant in this country *is* a crime and we, according to them, had a mutant in our school.



If you had a mutant in the school why didn't you--??!!

I want a name!! Give me a name!!

Who put her there??!!



I am a principal!!

I am not the law. And neither are *you*!!

I don't know how our government goes about labeling and picking out who is who and what is what.

I don't know anything about that.

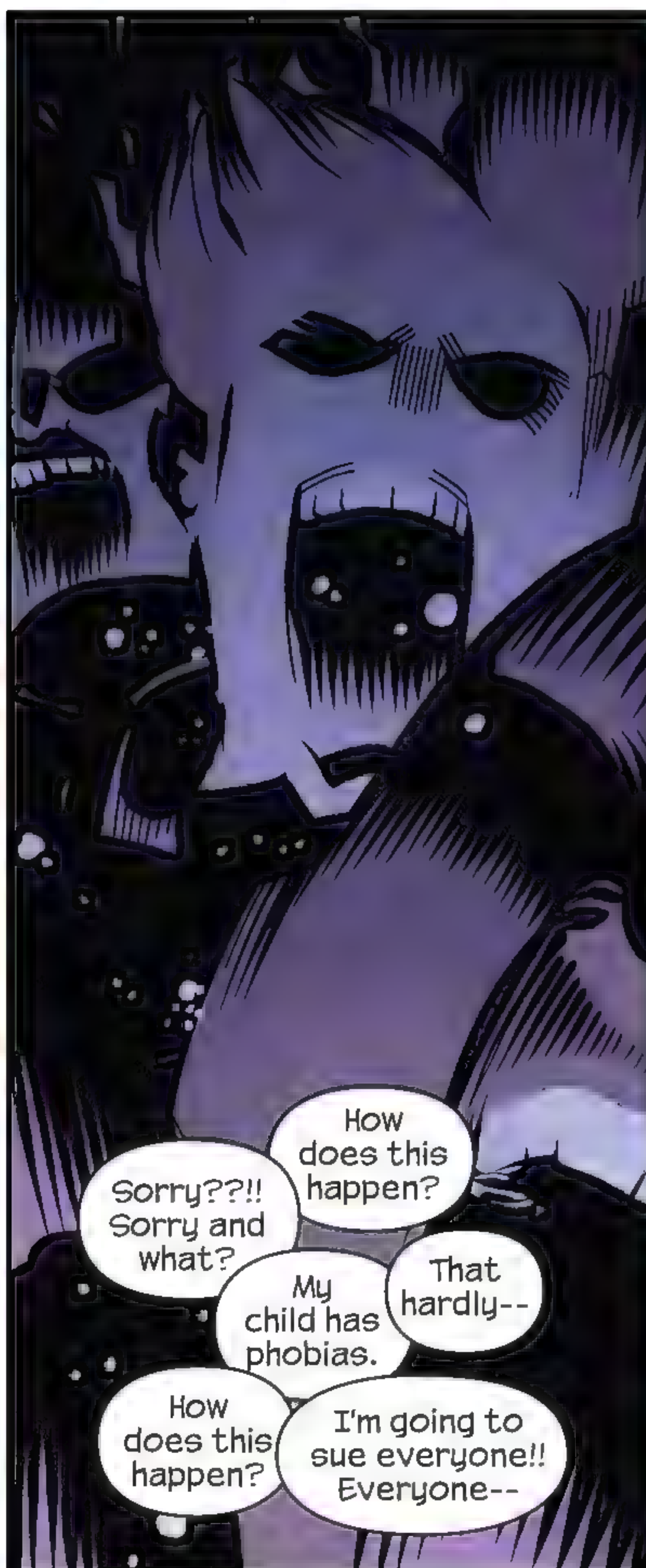


I was hired to teach your children.

Not teach them to punish those that are *different*.

I didn't know what was going to happen today!! I would never have allowed it and I am sorry.

Truly sorry.



Sorry??!! Sorry and what?

How does this happen?

My child has phobias.

That hardly--

How does this happen?

I'm going to sue everyone!! Everyone--



QUIET!!



Go ahead
and sue the
school!!

I'll tell
you a little
something.

The school is
so underfunded.
We're broke.

Go ahead.
Sue us. Shut
it down.

Then
what?



Instead of *lashing out*,
I suggest we all--all of us--
think about the fact that we
live in a world where we are
allowing things to
get to this.

That a girl tried
to go to school here
and was *chased away*
for being different.

And that we
all allowed this
to happen.



What am I
going to do
about it? *Me?*
Personally?

Well, I
tendered my
resignation. I
stepped
down.

I
quit.

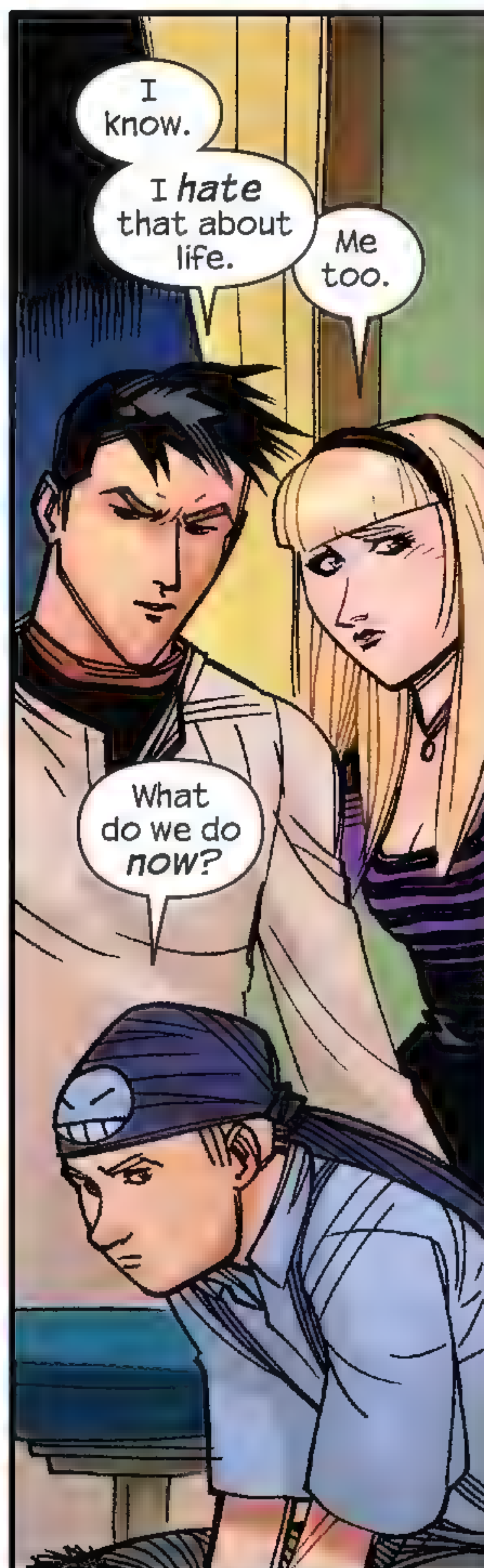
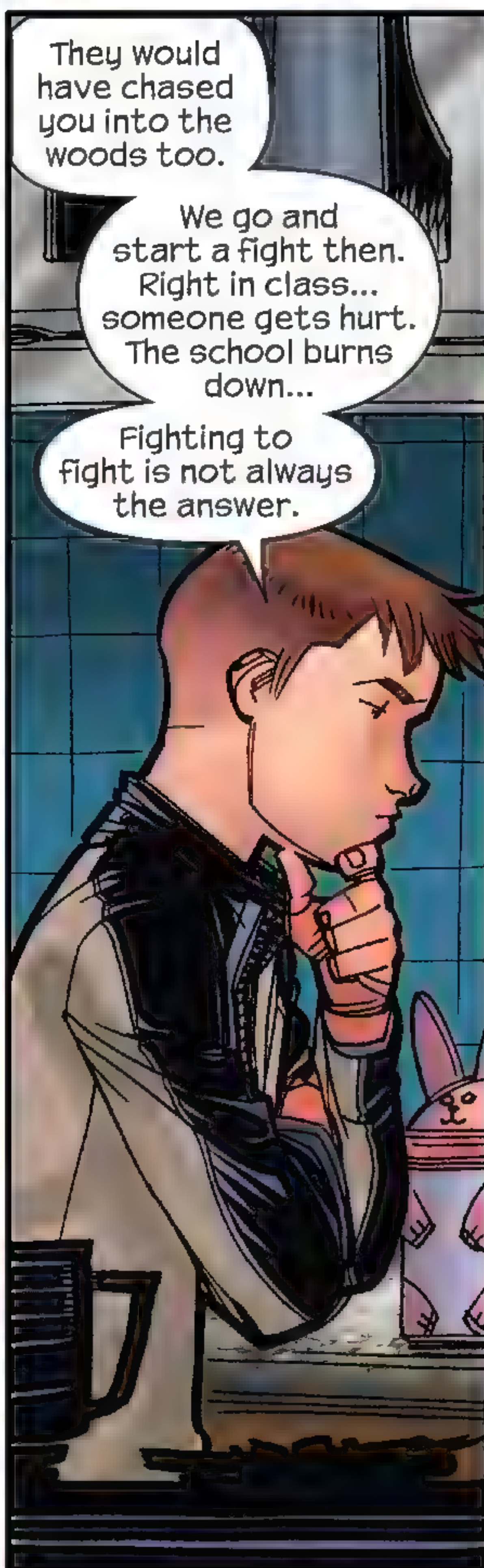
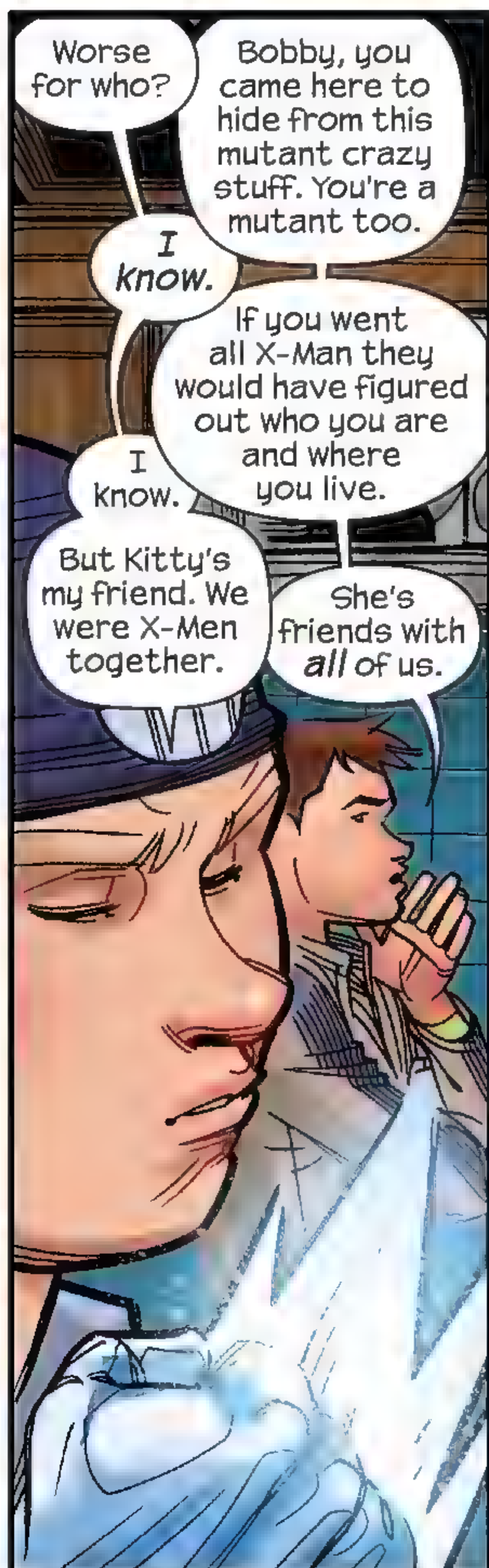
Truthfully I
did it before I
was fired (but
that's beside
the point.)

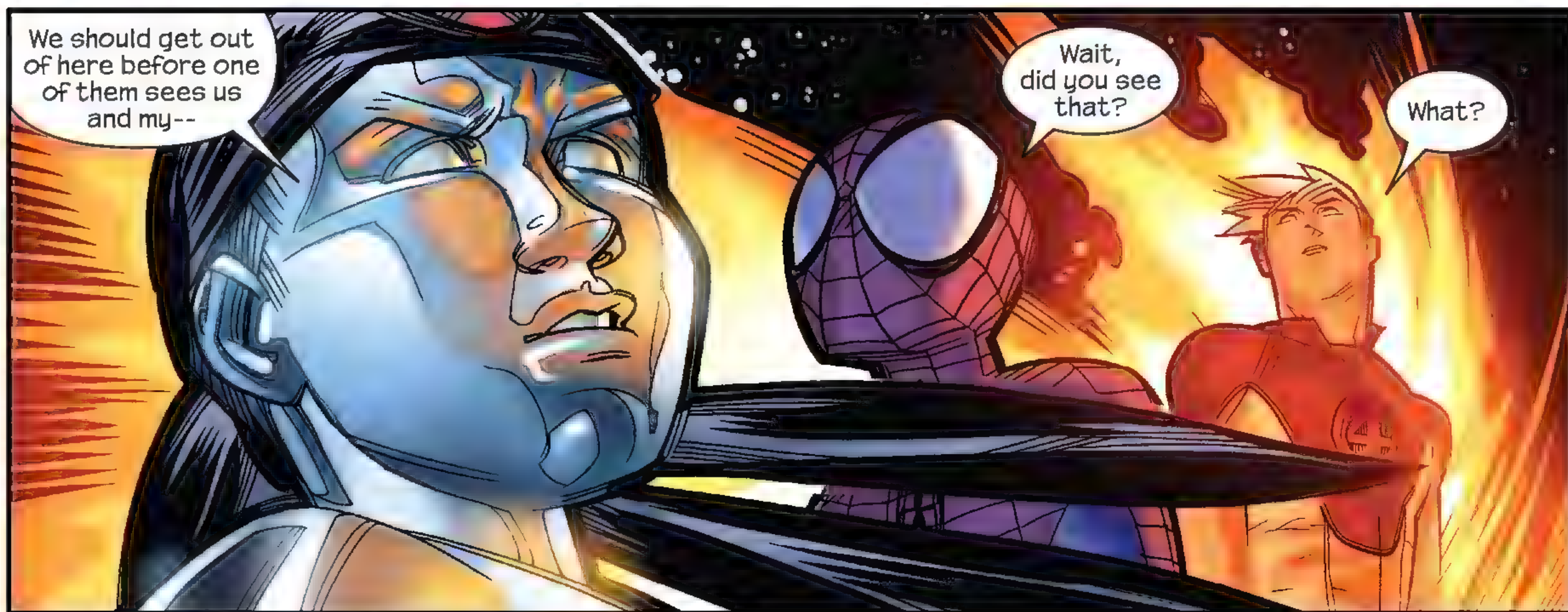


That's
what I did.

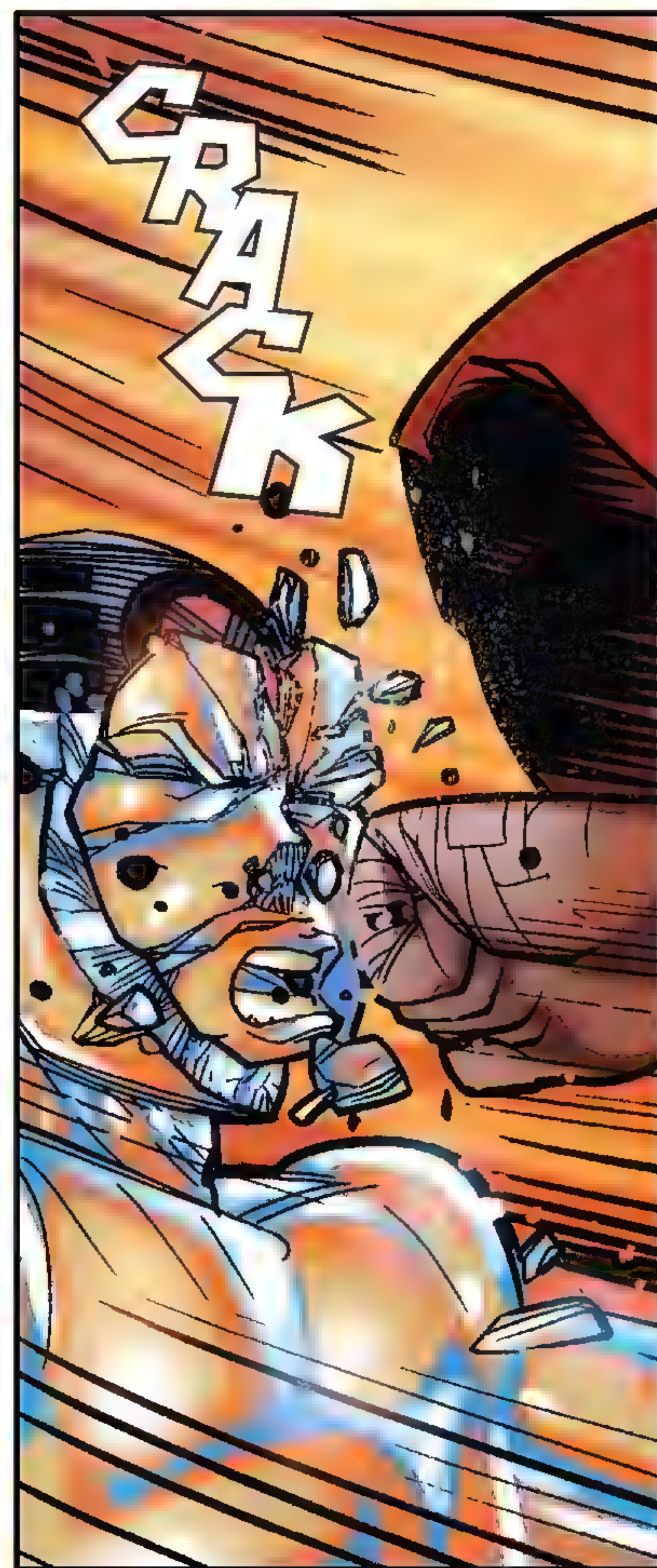
I say I will
not allow this
kind of behavior
to continue on
my watch.













What the hell do you think you're doing here??!!

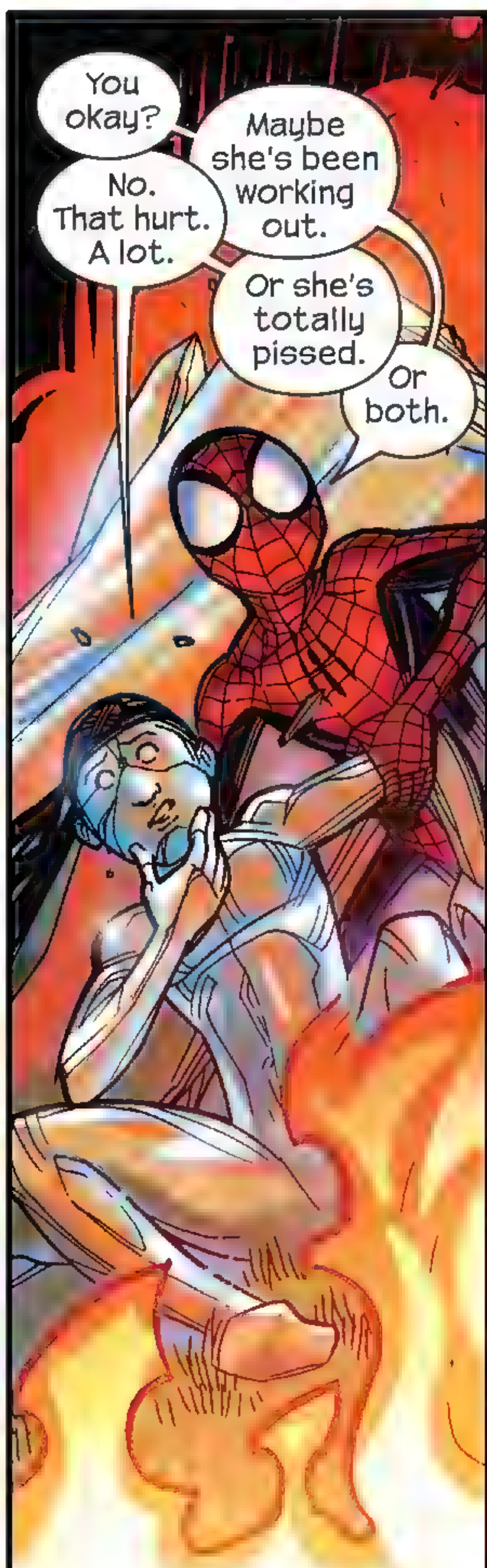
You're here to help me?? A little late, don't you think??



Now, *that* was totally uncalled for.

Oh, you shut up altogether!!

(Himbo.)



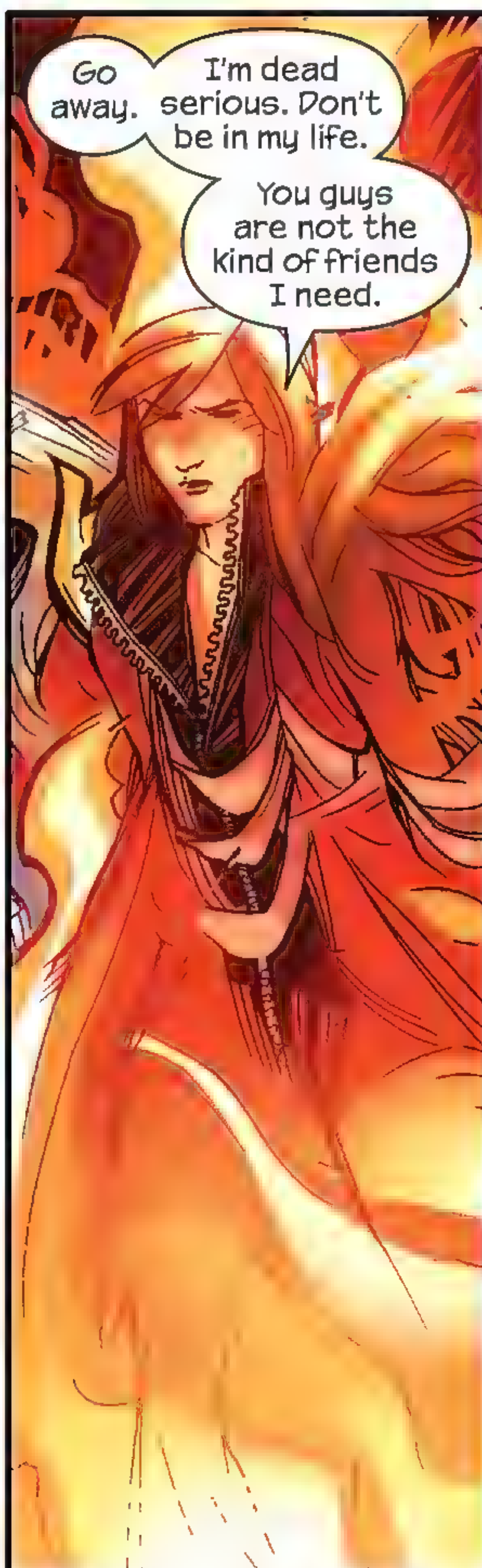
You okay?

No. That hurt. A lot.

Maybe she's been working out.

Or she's totally pissed.

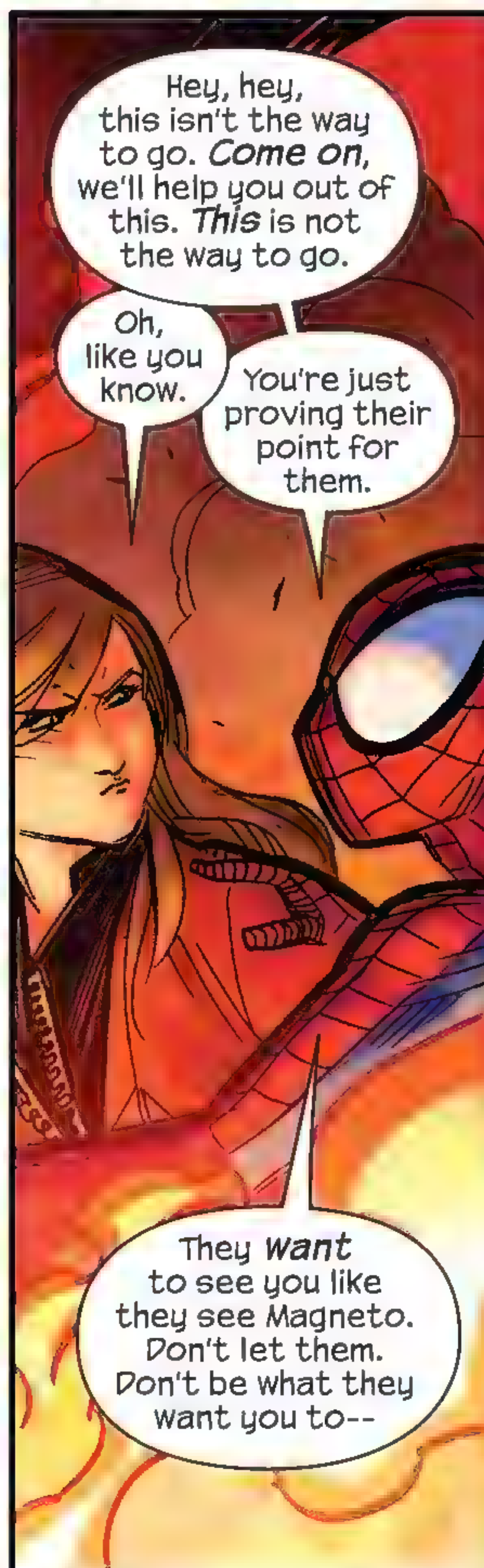
Or both.



Go away.

I'm dead serious. Don't be in my life.

You guys are not the kind of friends I need.



Hey, hey, this isn't the way to go. *Come on*, we'll help you out of this. *This* is not the way to go.

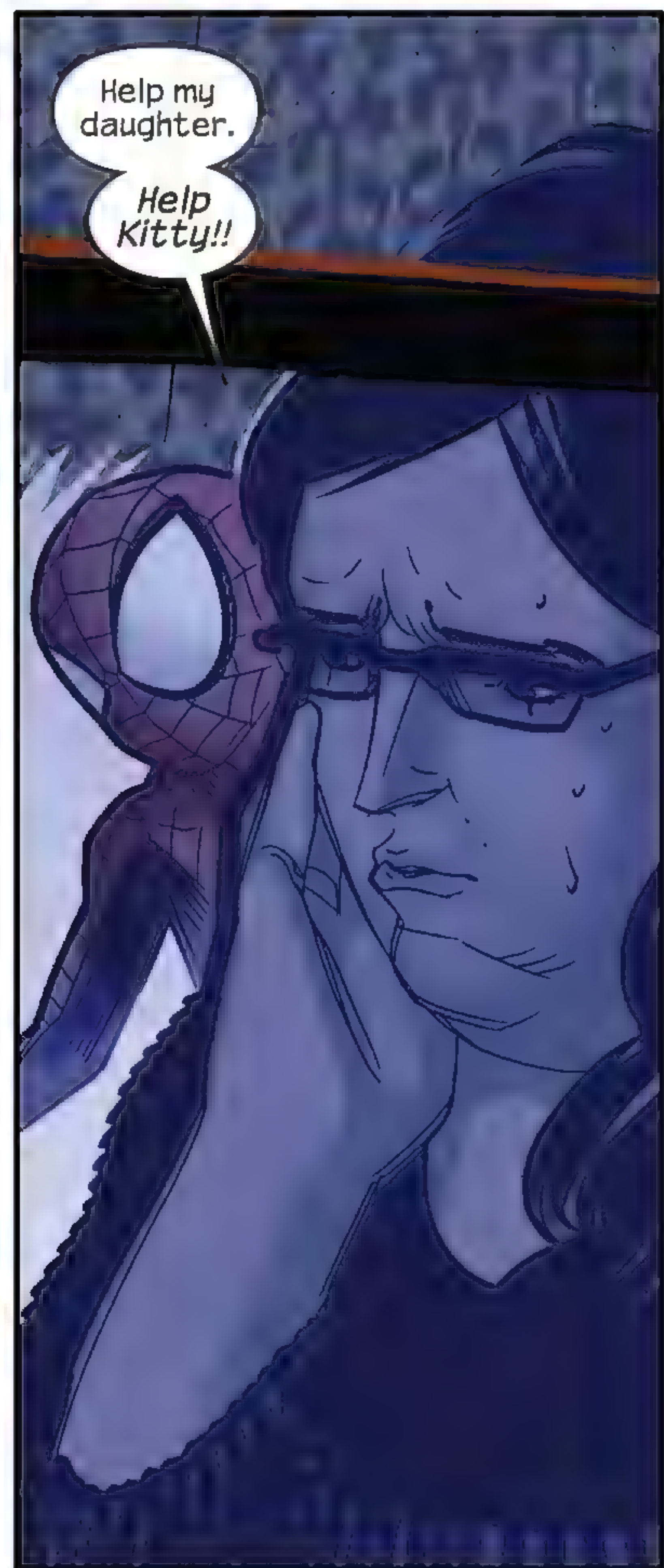
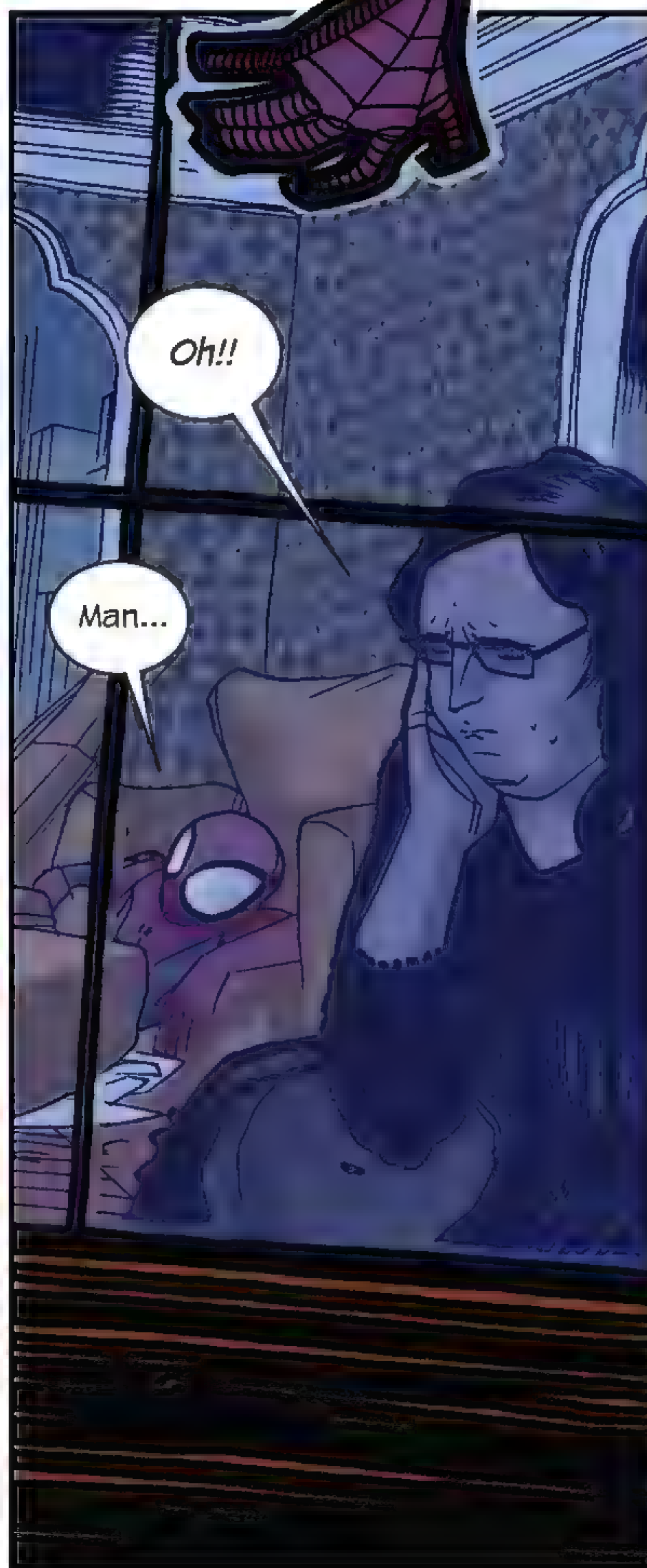
Oh, like you know.

You're just proving their point for them.

They *want* to see you like they see Magneto. Don't let them. Don't be what they want you to--



Magneto was right!!





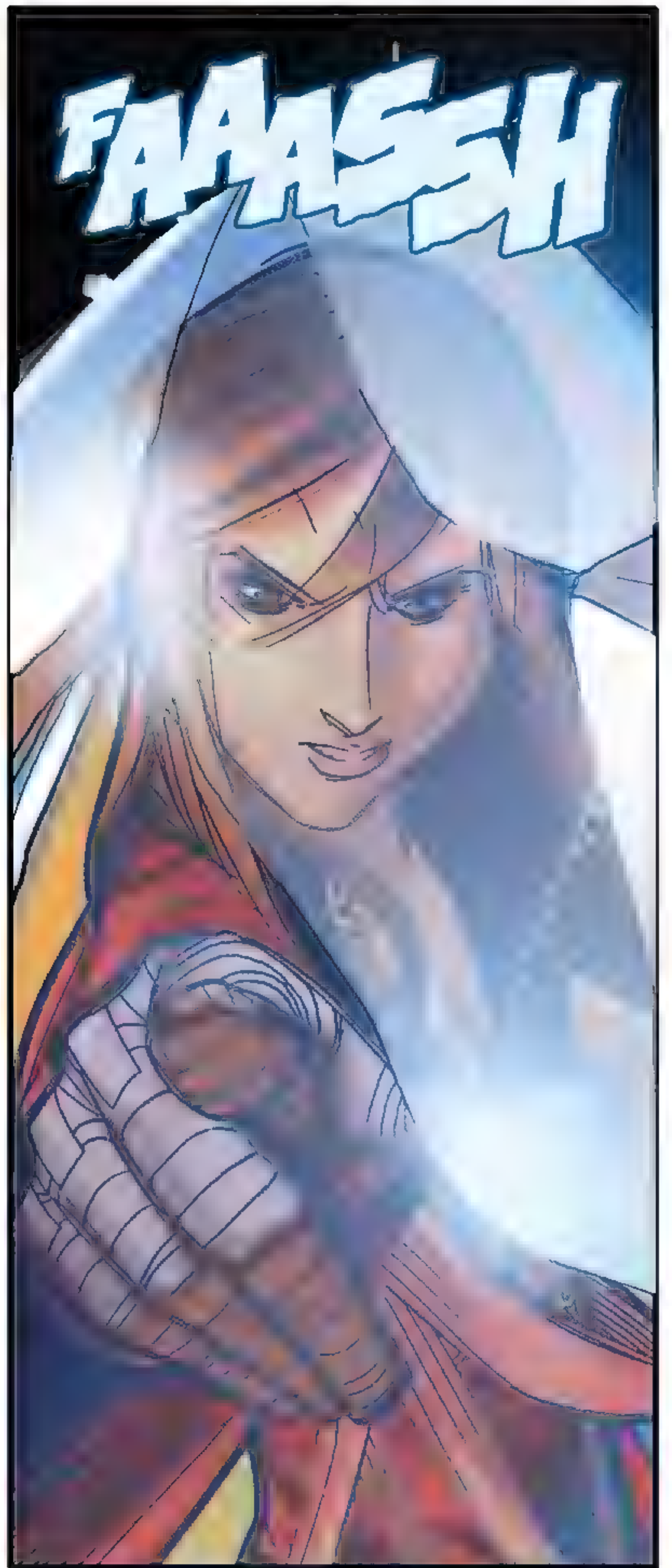
Come on,
just calm
down.

We do
want to
help you.
We *do*!



Yeah?

Then where
were you when
I *needed*
it!!??



Did--did
you just
kill her??

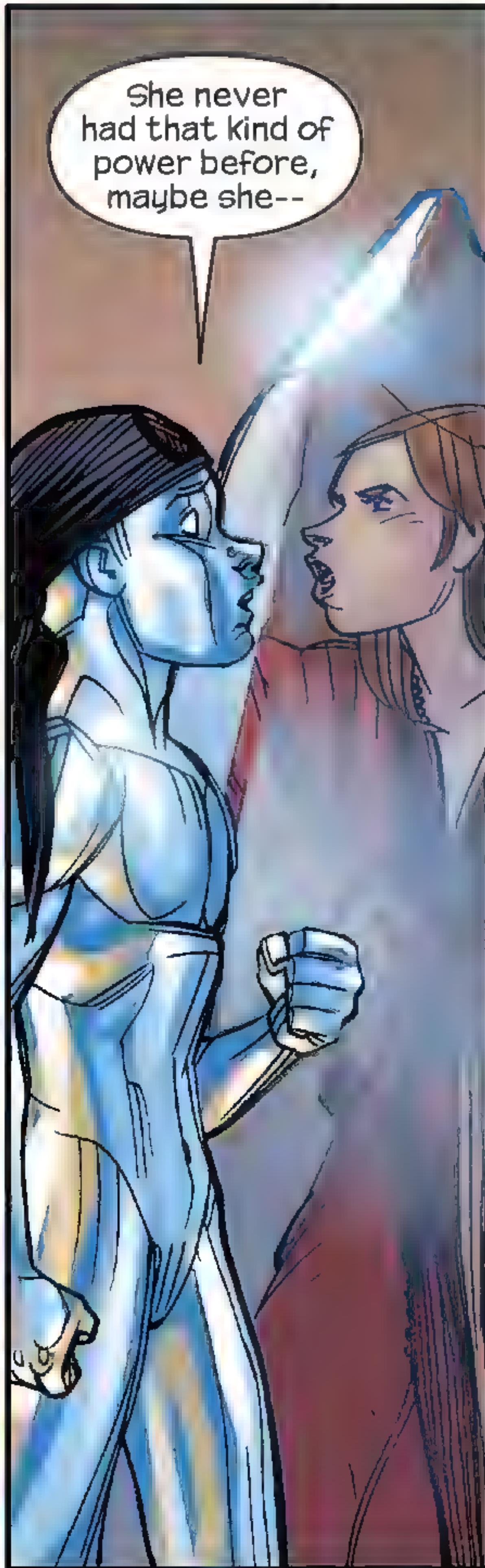
Of
course
not!

Okay, okay.
Just grab her
and let's go.

We'll sit her
down and calm
her down.

Where did
she learn to
punch like
that?

That
was new.

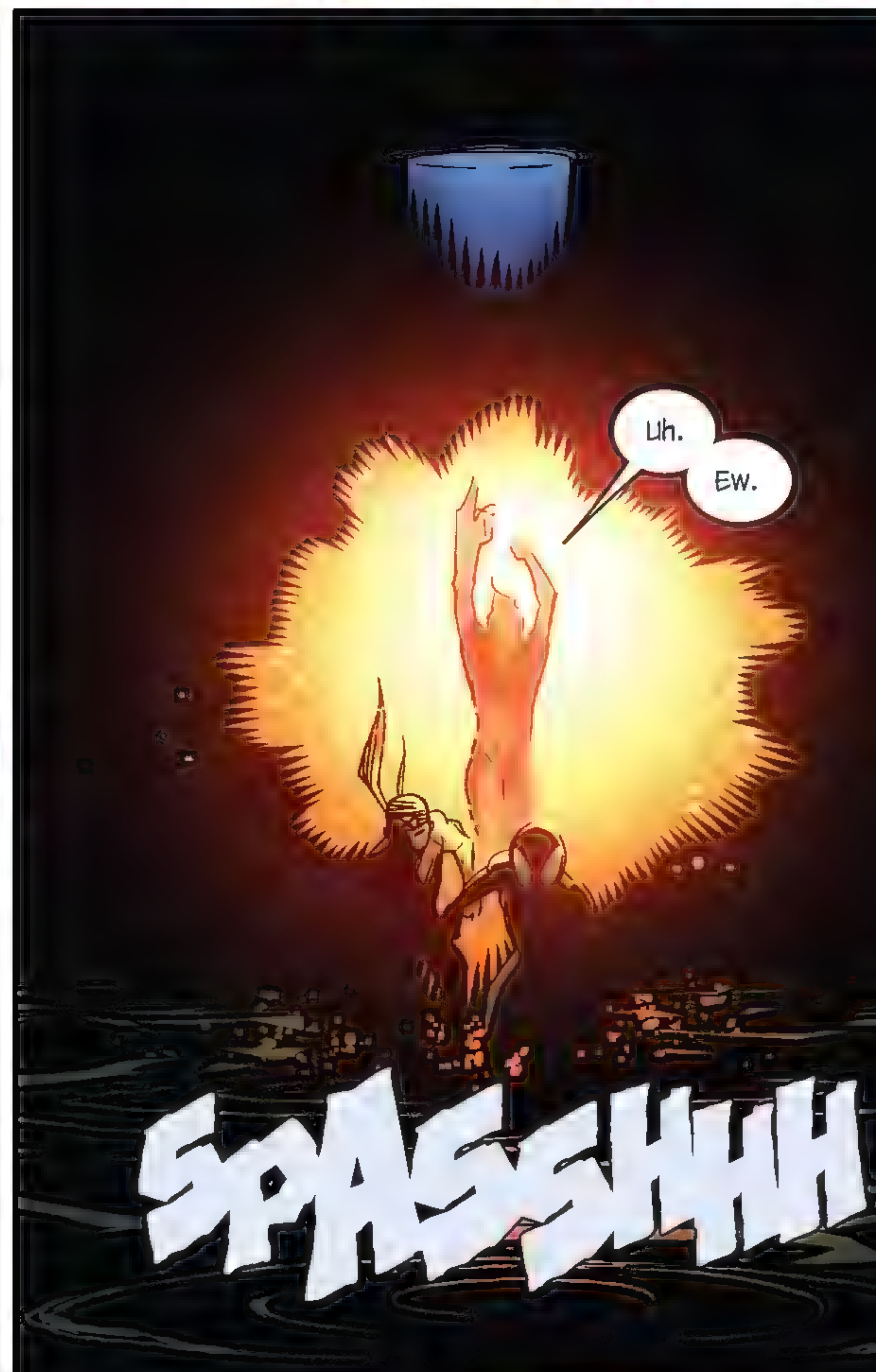
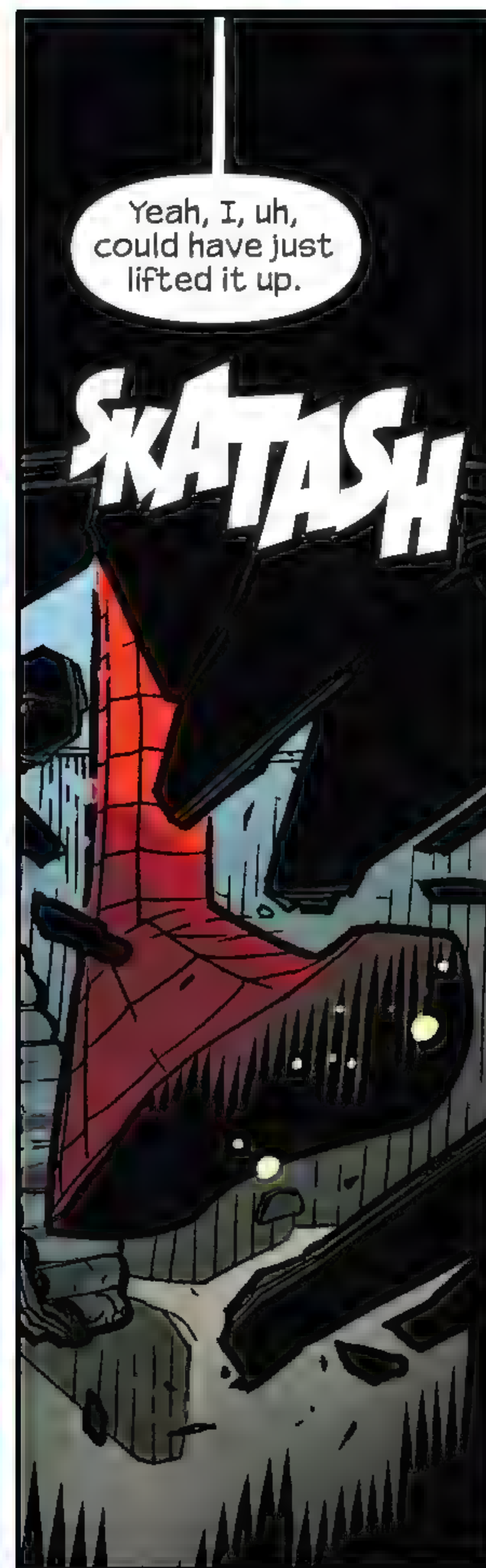
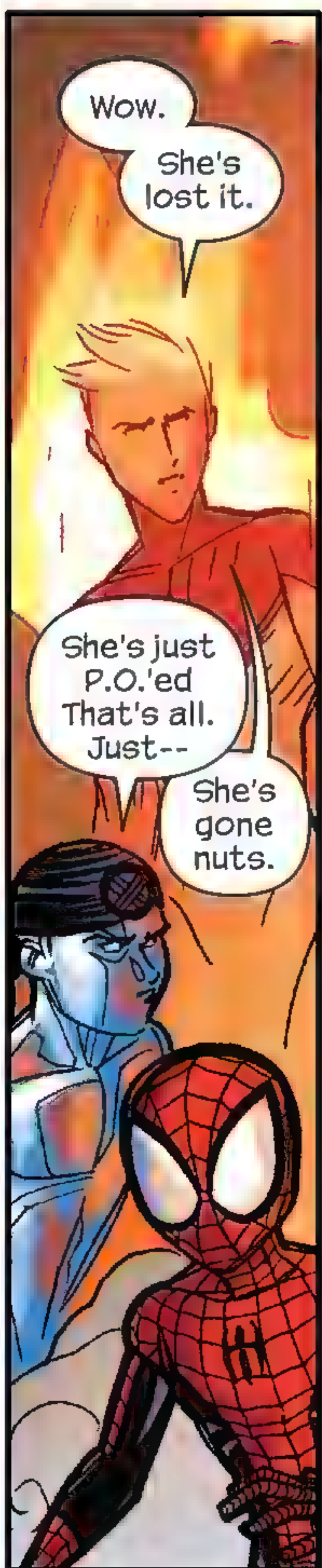
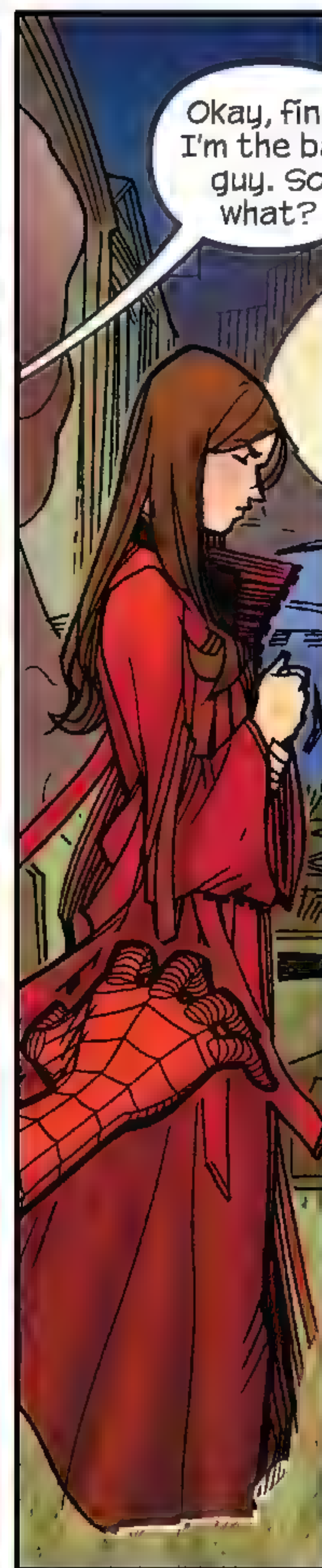
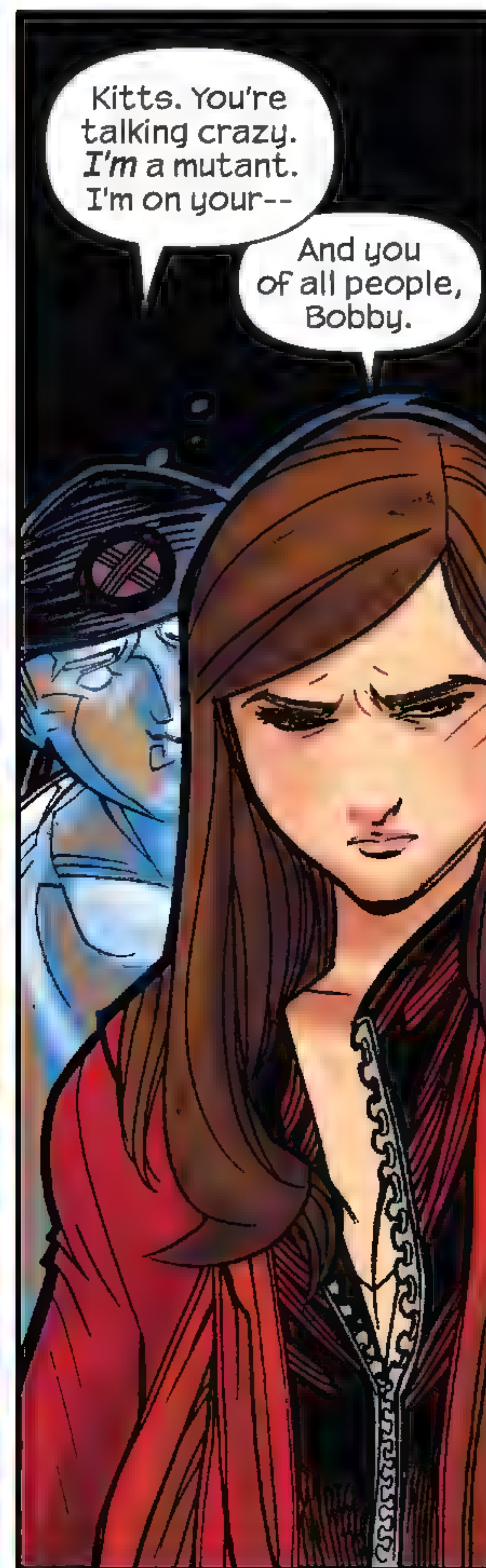
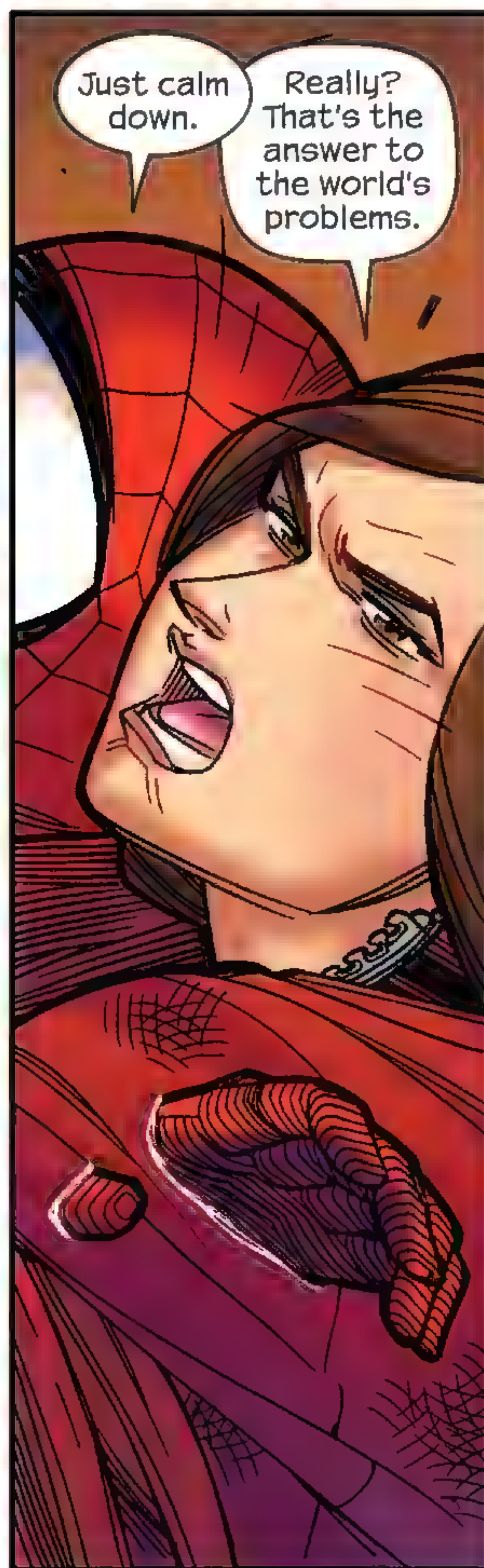


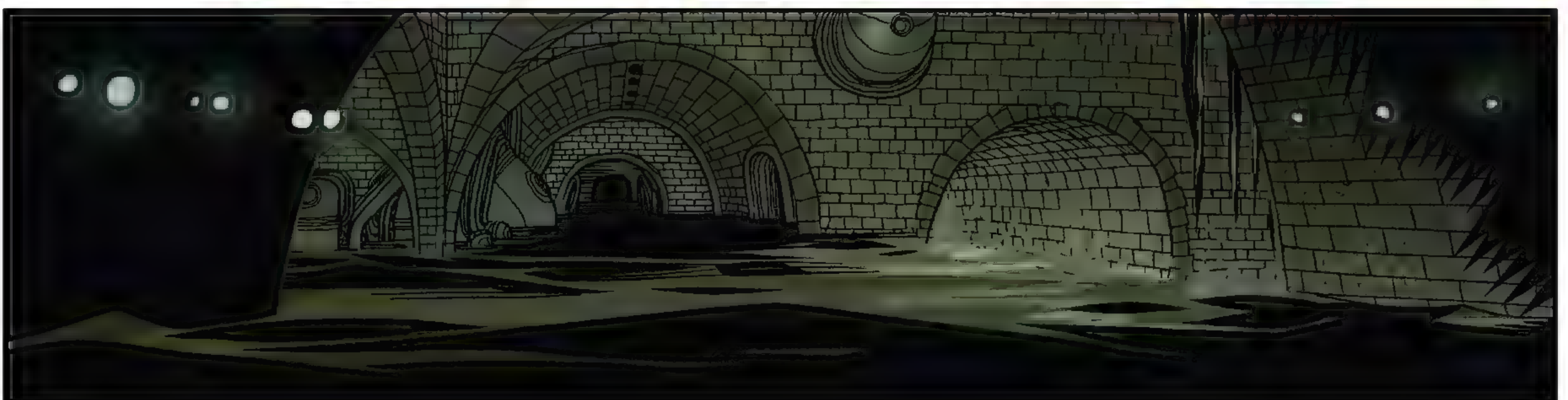
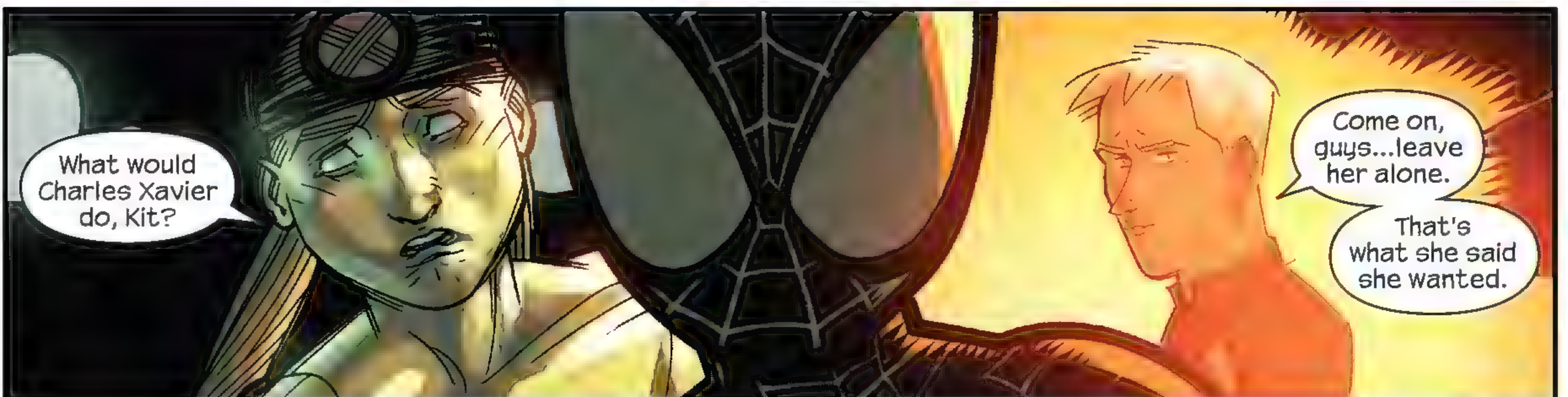
She never
had that kind of
power before,
maybe she--



Ow!

It's
called
training.
I trained
myself.









Please, this can't-- not in front of the other students.

Agents, we did not agree to--this isn't the way to do this.



I'll ask you one more time...

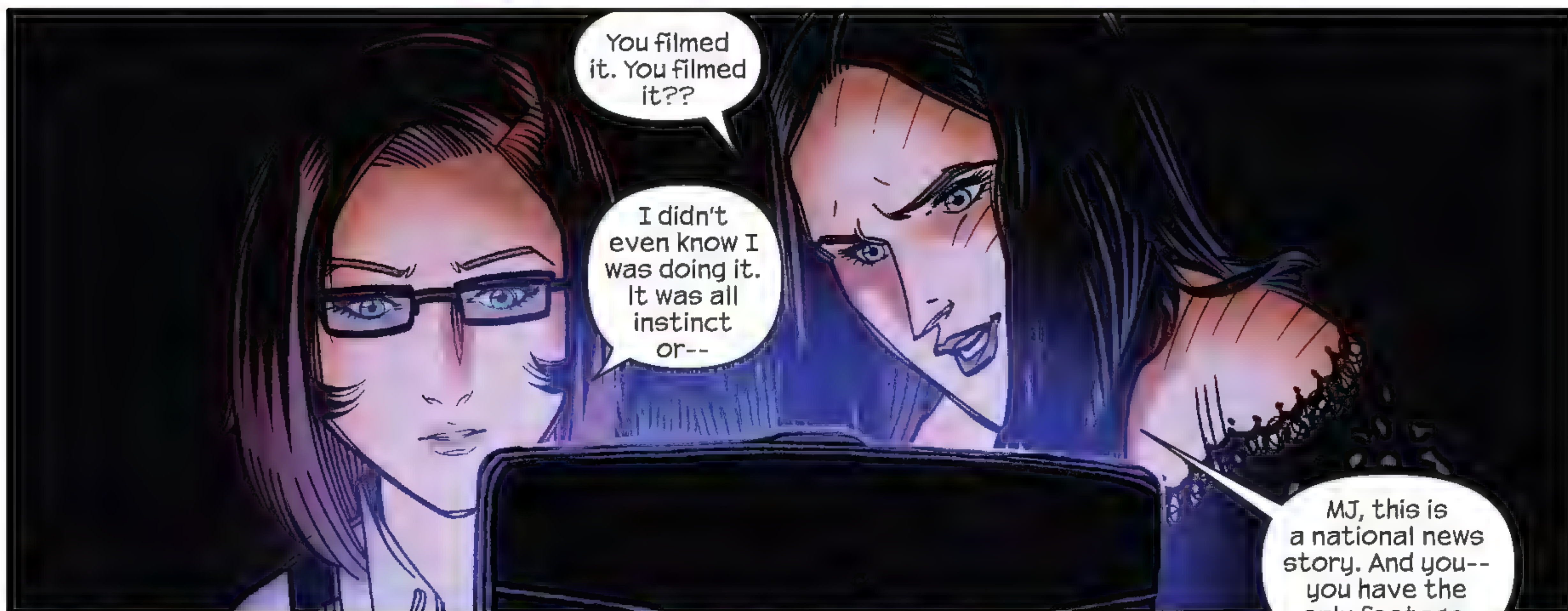
Katherine Pryde. Please stand up and walk out of this class.

This class is for humans only.

You are violating federal law by sitting here.

Oh my God, MJ!!

Is--is that what I think it is?



You filmed it. You filmed it??

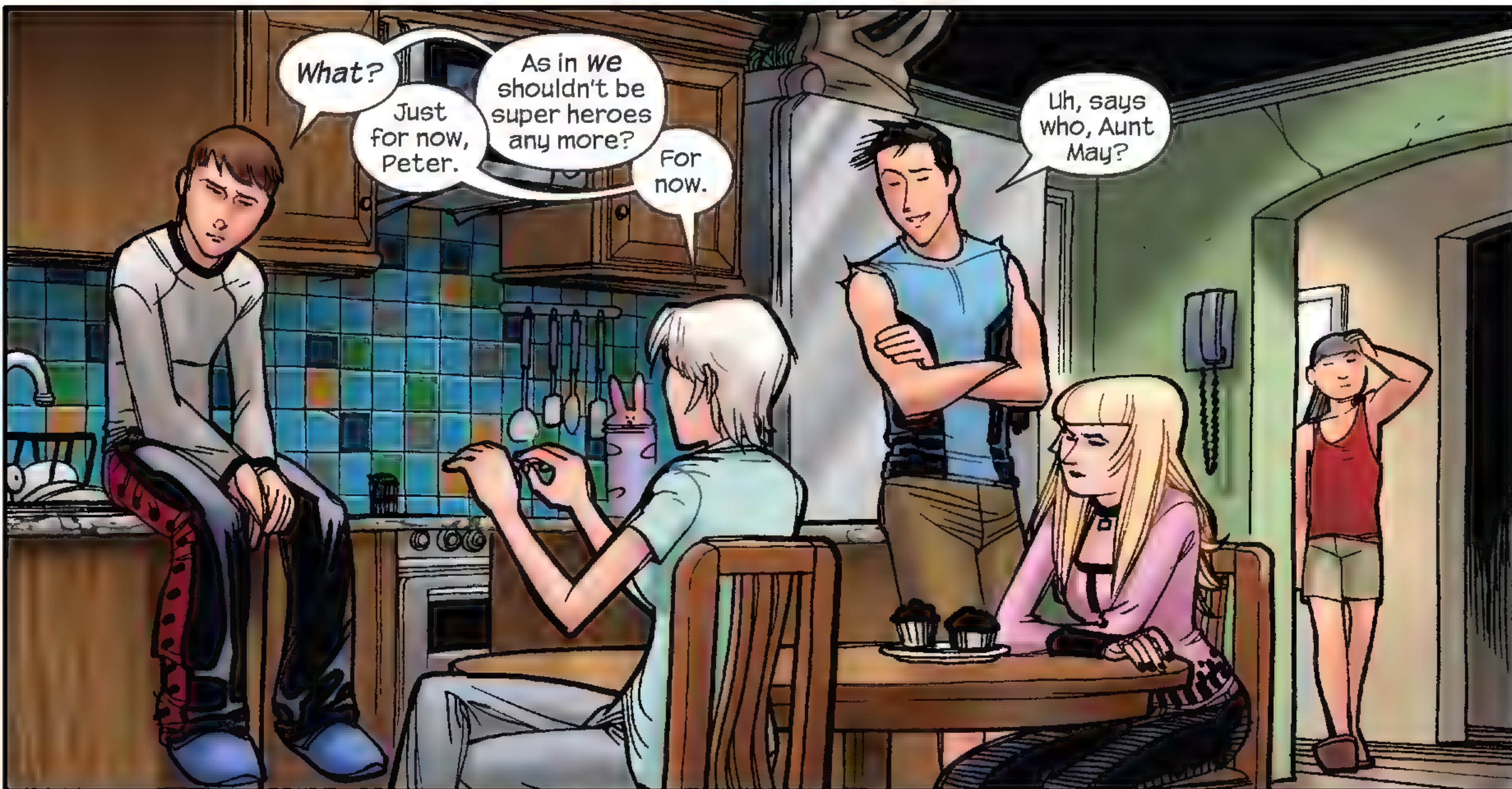
I didn't even know I was doing it. It was all instinct or--

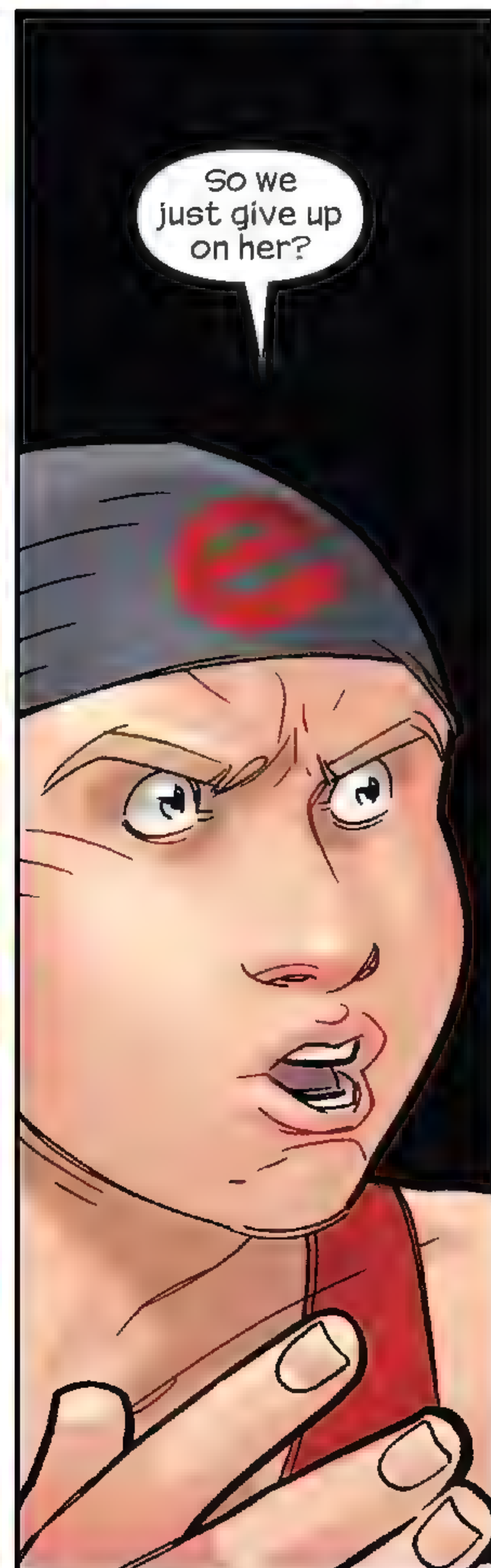
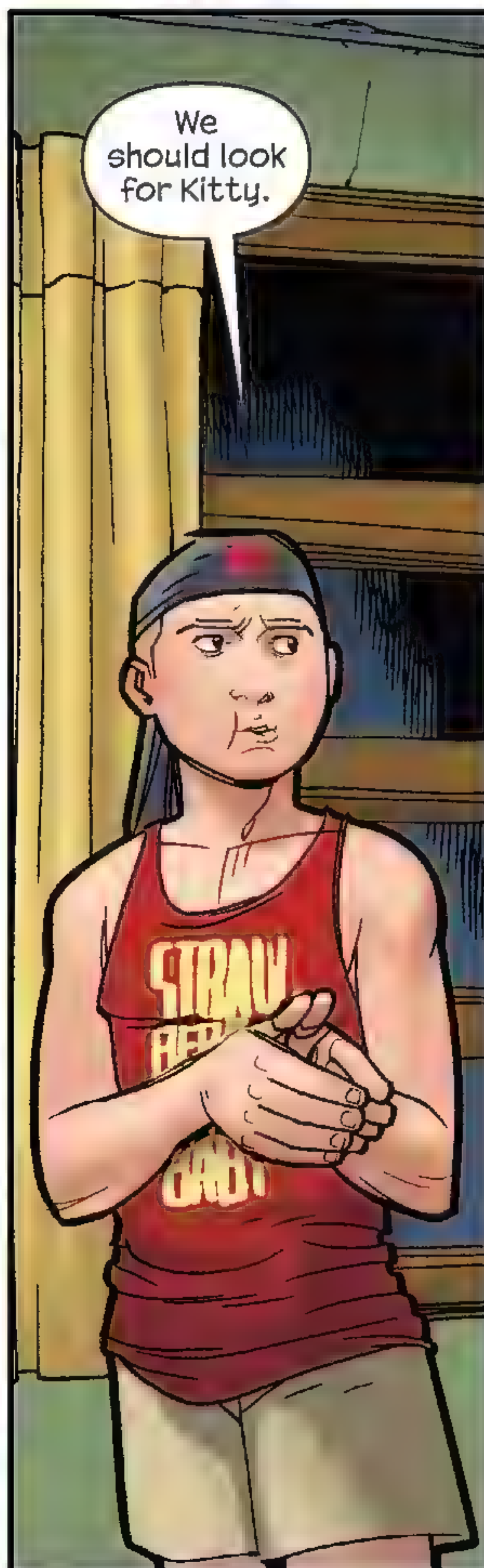
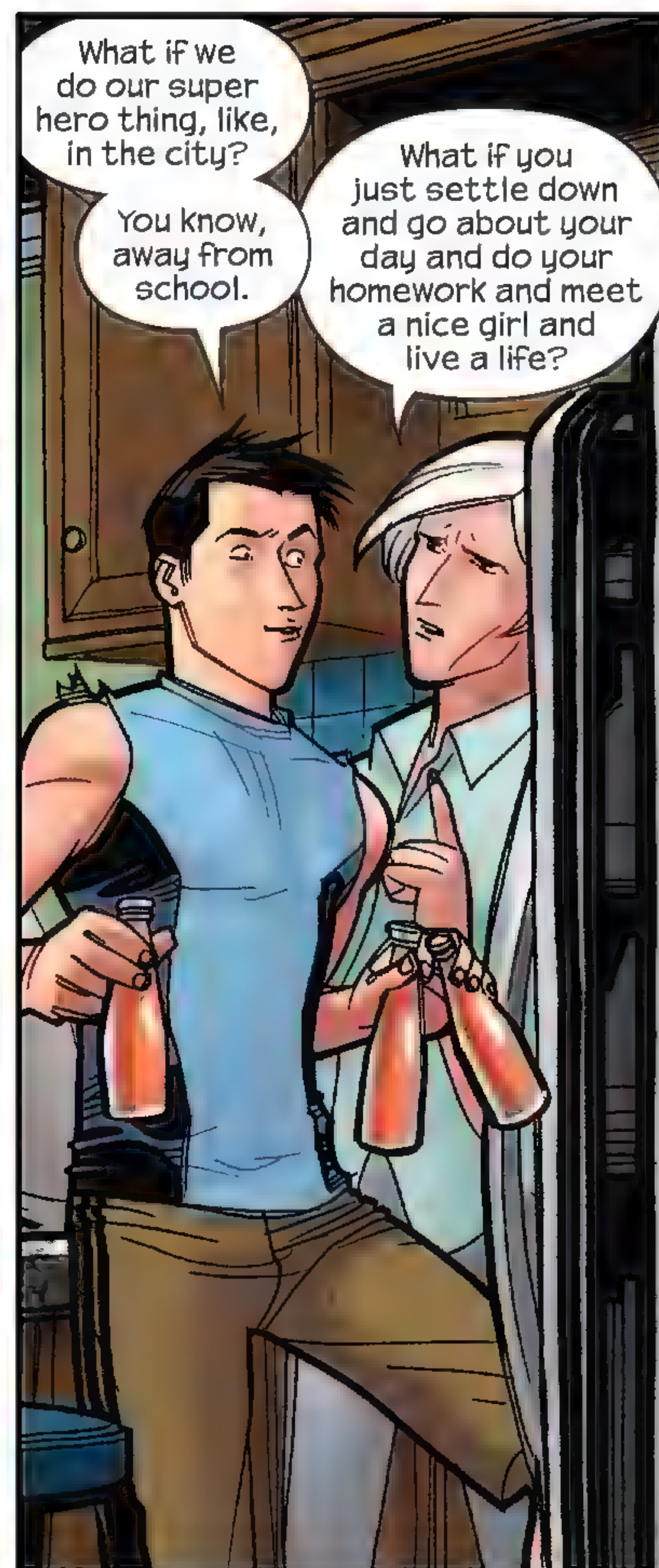
MJ, this is a national news story. And you-- you have the only footage.



You just got into any college in the world.









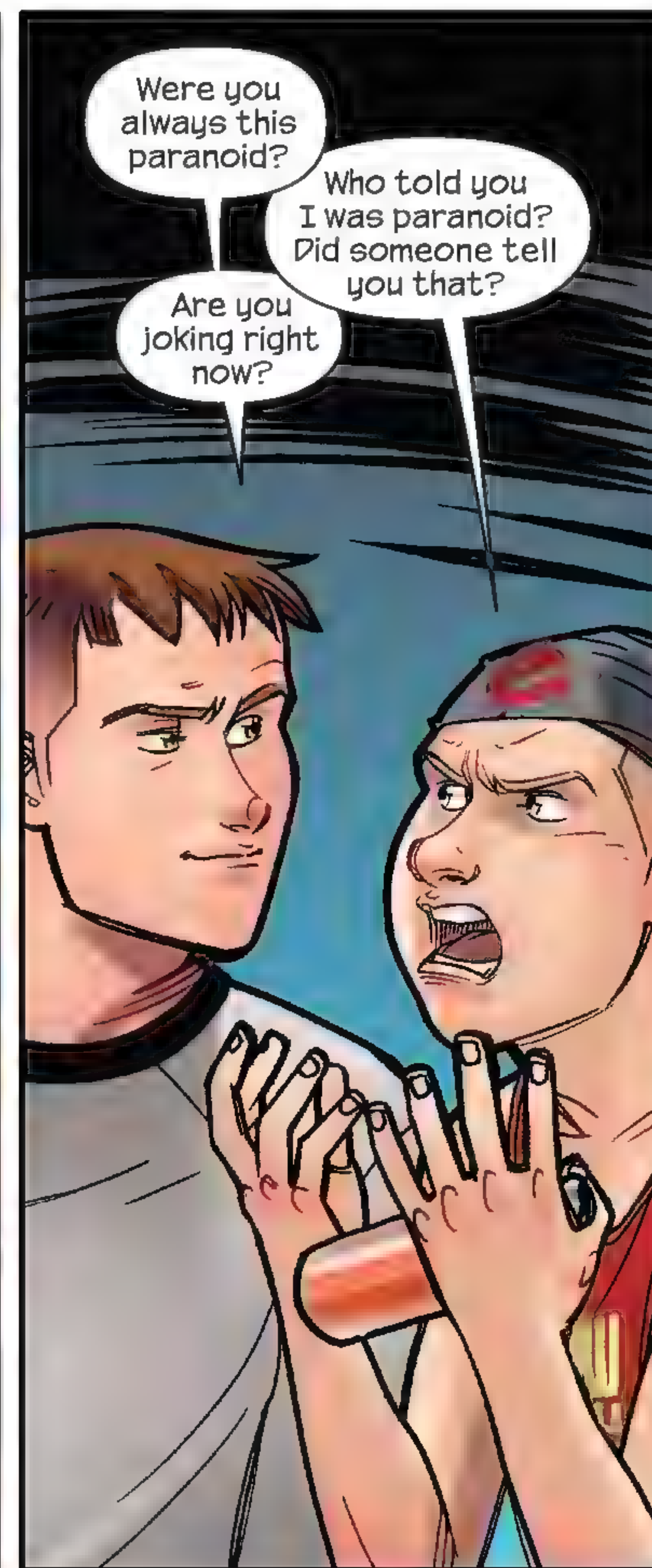
No.
But, what should we do?



She'll come around. Kenny's with her. They'll figure it out.



Or she'll join some brotherhood of evil mutants and come here and kill us in our sleep.



Were you always this paranoid?
Are you joking right now?

Who told you I was paranoid? Did someone tell you that?



Yeah. No good? I'm still workshopping it.
A little intense.



So, we all agree. No powers. For now. No costumes.

And, just FYI, I do have what you kids call the Internets and I will *know* if you broke your promise here and used your powers somewhere else.



What if there's a fire and I'm the only thing standing in the way of any--?

Lord!!

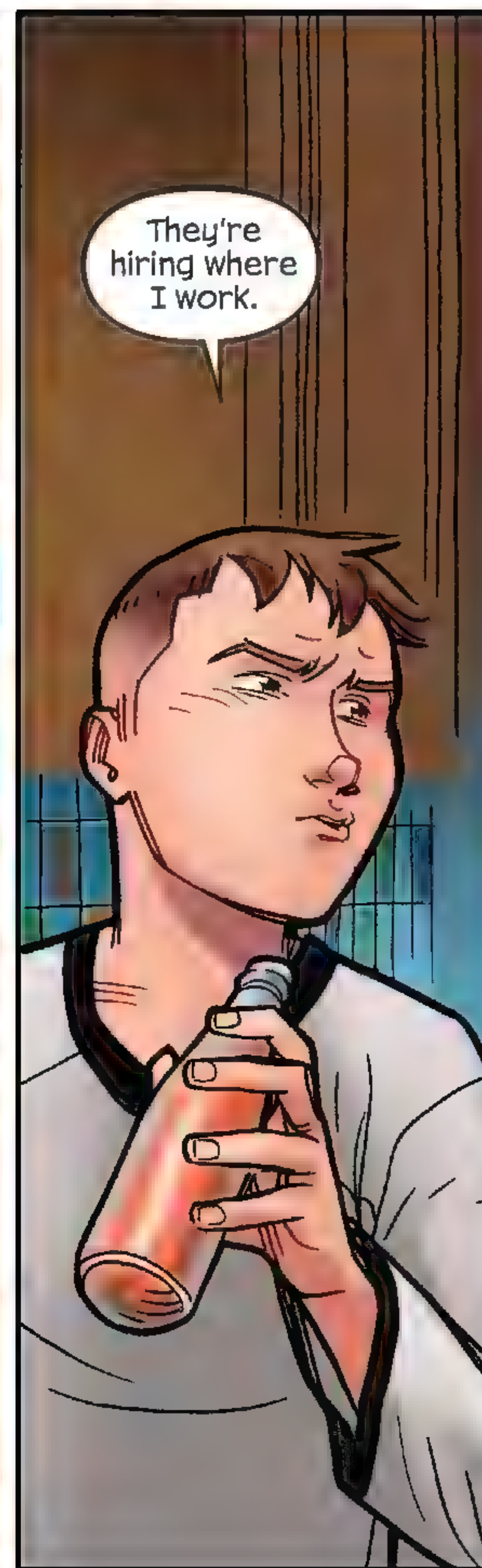


We need to get *jobs*, man, I am out of money.

There's an idea.

Where can I get a job, though?

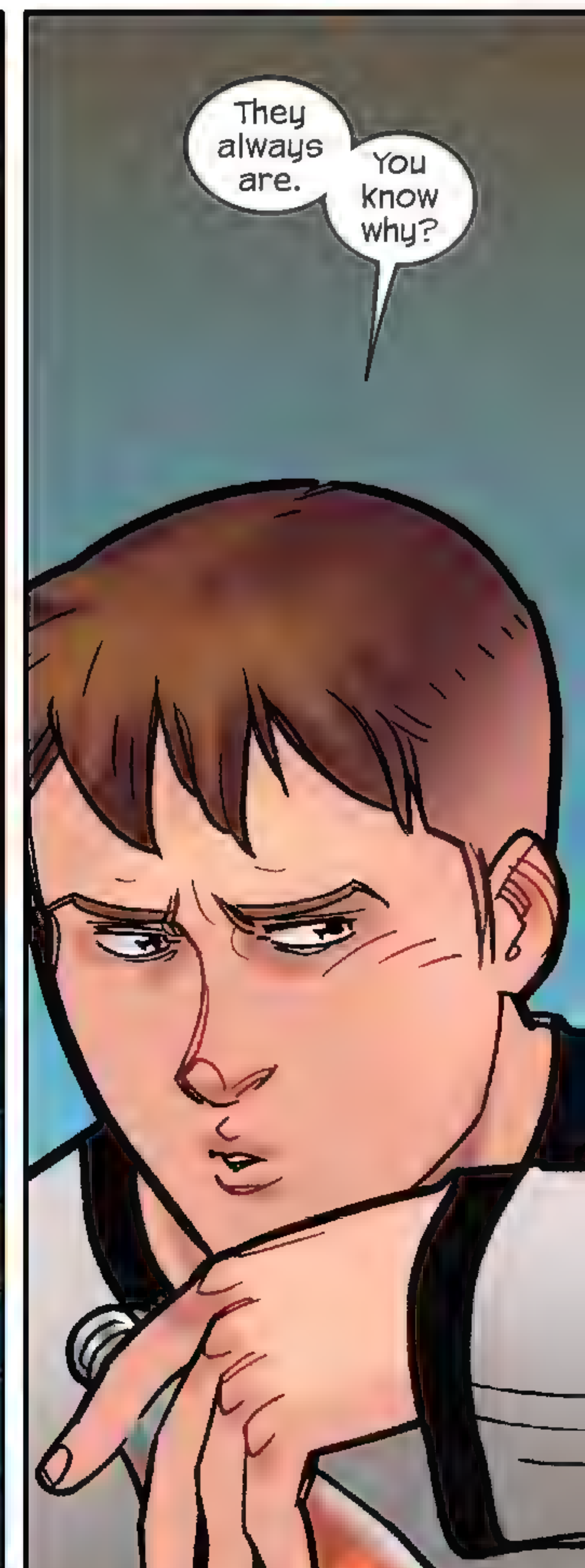
I have no experience. I have no job skills.



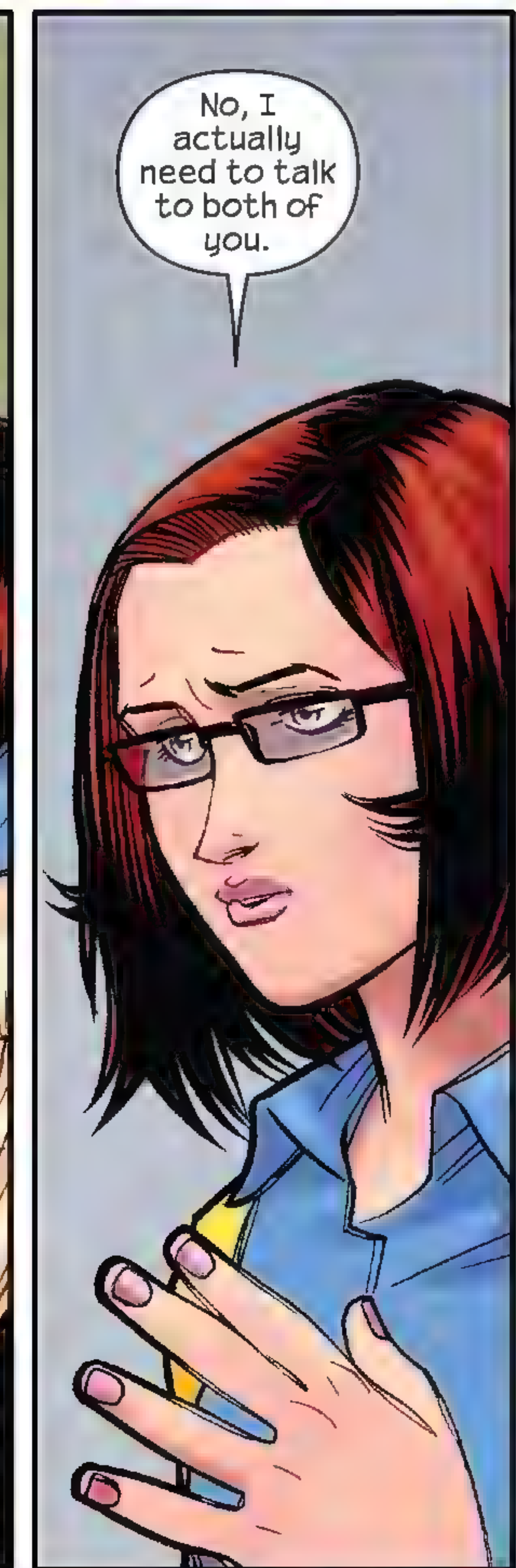
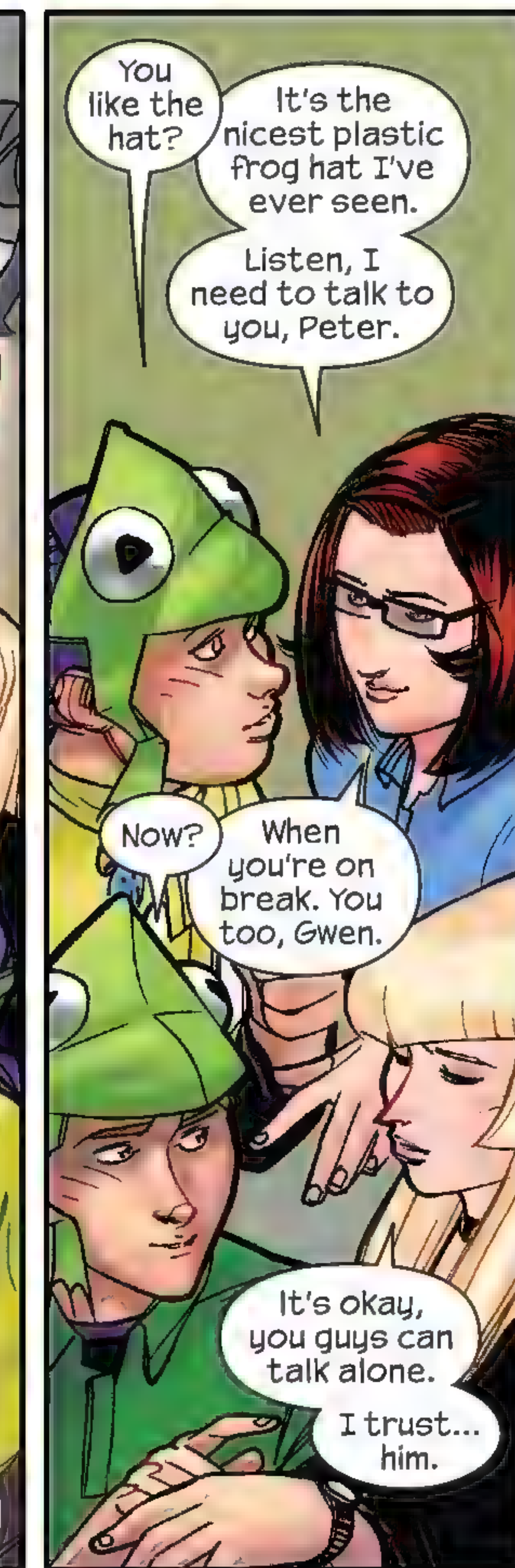
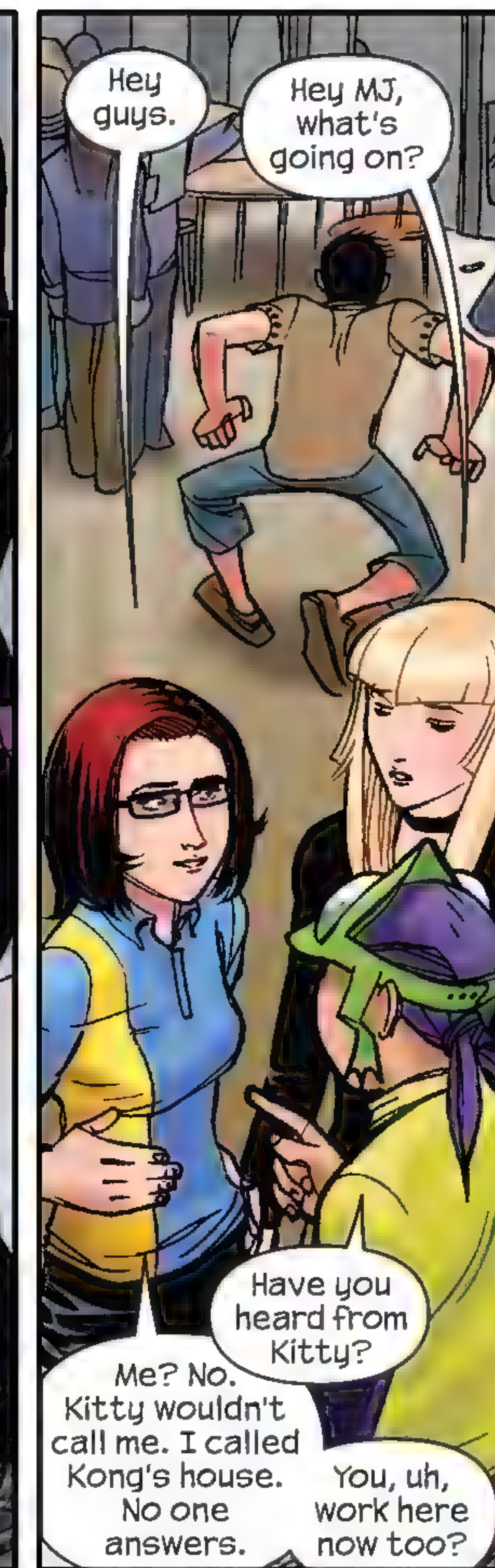
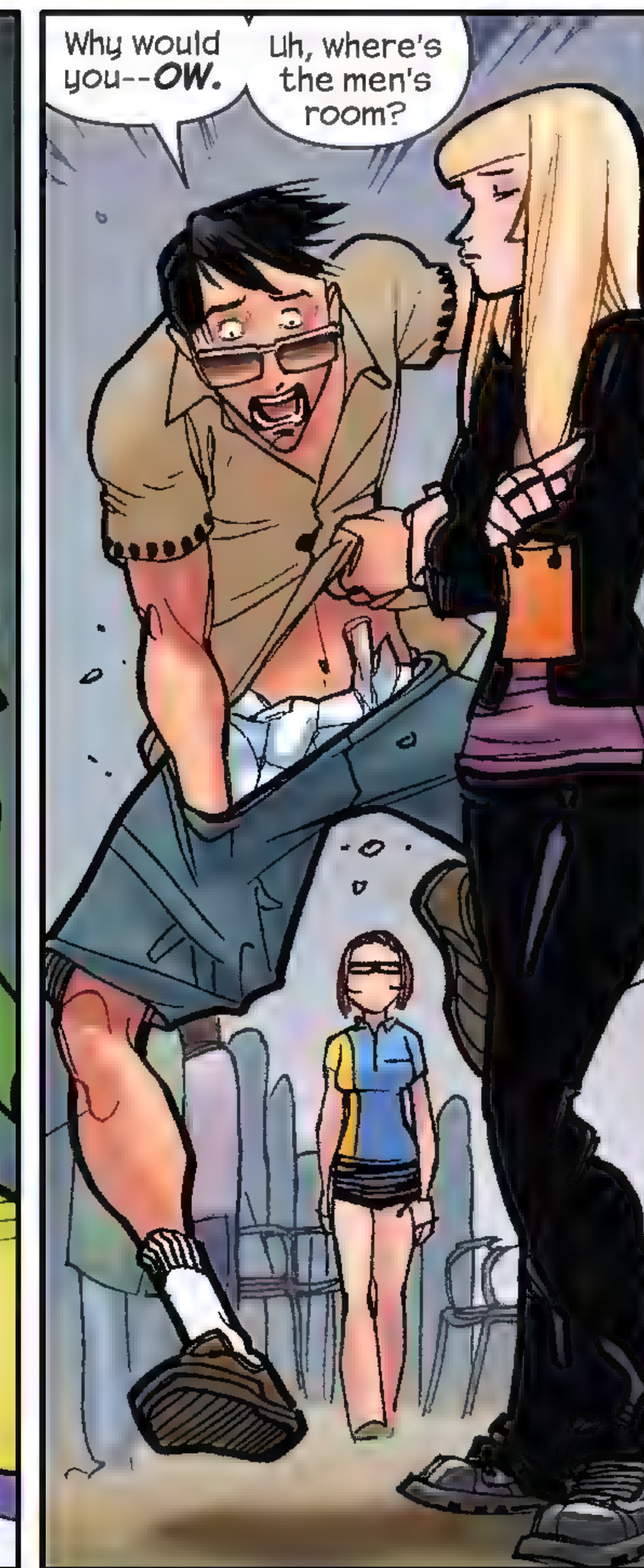
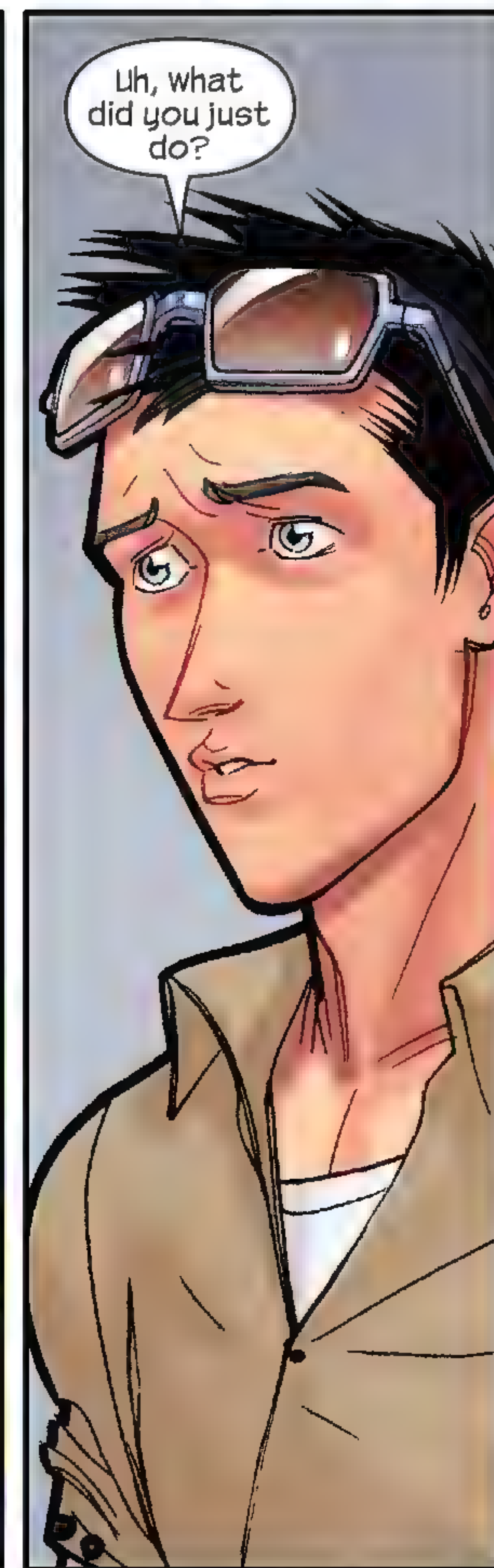
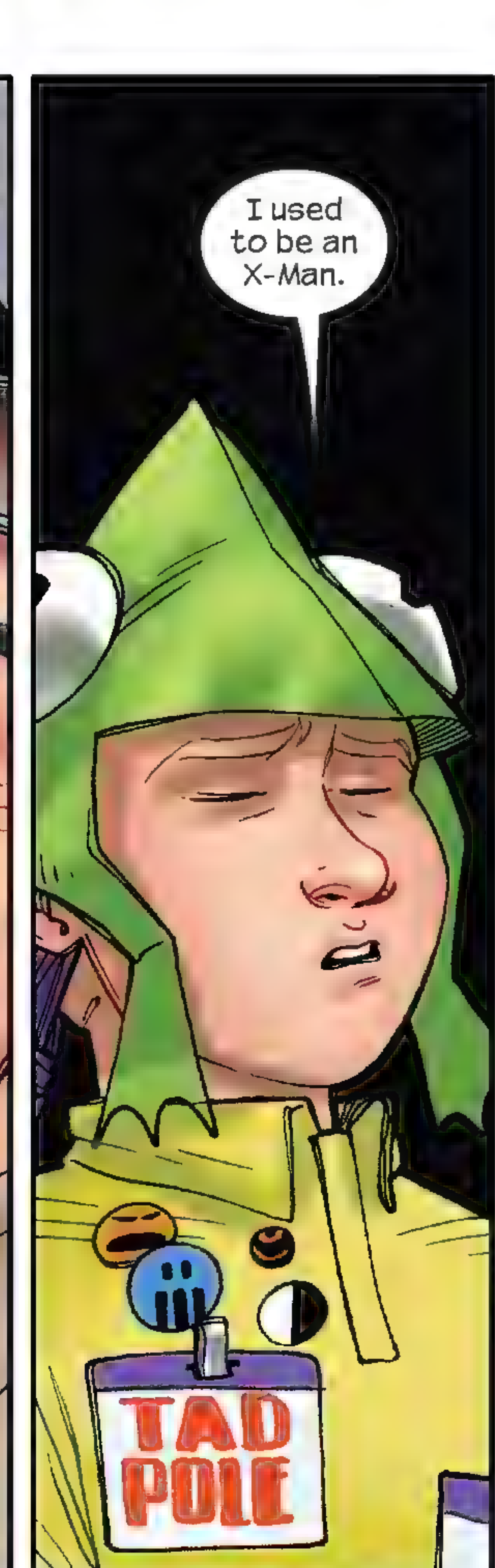
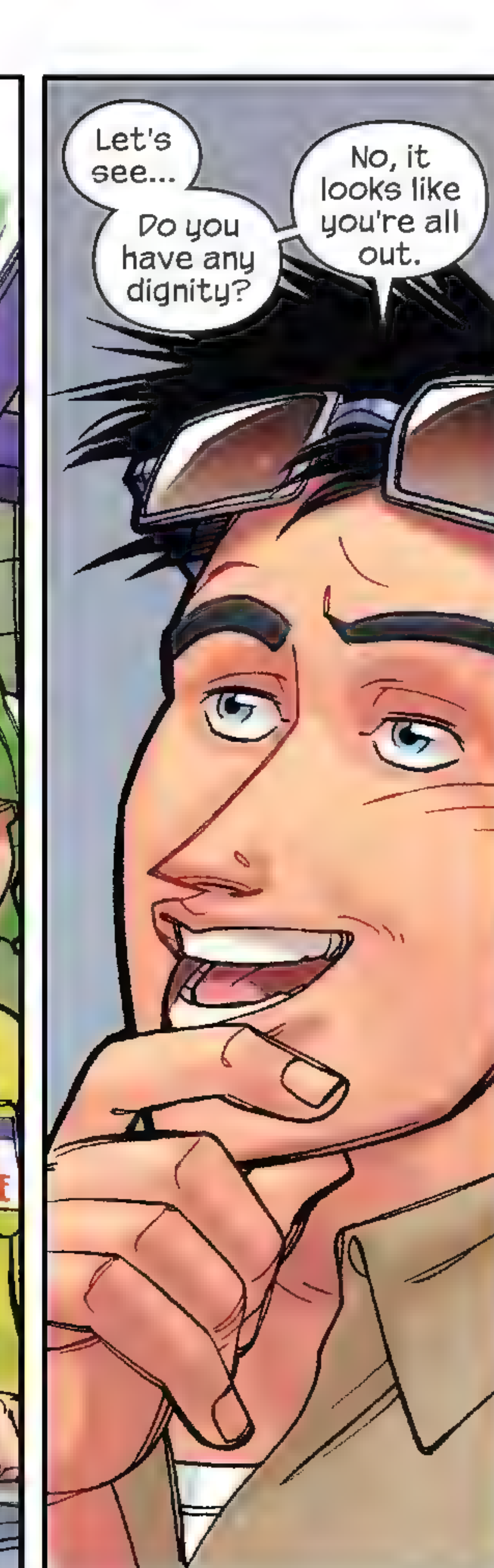
They're hiring where I work.



They are?



They always are. You know why?





Please, this can't-- you can't--not in front of the other students.

Agents, I'm sorry, we did not agree to--this isn't the way to do this.

I'll ask you one more time...

Katherine Pryde. Please stand up and walk out of this class.



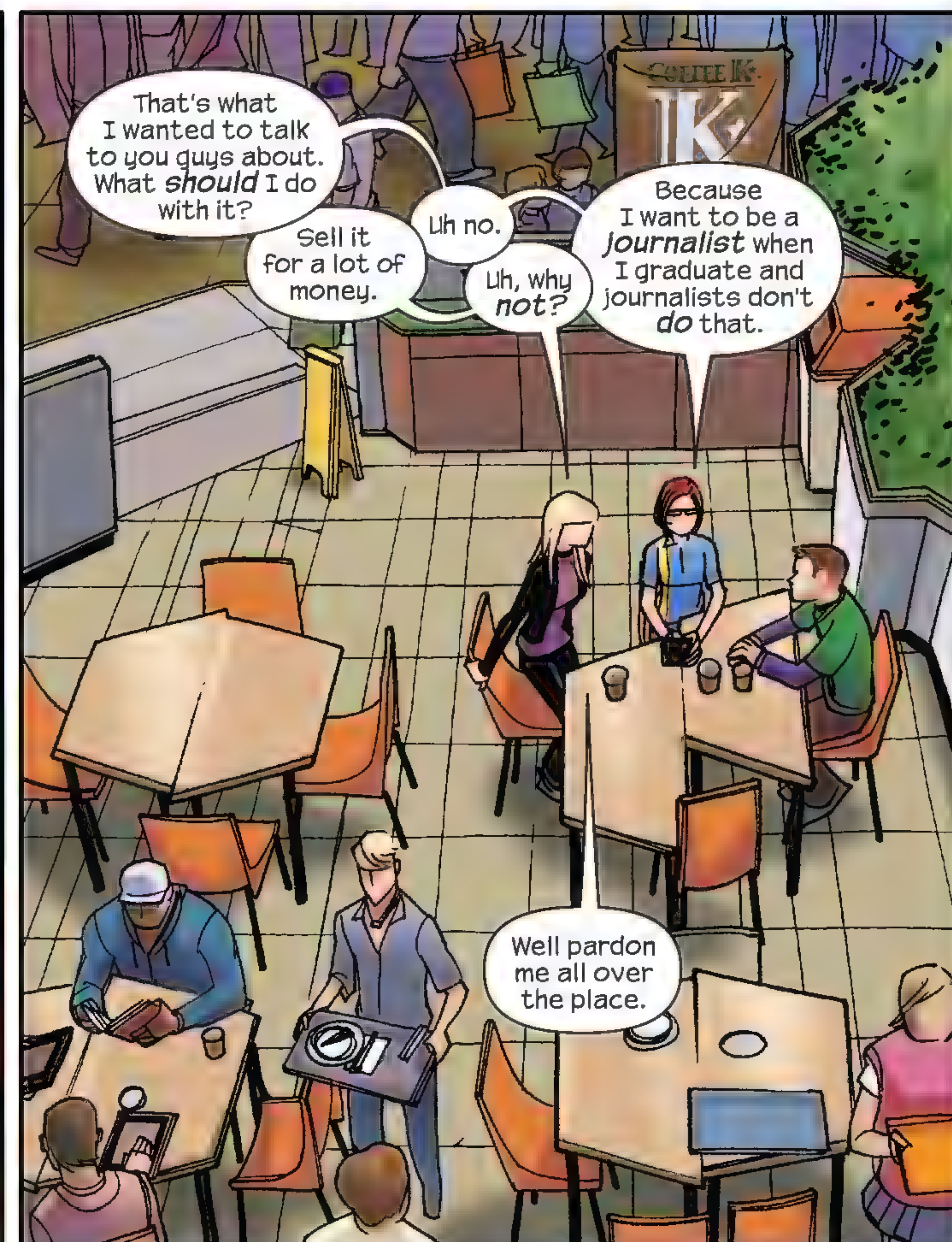
You were filming it?

I'm part of the school newscast. I have a camera. I turned it on.

I know, but wow.

Obviously, I didn't know it was going to turn into *all this*.

What are you going to do with it?



That's what I wanted to talk to you guys about. What *should* I do with it?

Sell it for a lot of money.

Uh no.

Uh, why not?

Because I want to be a *journalist* when I graduate and journalists don't do that.

Well pardon me all over the place.

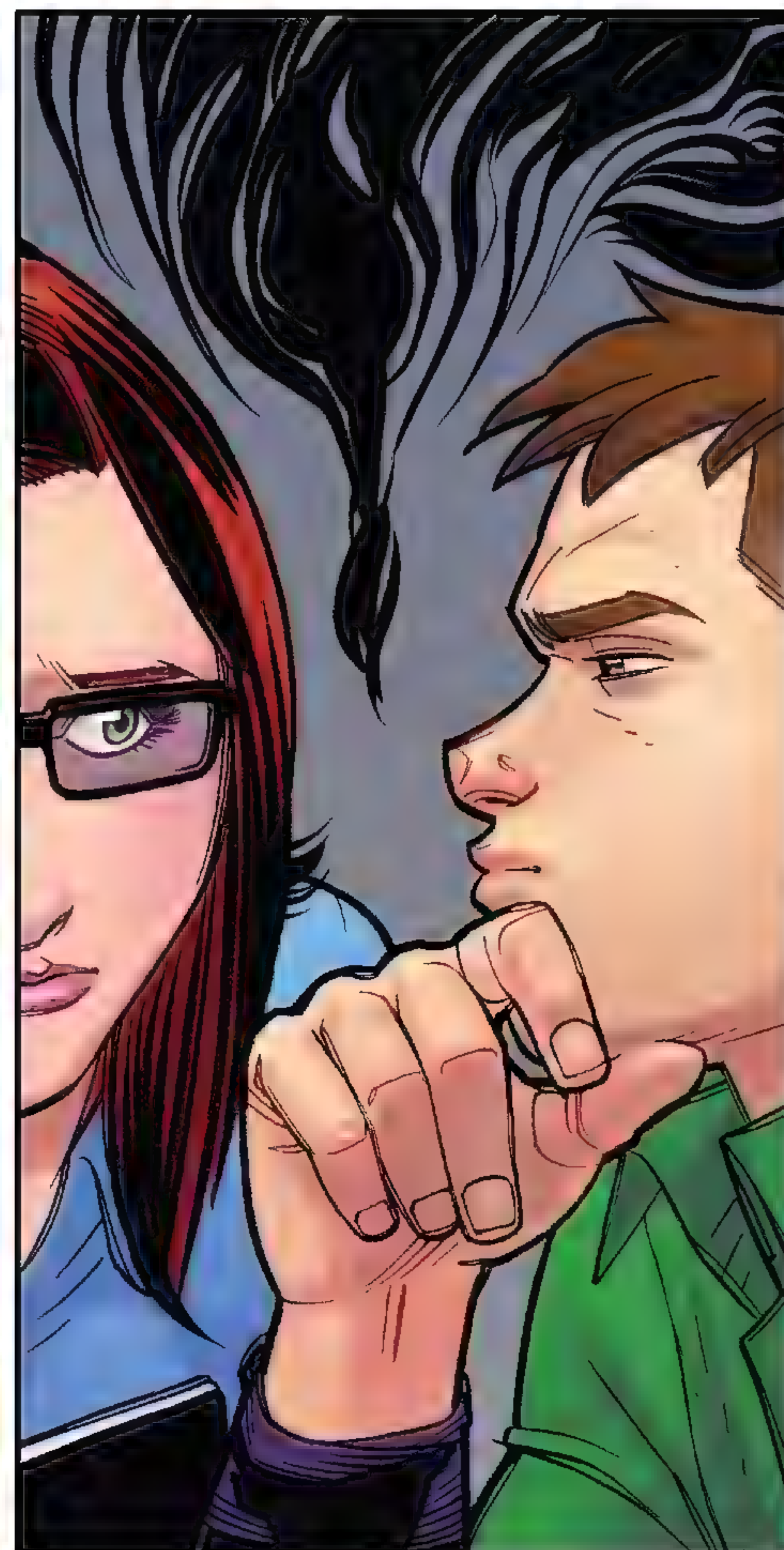


What should I do, Peter?

I don't want to hurt Kitty or Kong any more than they're hurting.

But it is news and I think, honestly, it shows Principal Suitress to be in the right.

The guy lost his *job* and he didn't *do* anything.



Uh...what are you doing?

I'm thinking.

Oh.

What did you think I was doing?

I don't know. Usually you're talking. I've never seen you not talk before.

It's *my* fault you're always talking?

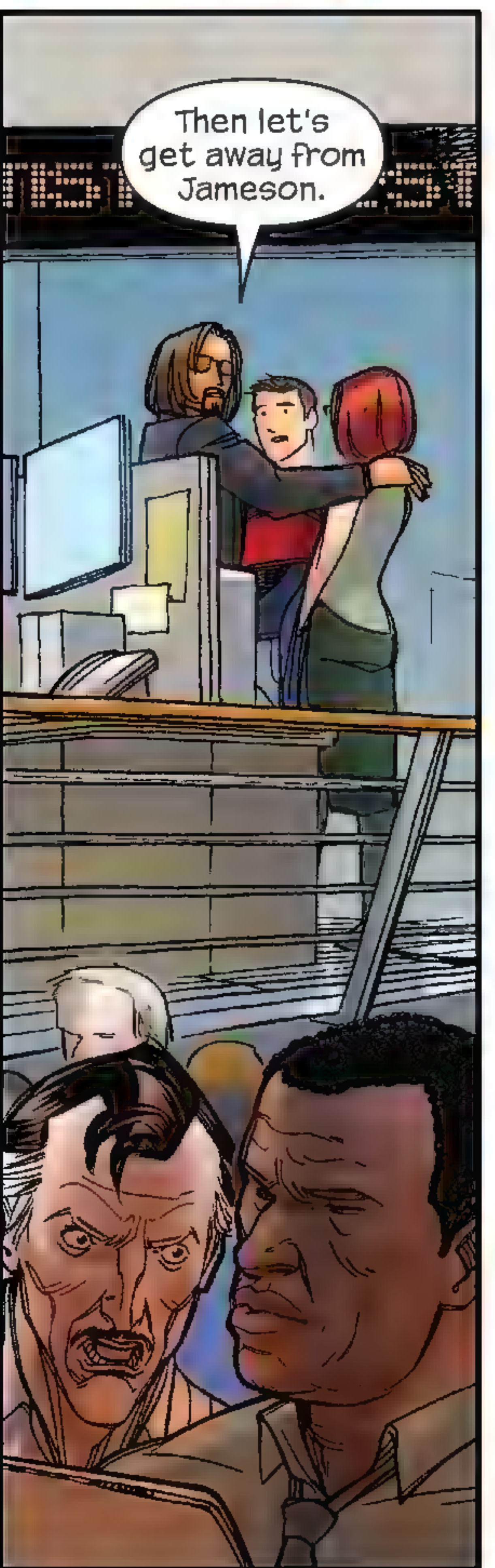
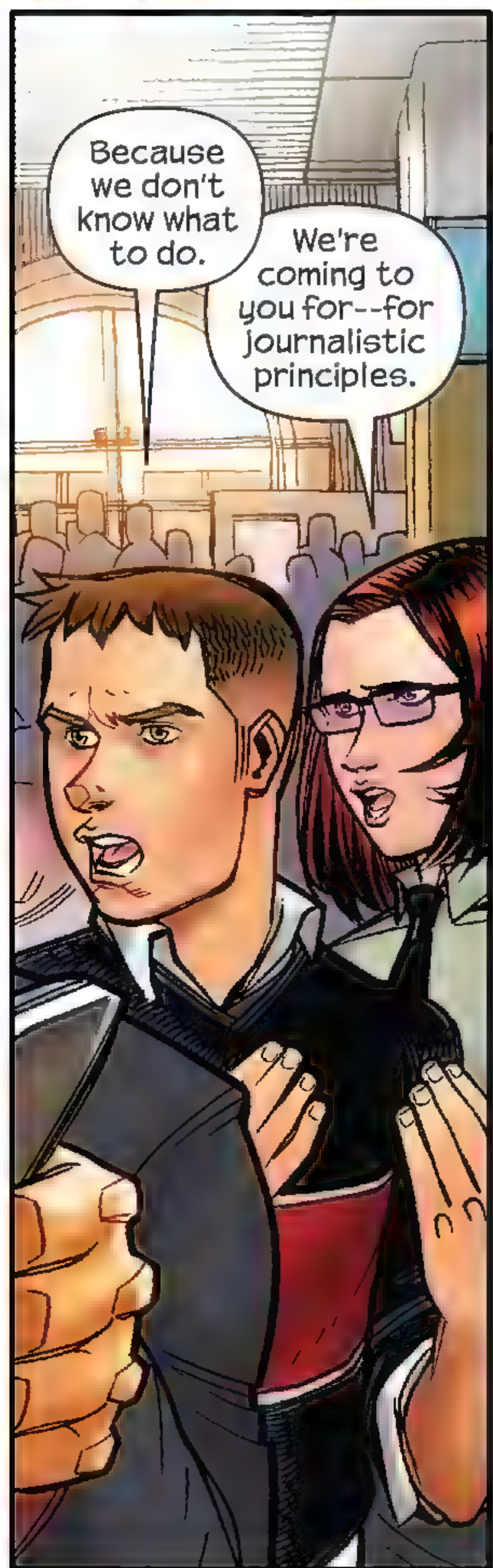
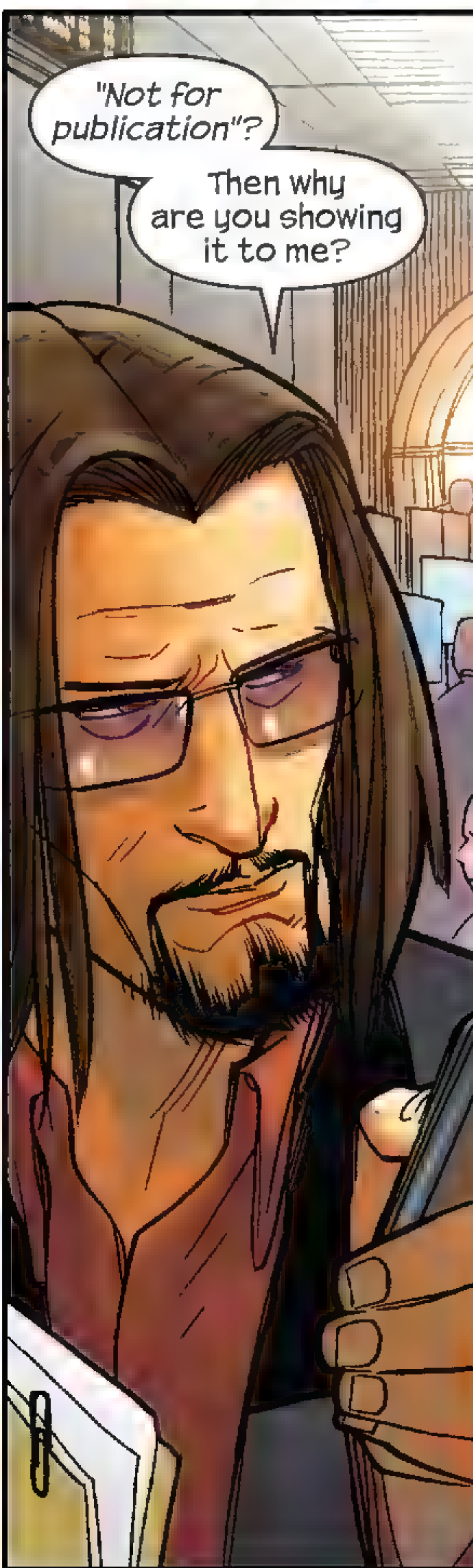
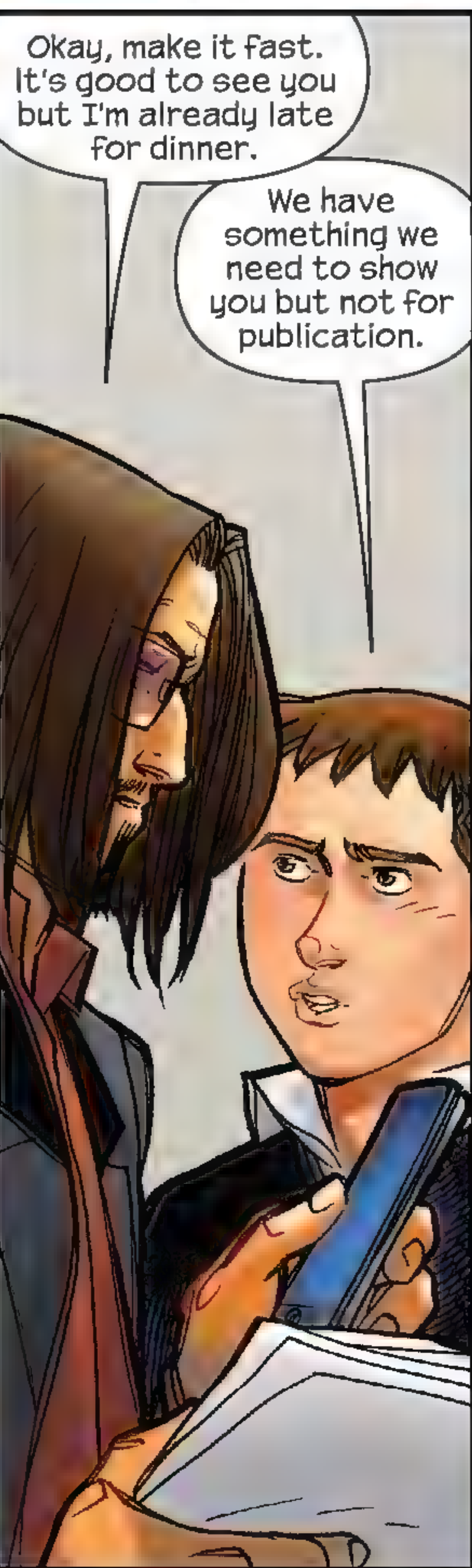
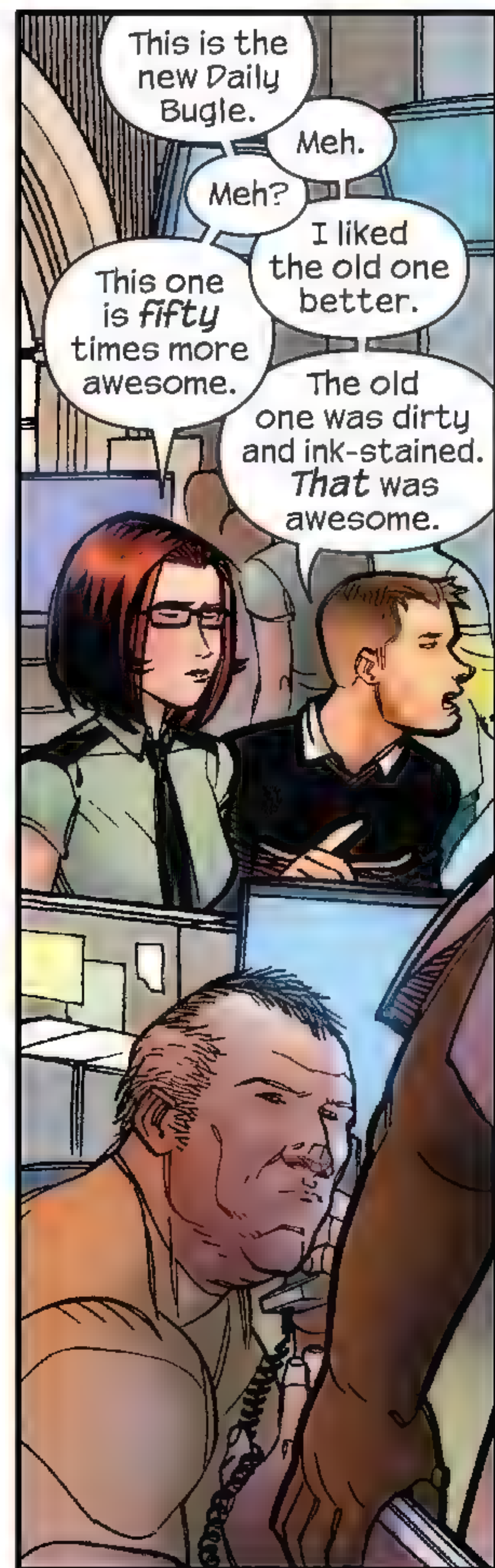
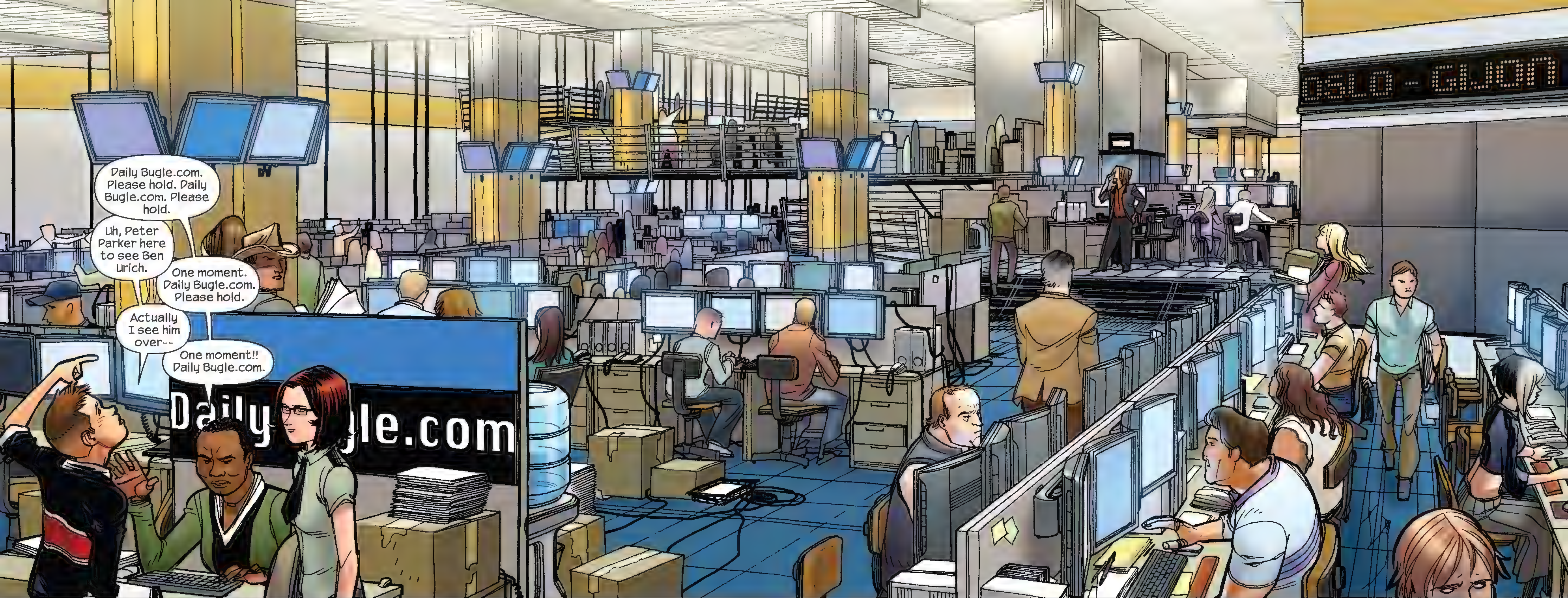
I'm always talking because you're always talking to *me*.

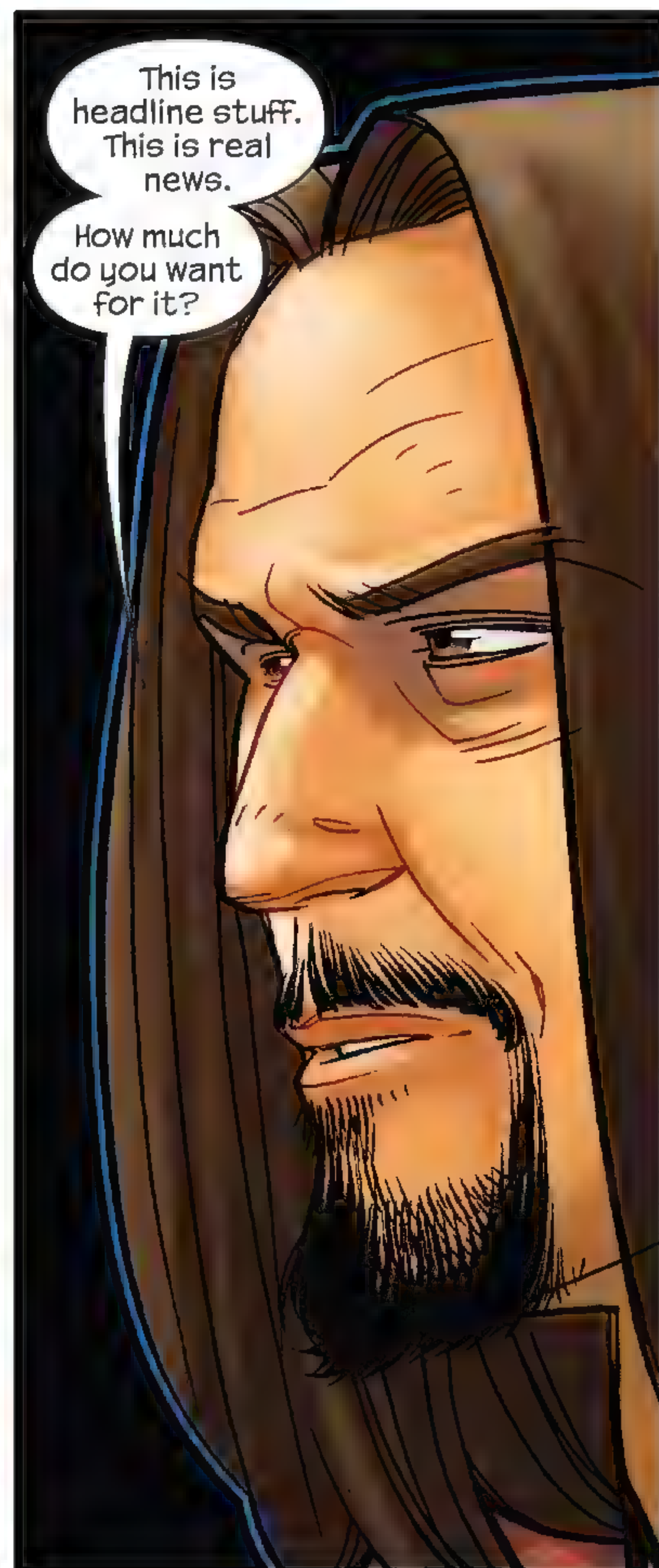
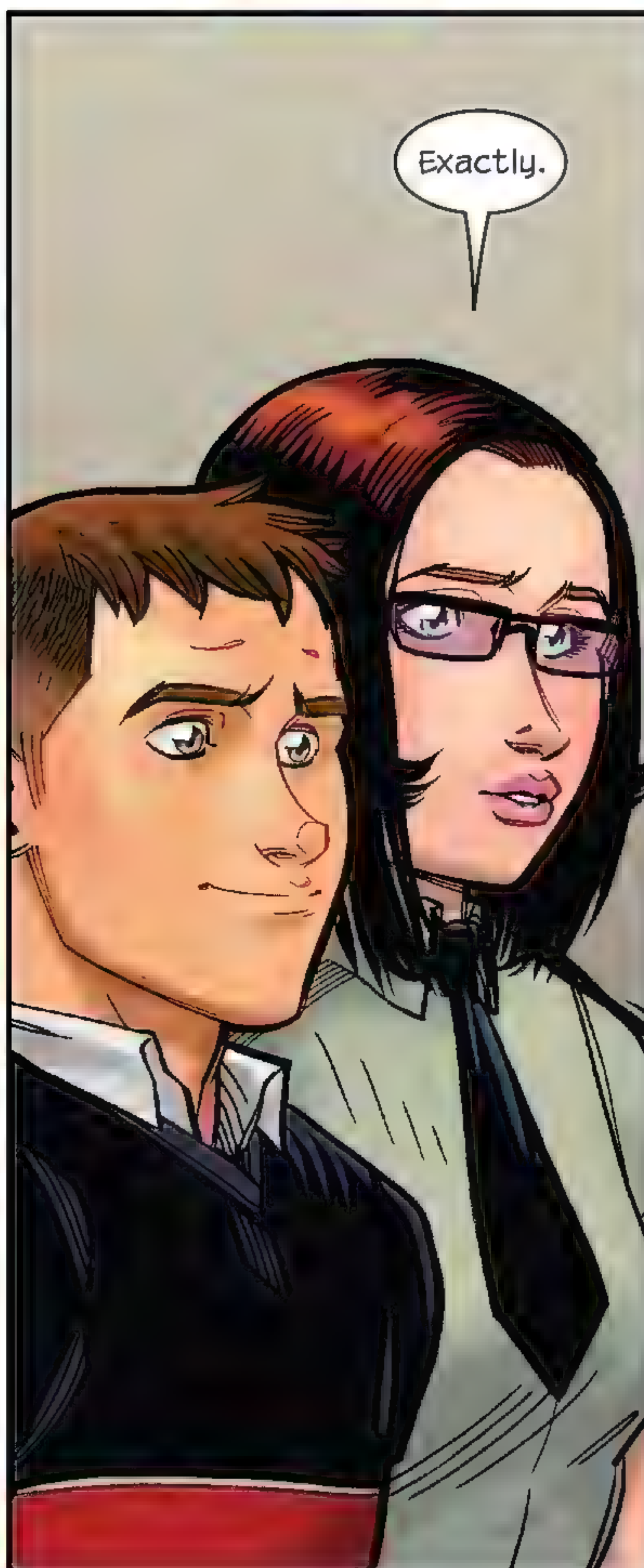
Well I have to answer you when you--

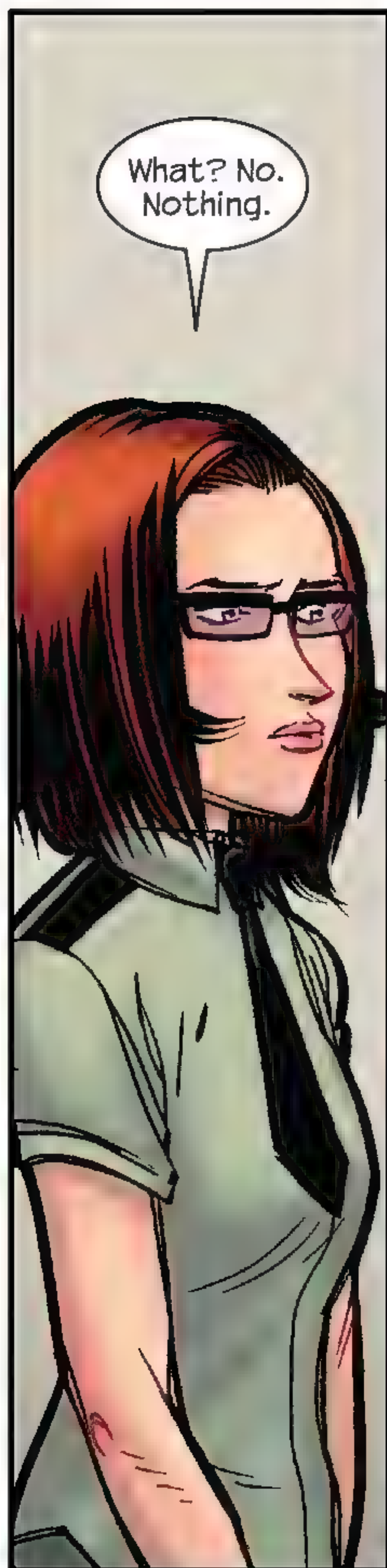


I know who to talk to about this.

Give me your phone.



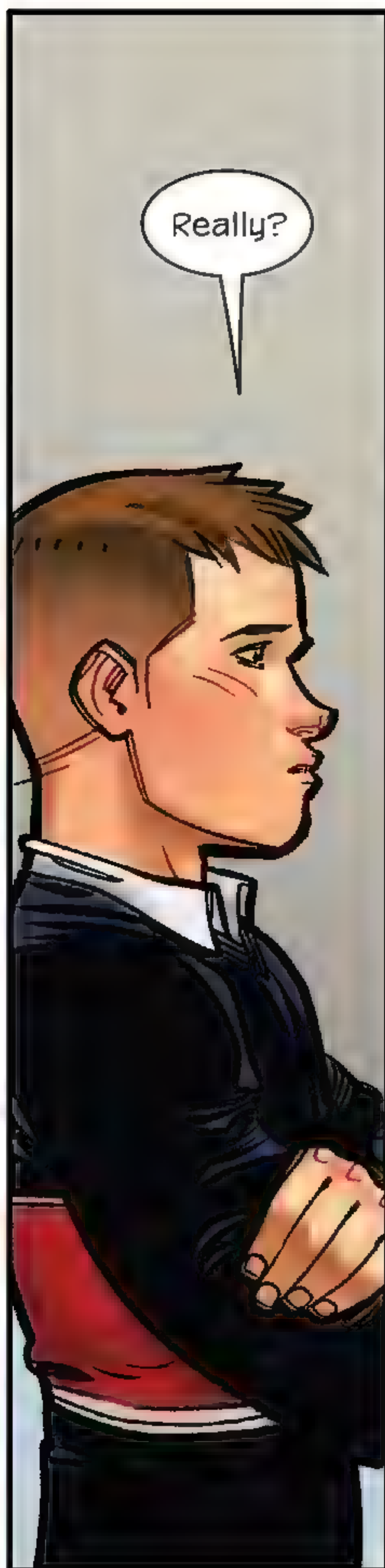




What? No.
Nothing.



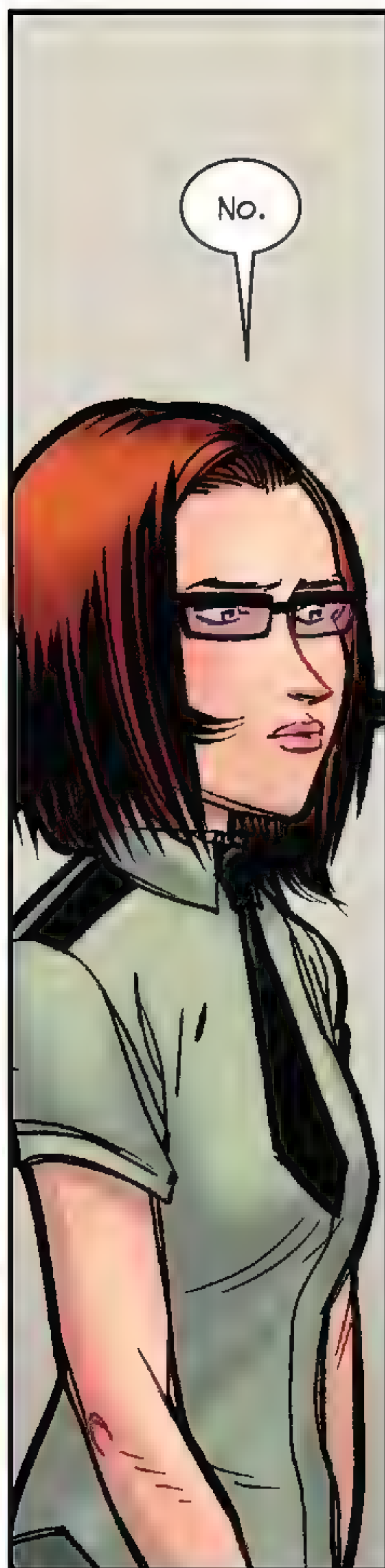
Jameson
will pay ten
grand for this.
Easy.



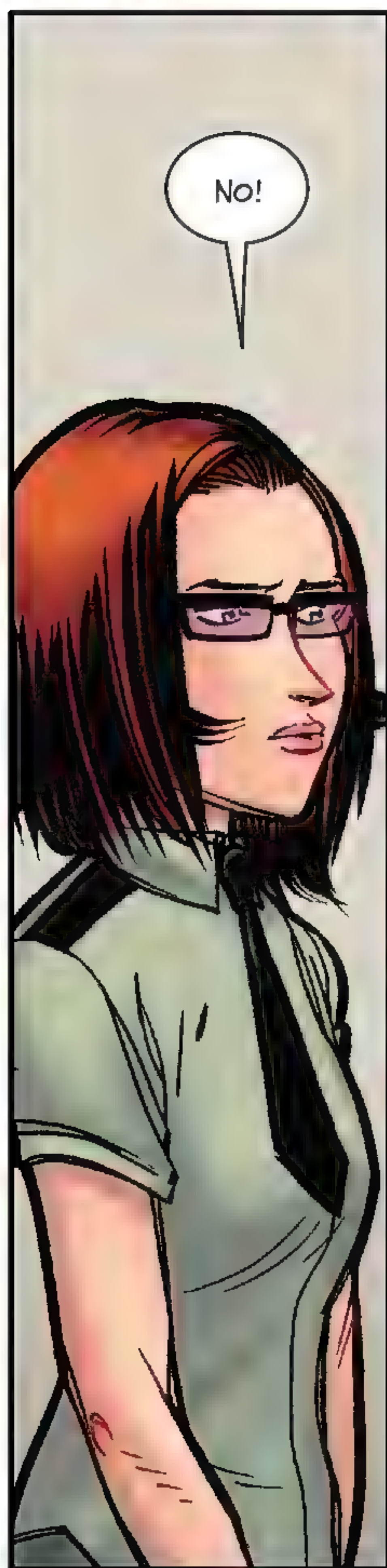
Really?



Twenty?



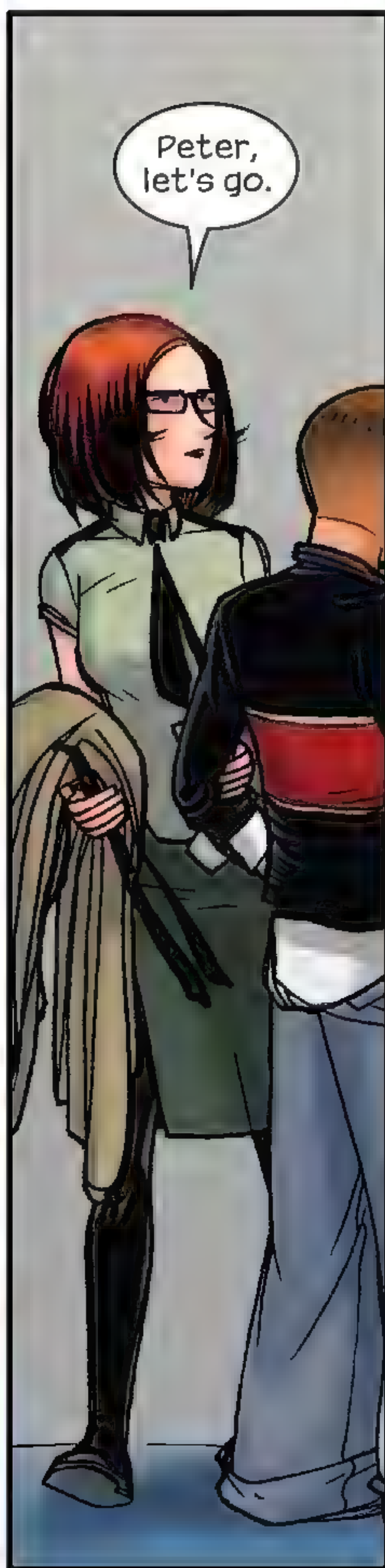
No.



No!



You
sure?



Peter,
let's go.



It'll
pay for
college.



Mister
Urich? What
are you--?



I was testing you. You passed.

Oh.

I don't believe you.

He was.

If you'd have said yes... I would have kicked you out of here.

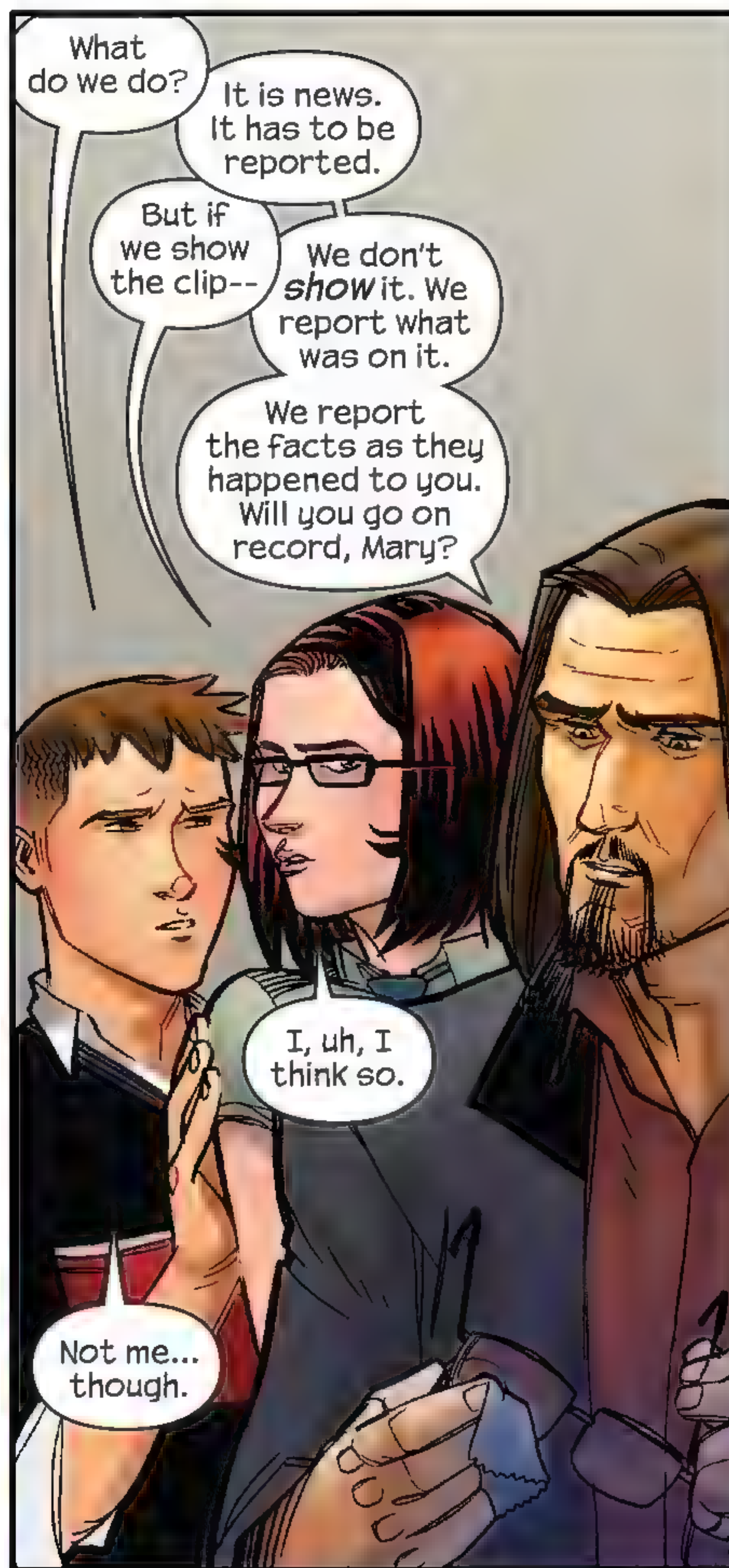
And ask your boyfriend. Jonah hasn't paid for anything since ever. In his whole life.



It *absolutely* was a test. You passed.

I just needed to know if I go down this road with you, that I can count on you.

You keep that integrity. Always. Nothing is more important.



What do we do?

It is news. It has to be reported.

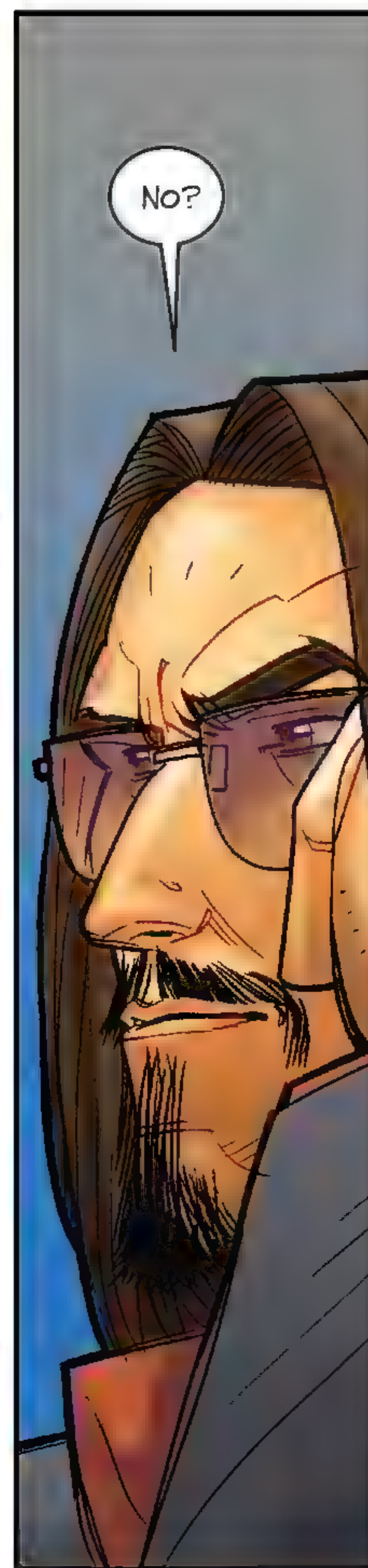
But if we show the clip--

We don't *show* it. We report what was on it.

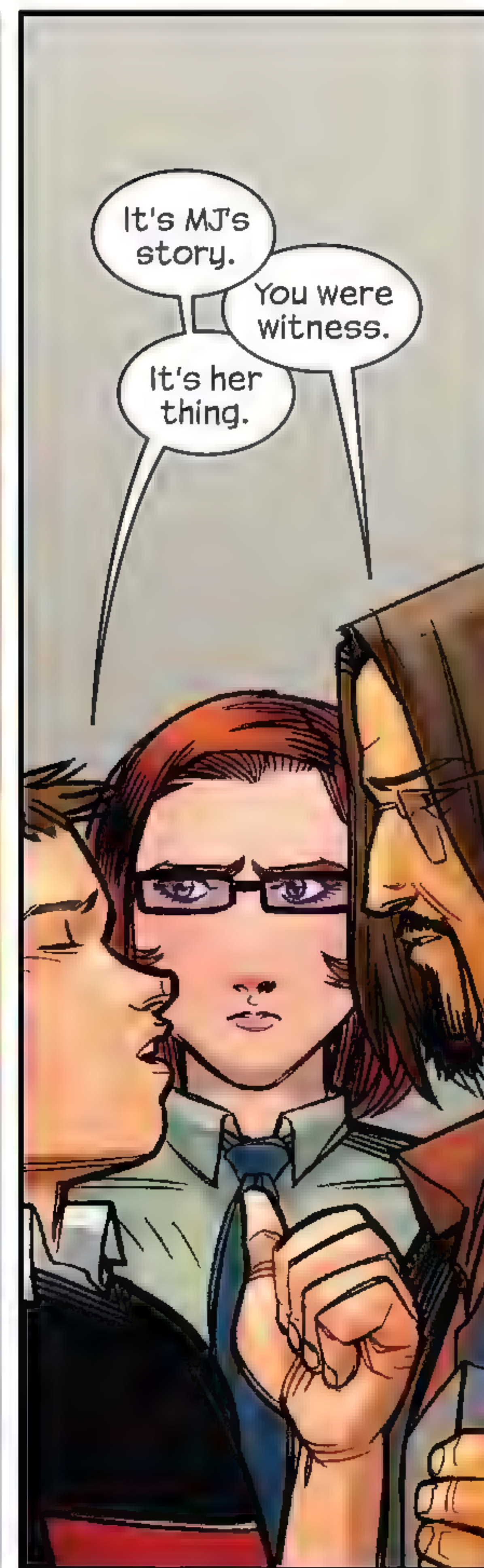
We report the facts as they happened to you. Will you go on record, Mary?

I, uh, I think so.

Not me... though.



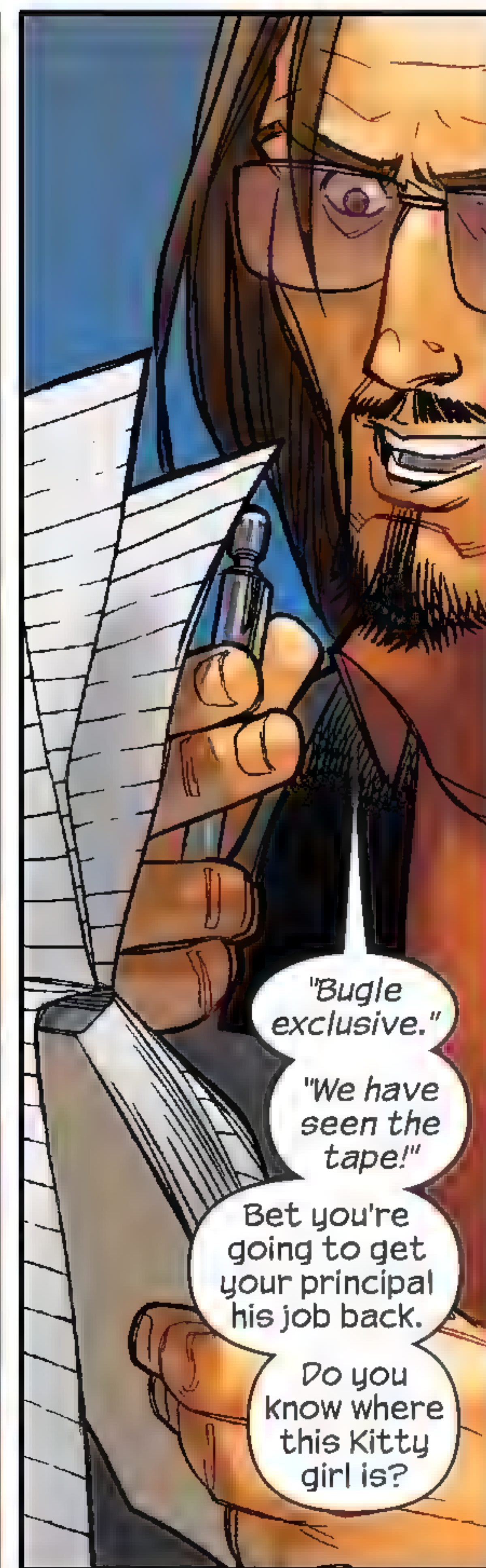
No?



It's MJ's story.

You were witness.

It's her thing.

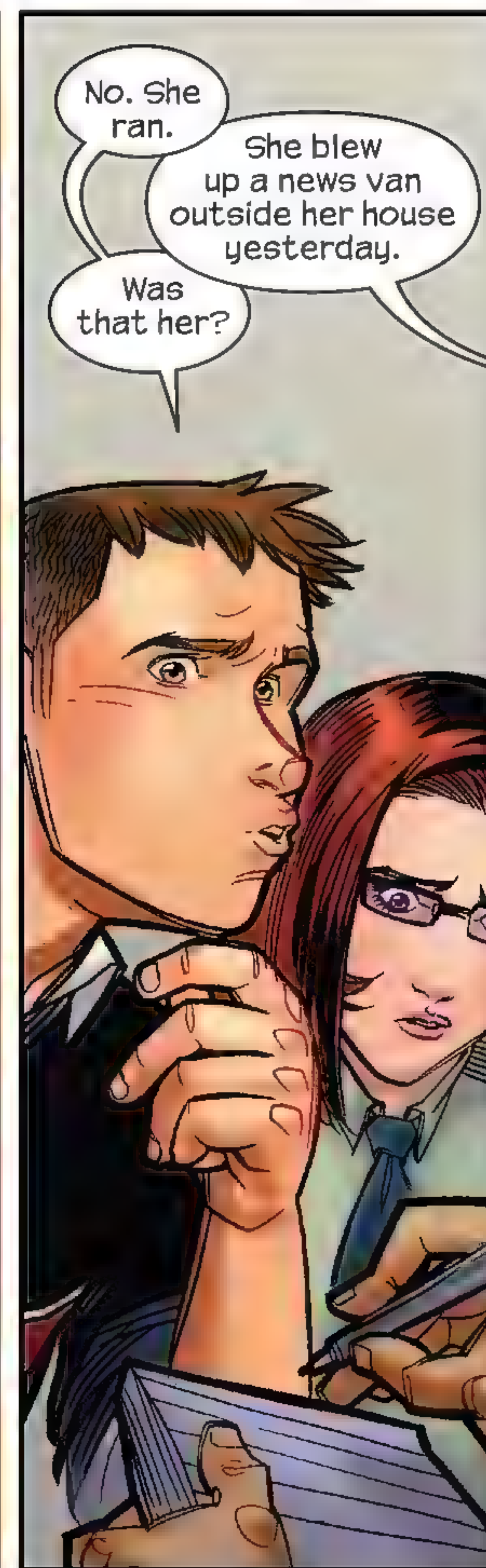


"Bugle exclusive."

"We have seen the tape!"

Bet you're going to get your principal his job back.

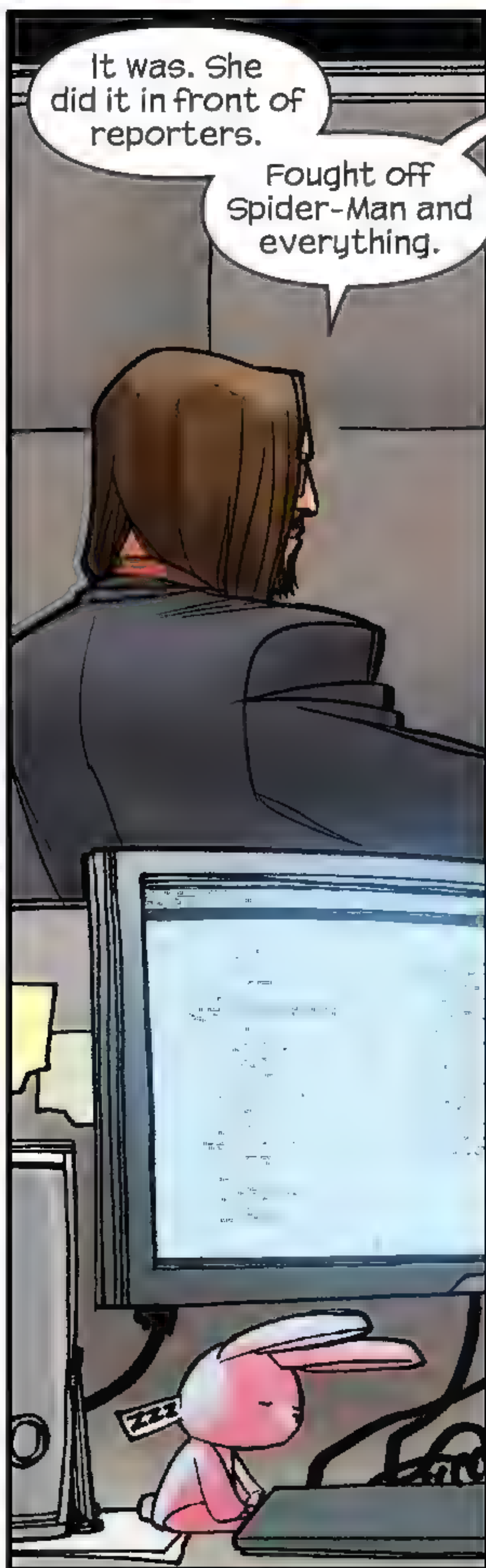
Do you know where this Kitty girl is?



No. She ran.

She blew up a news van outside her house yesterday.

Was that her?



It was. She did it in front of reporters.

Fought off Spider-Man and everything.

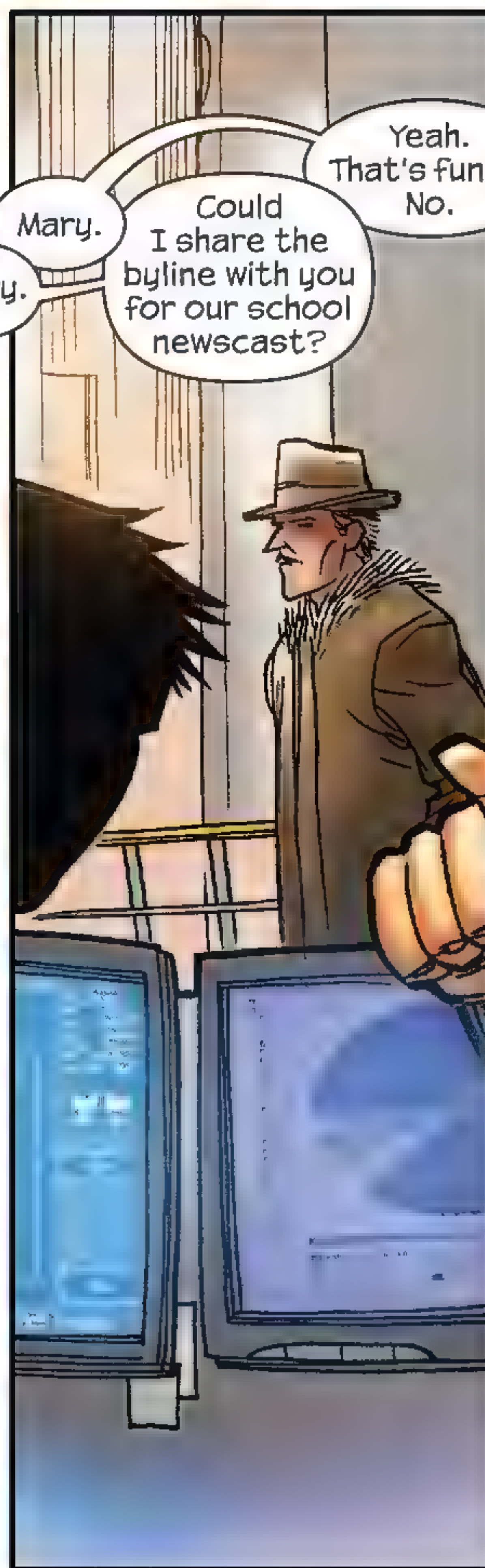


Everyone has.

So you've been following this?

And now you, Melanie Jane--

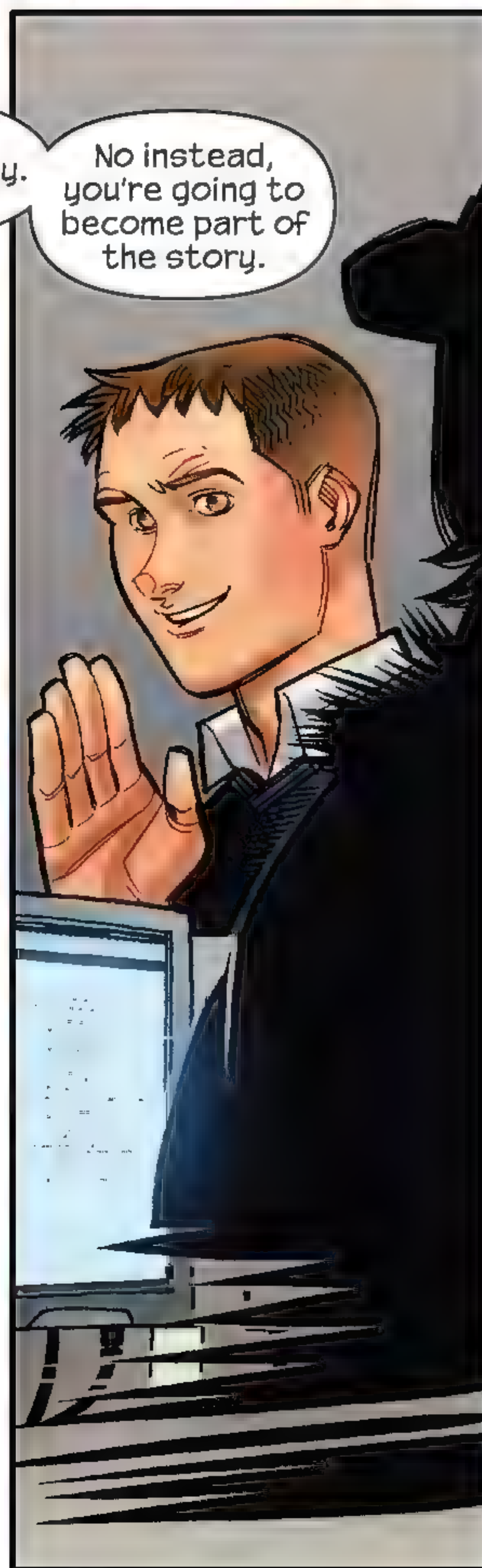
Mary.



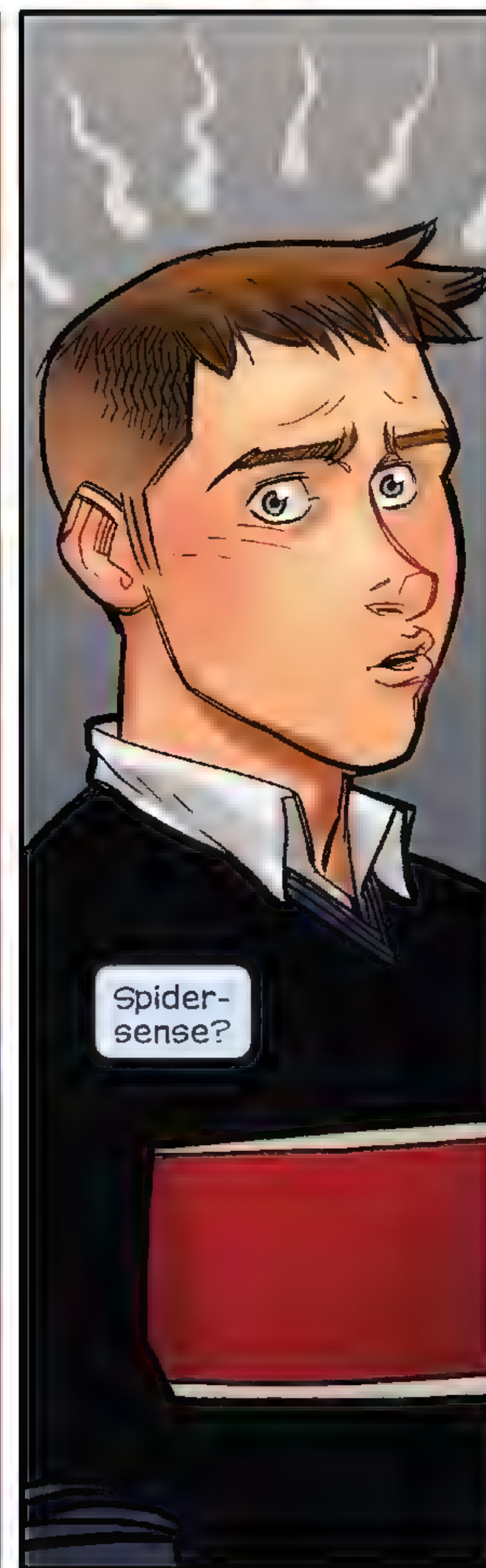
Mary.

Could I share the byline with you for our school newscast?

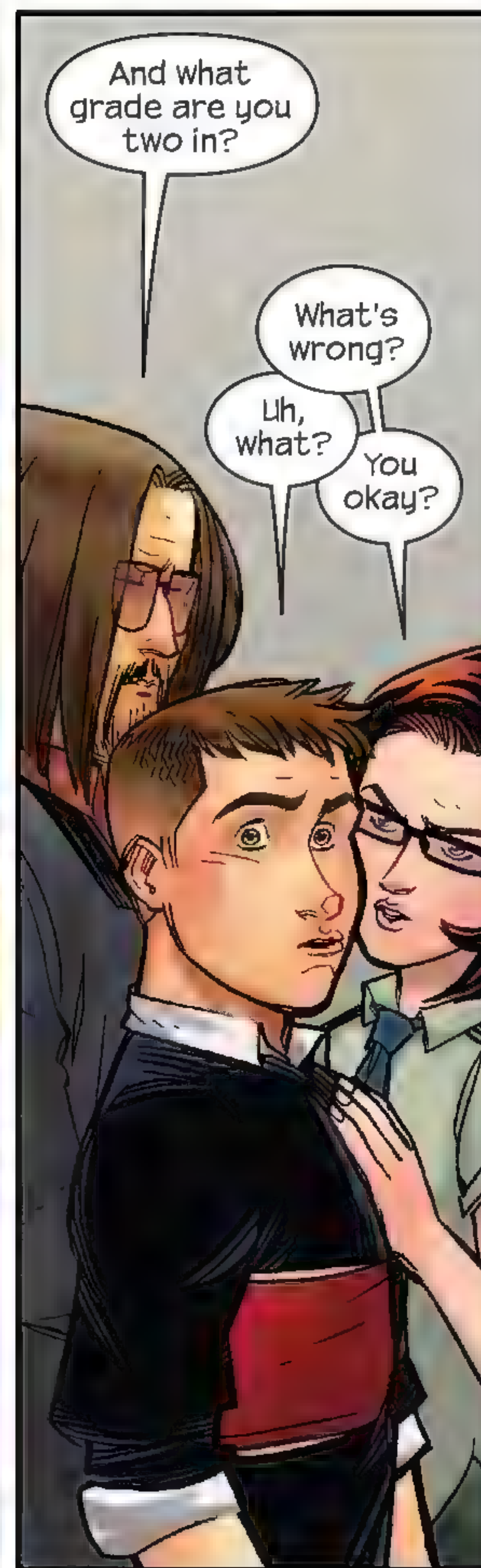
Yeah. That's funny. No.



No instead, you're going to become part of the story.



Spider-sense?



And what grade are you two in?

What's wrong?

Uh, what?

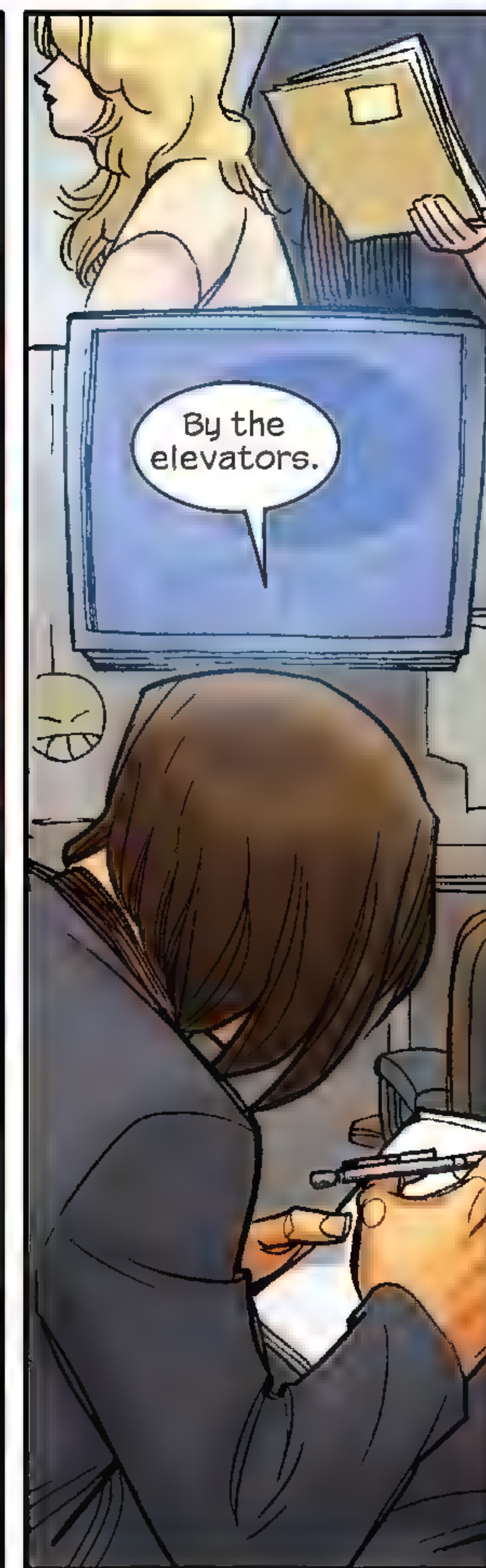
You okay?



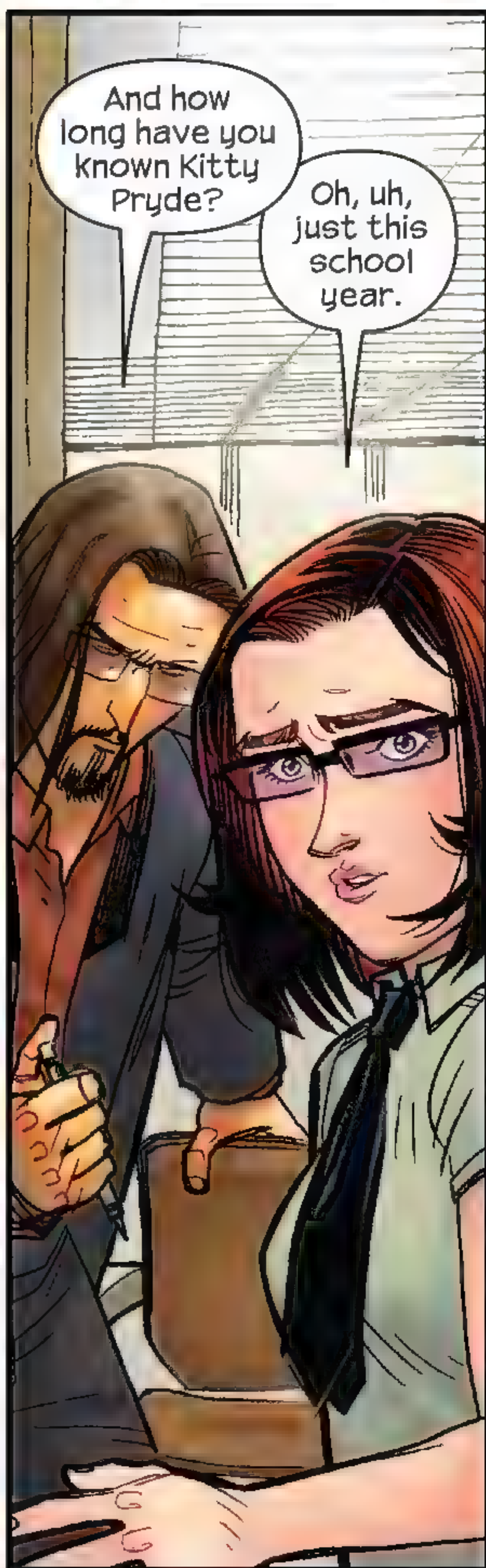
Uh, I need to go to the bathroom.

Now?

Uh, where's the bathroom?

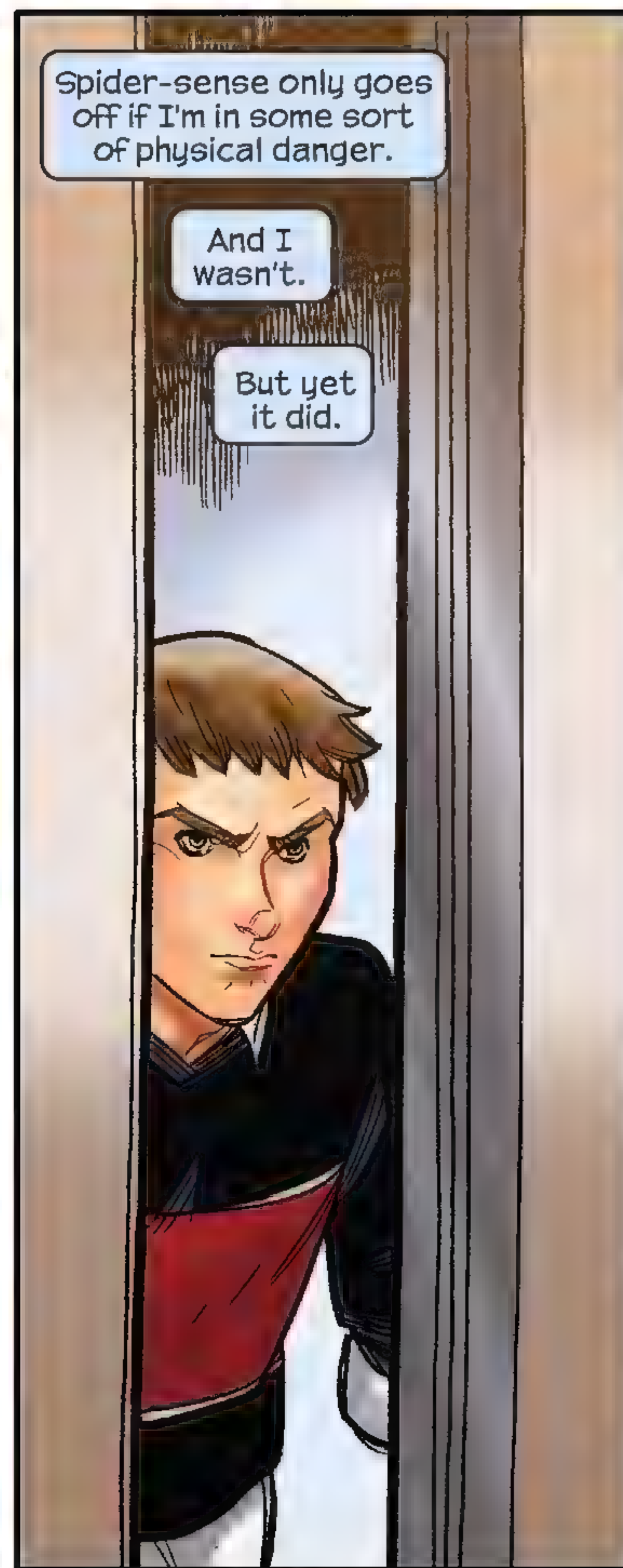


By the elevators.



And how long have you known Kitty Pryde?

Oh, uh, just this school year.



Spider-sense only goes off if I'm in some sort of physical danger.

And I wasn't.

But yet it did.



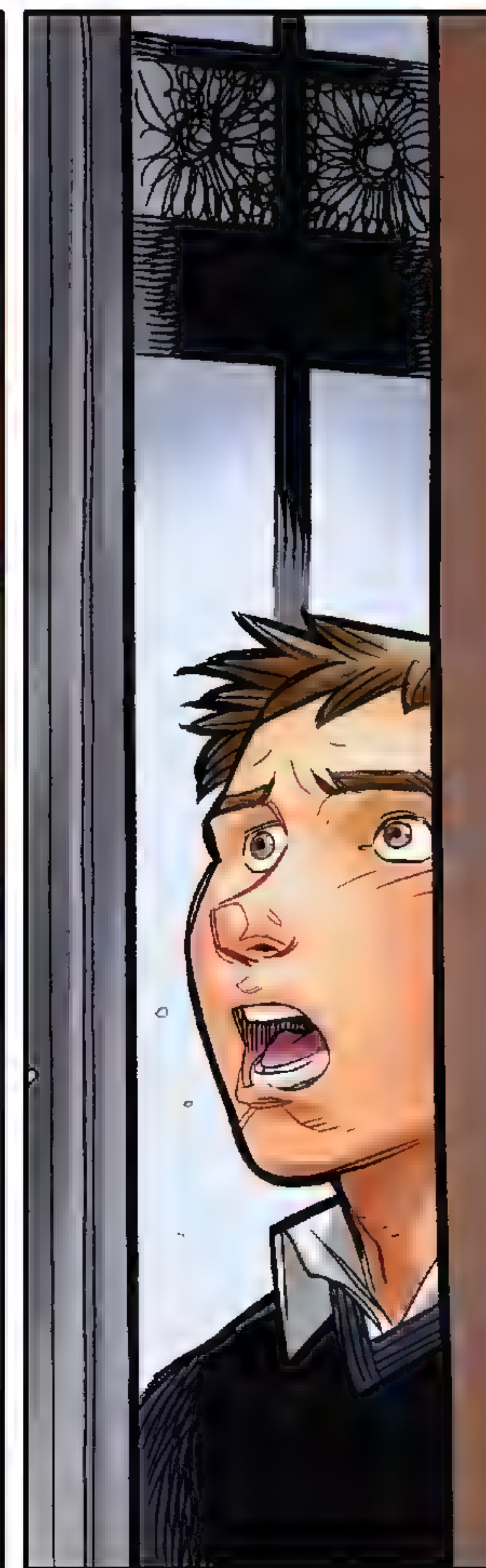
At least I *think* that's how this spider-sense works.

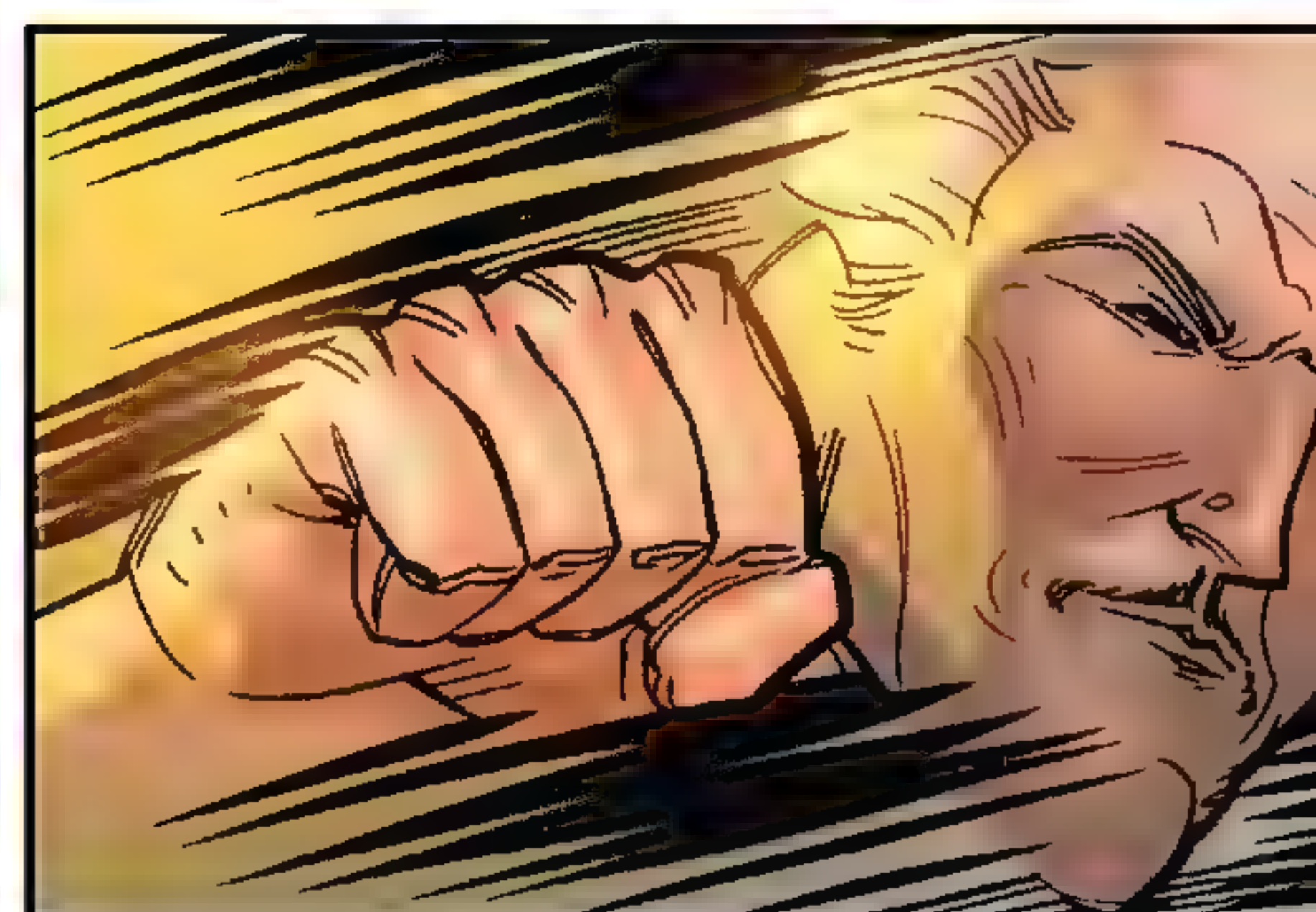
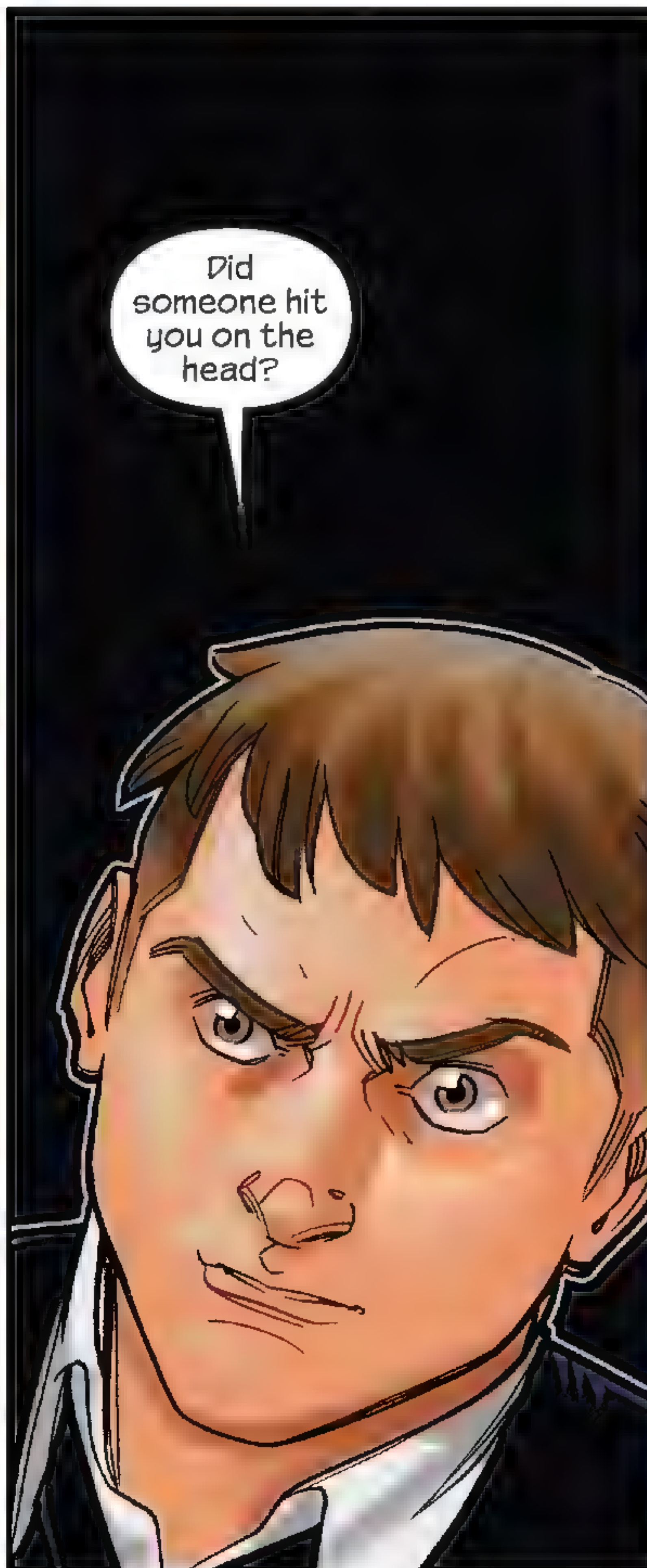
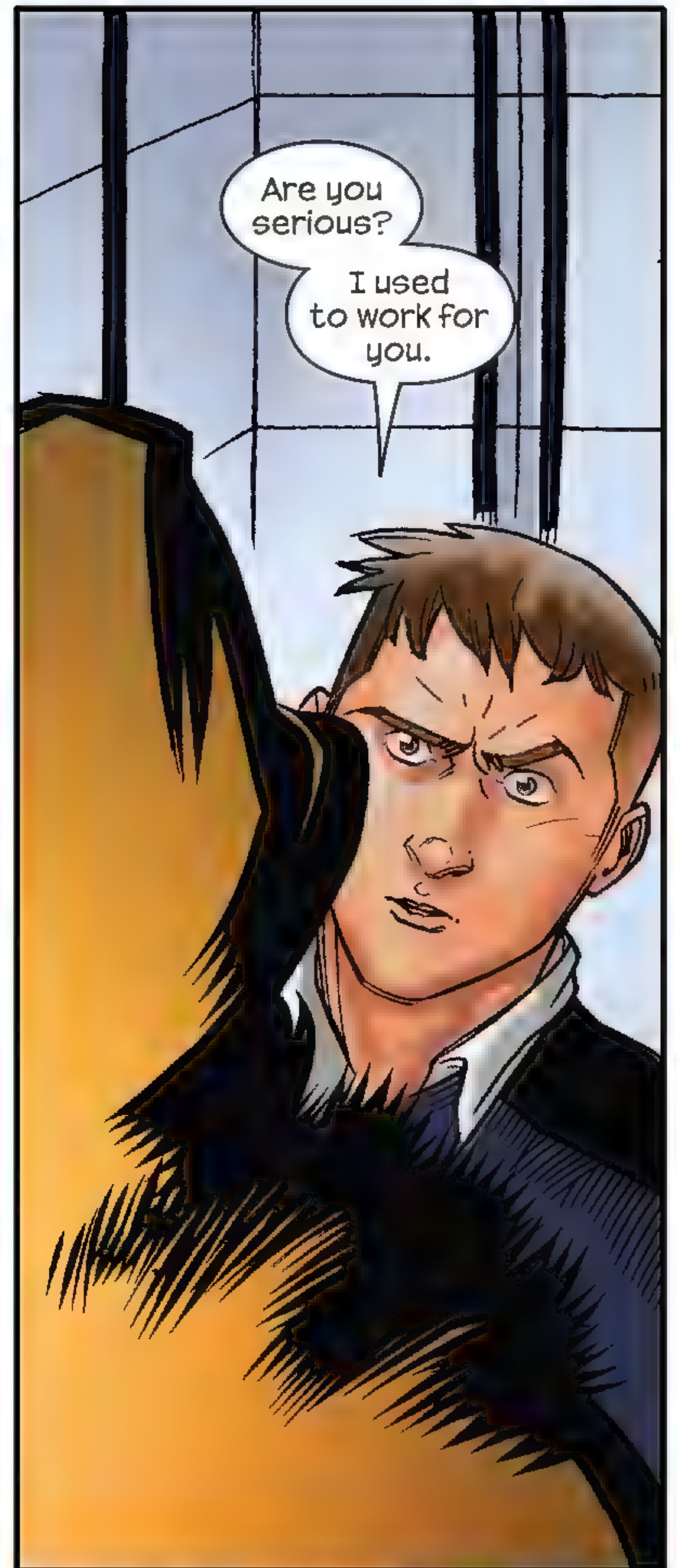
But I looked at Jameson and it went off. Why would that be exactly?

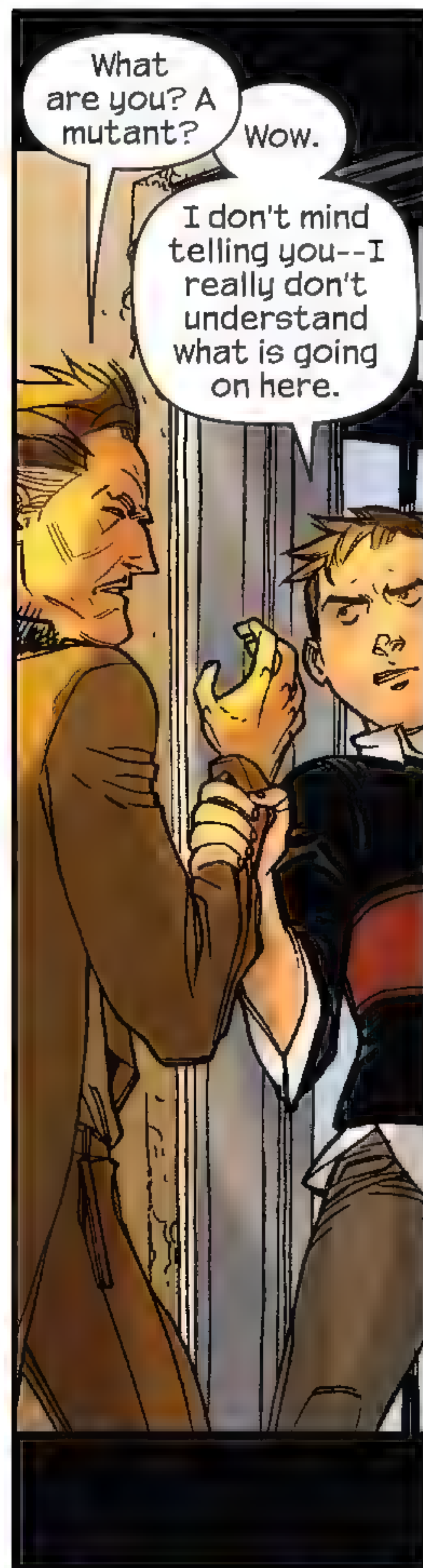
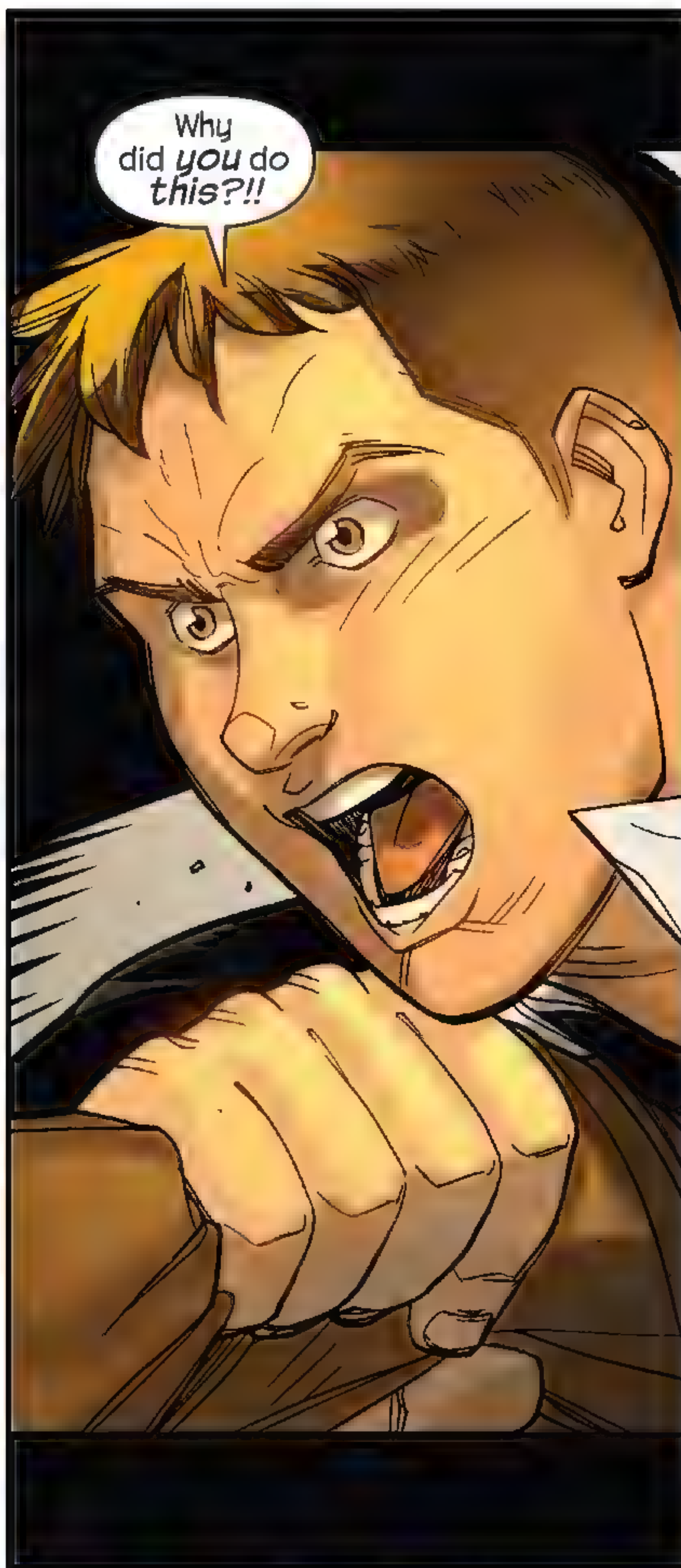
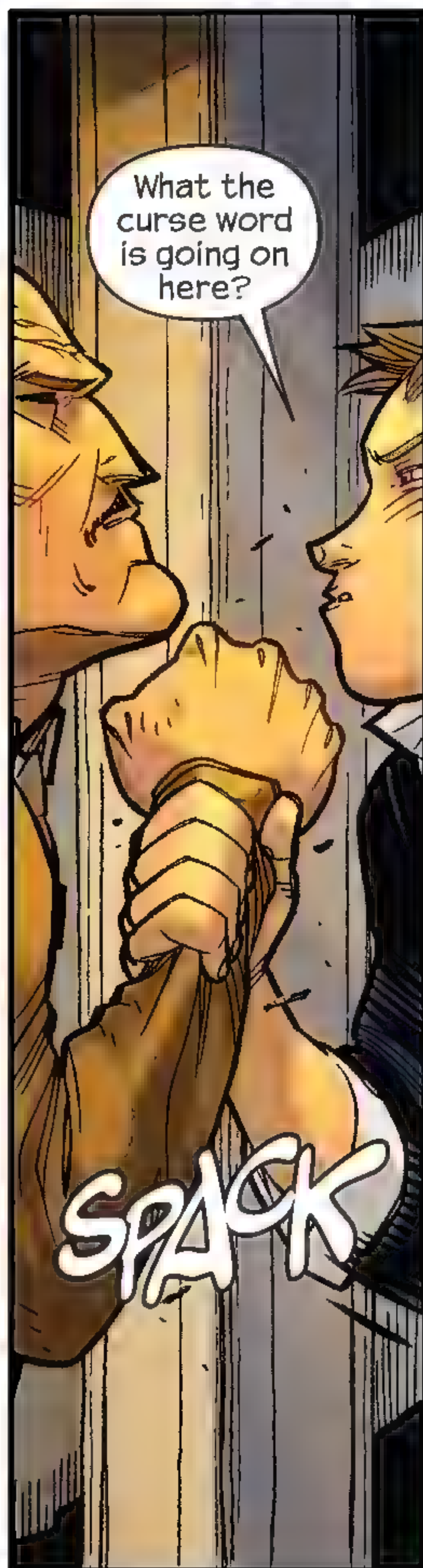
Okay, where am I going?

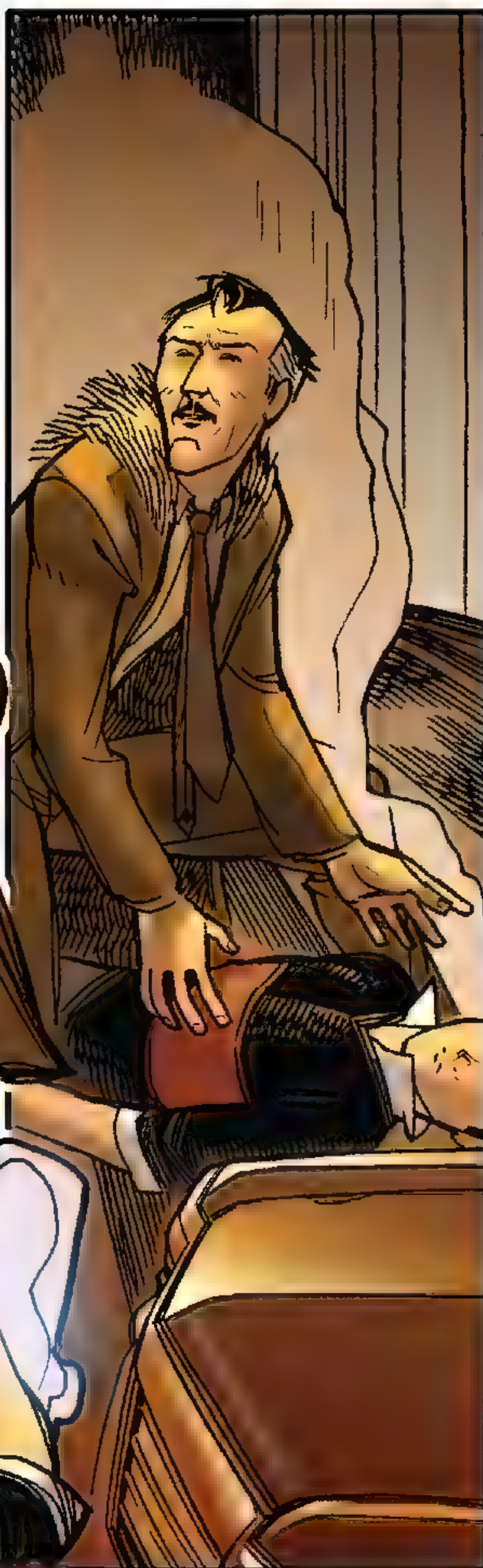


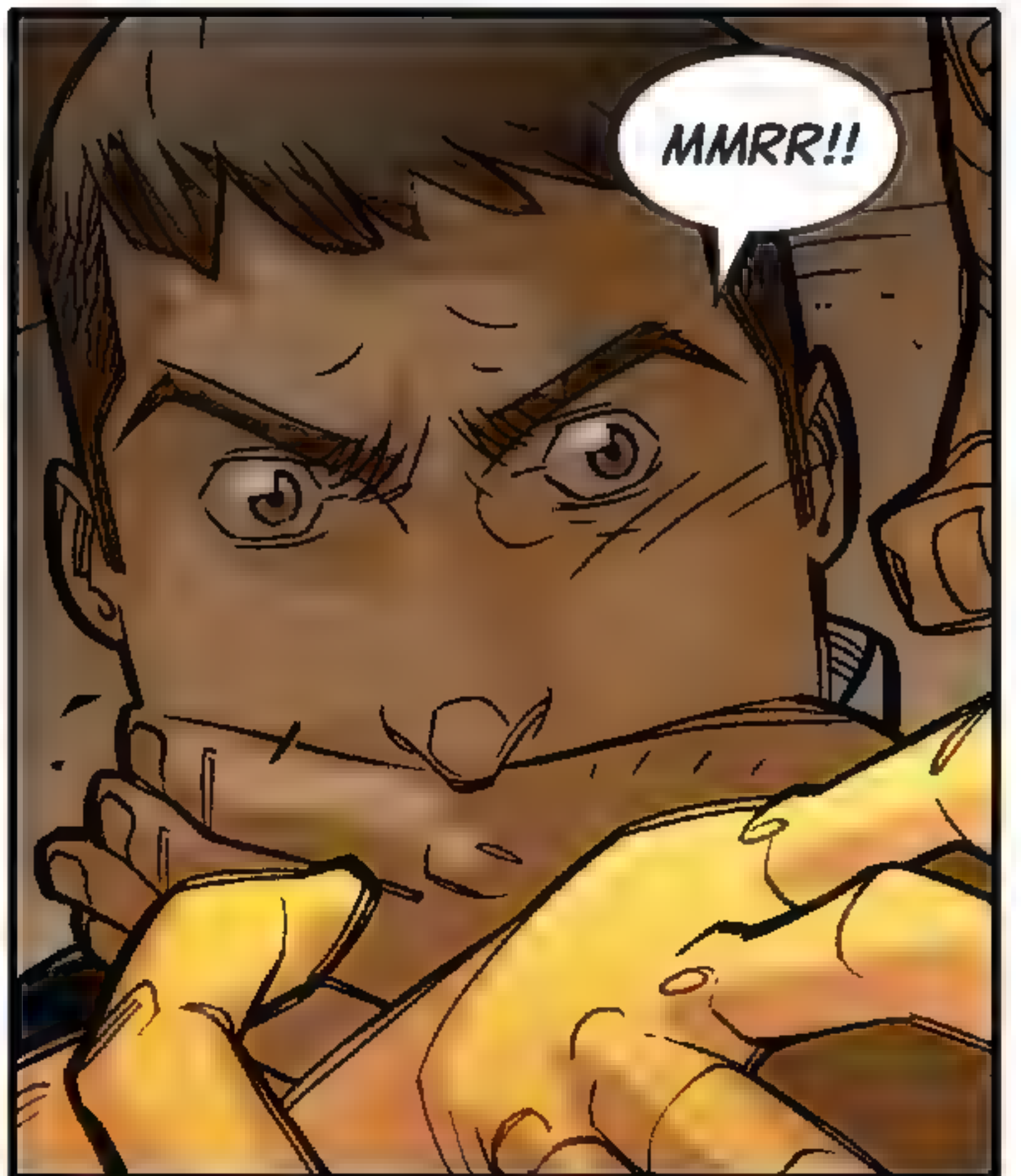
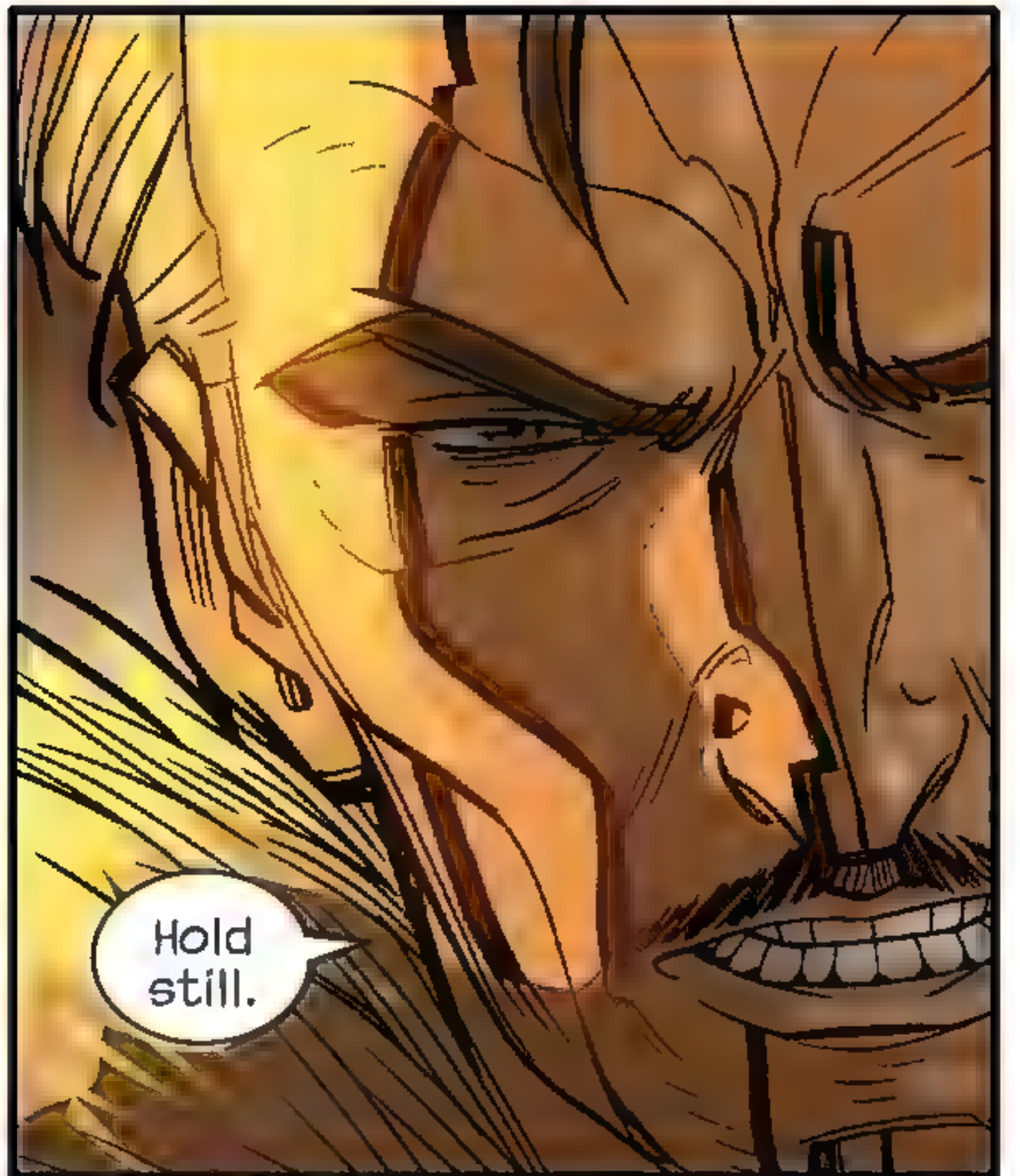
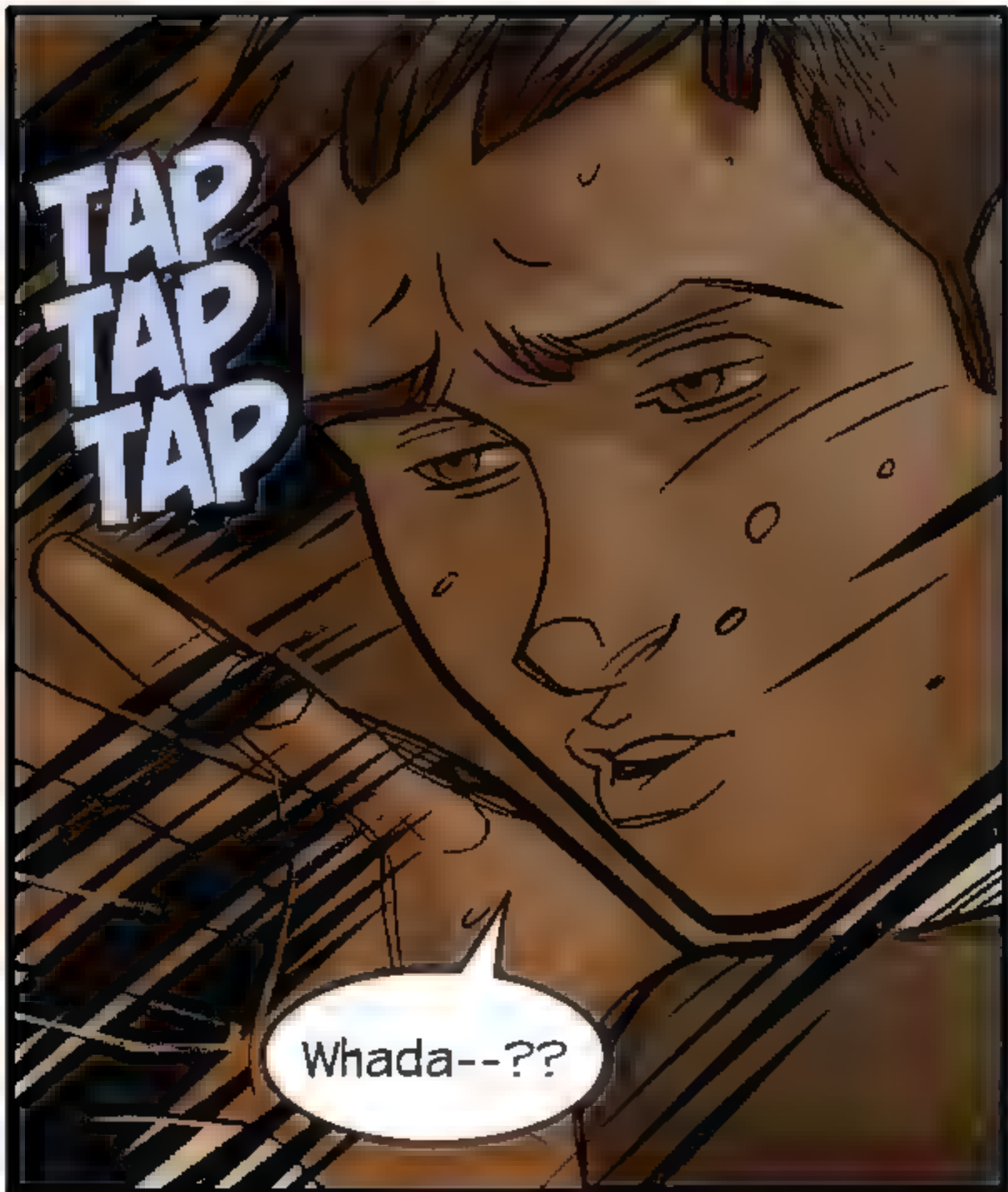
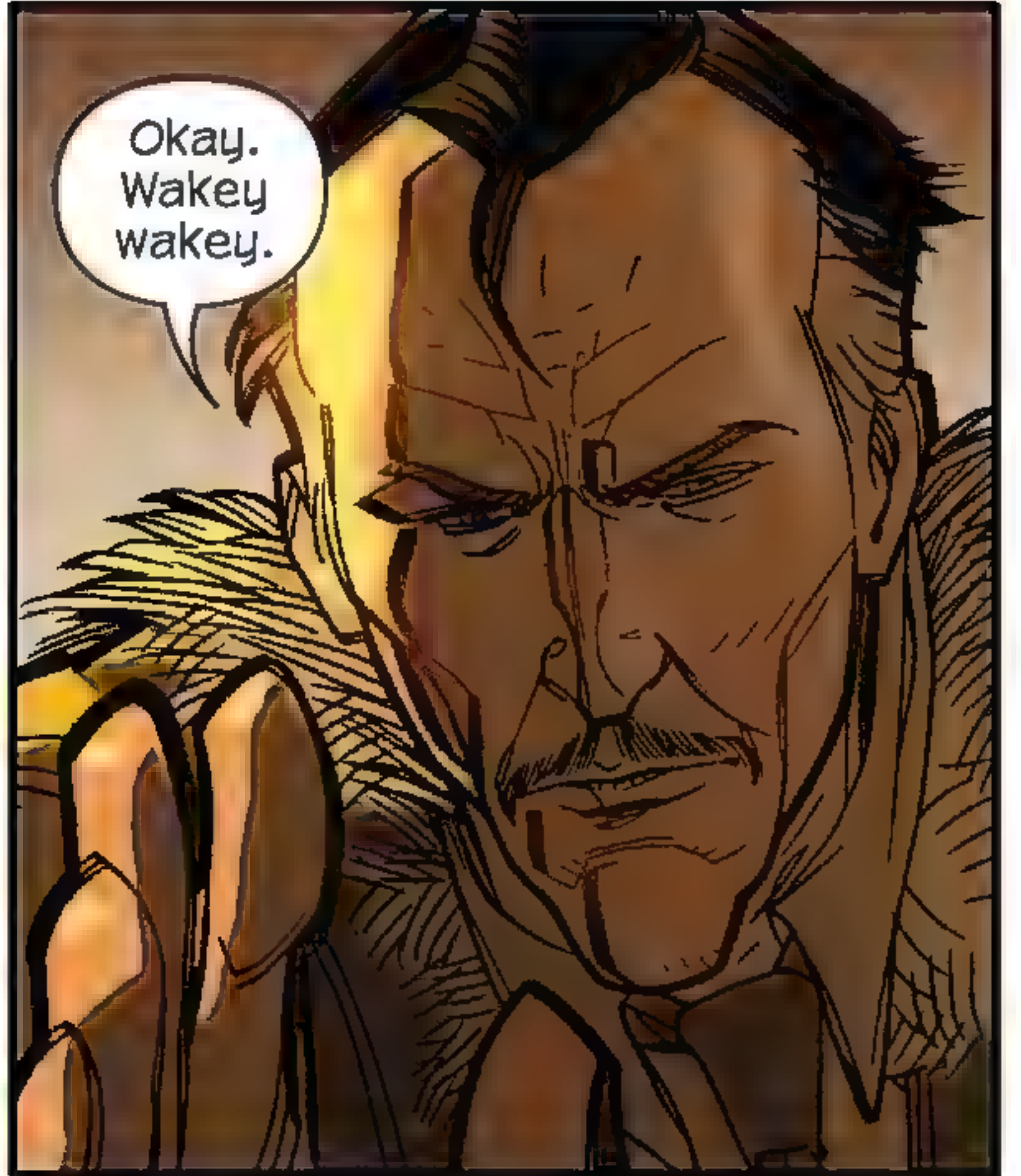
And why was he acting like he didn't know me? He's a jerkwad. But he's not *that* big a jerkwad.

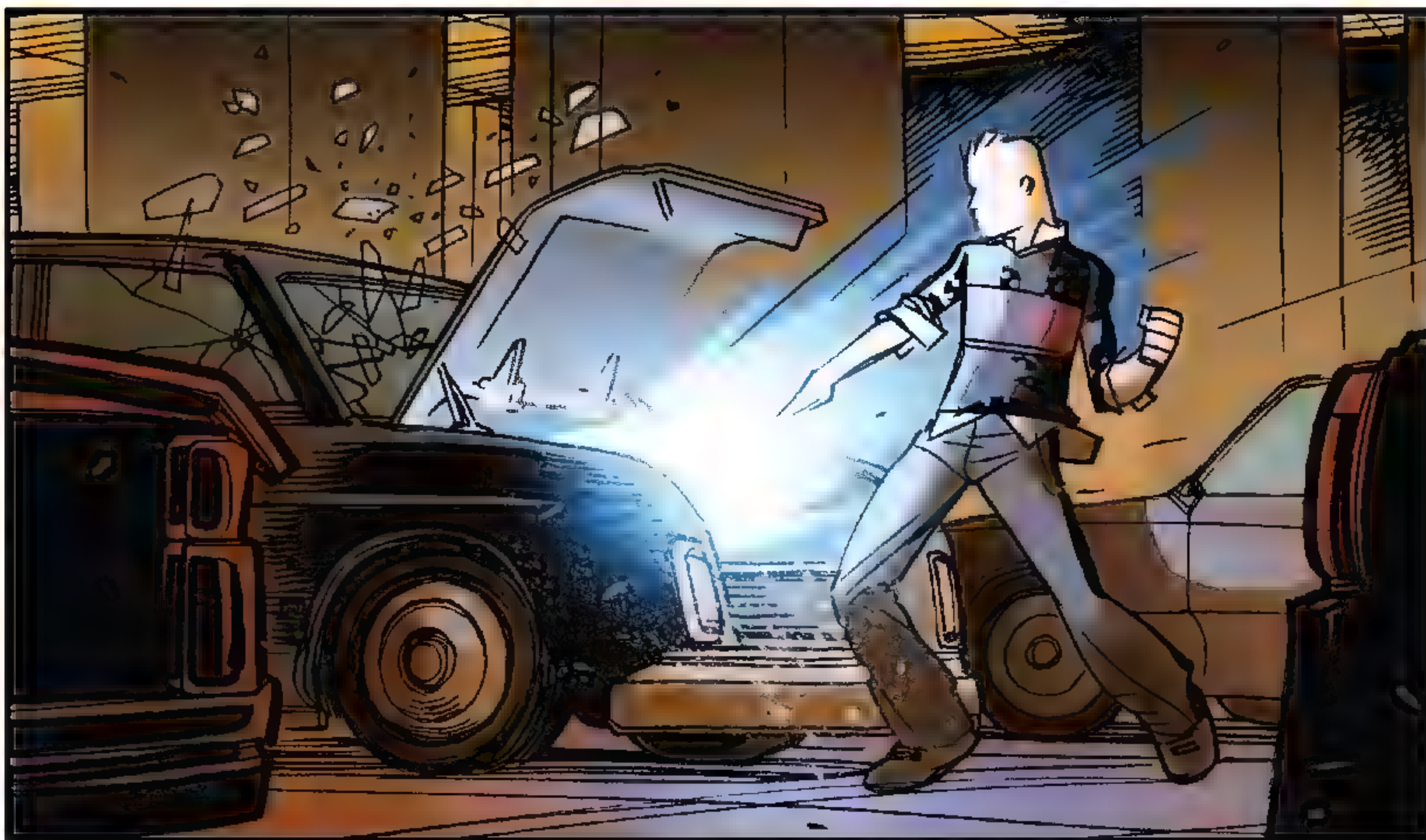
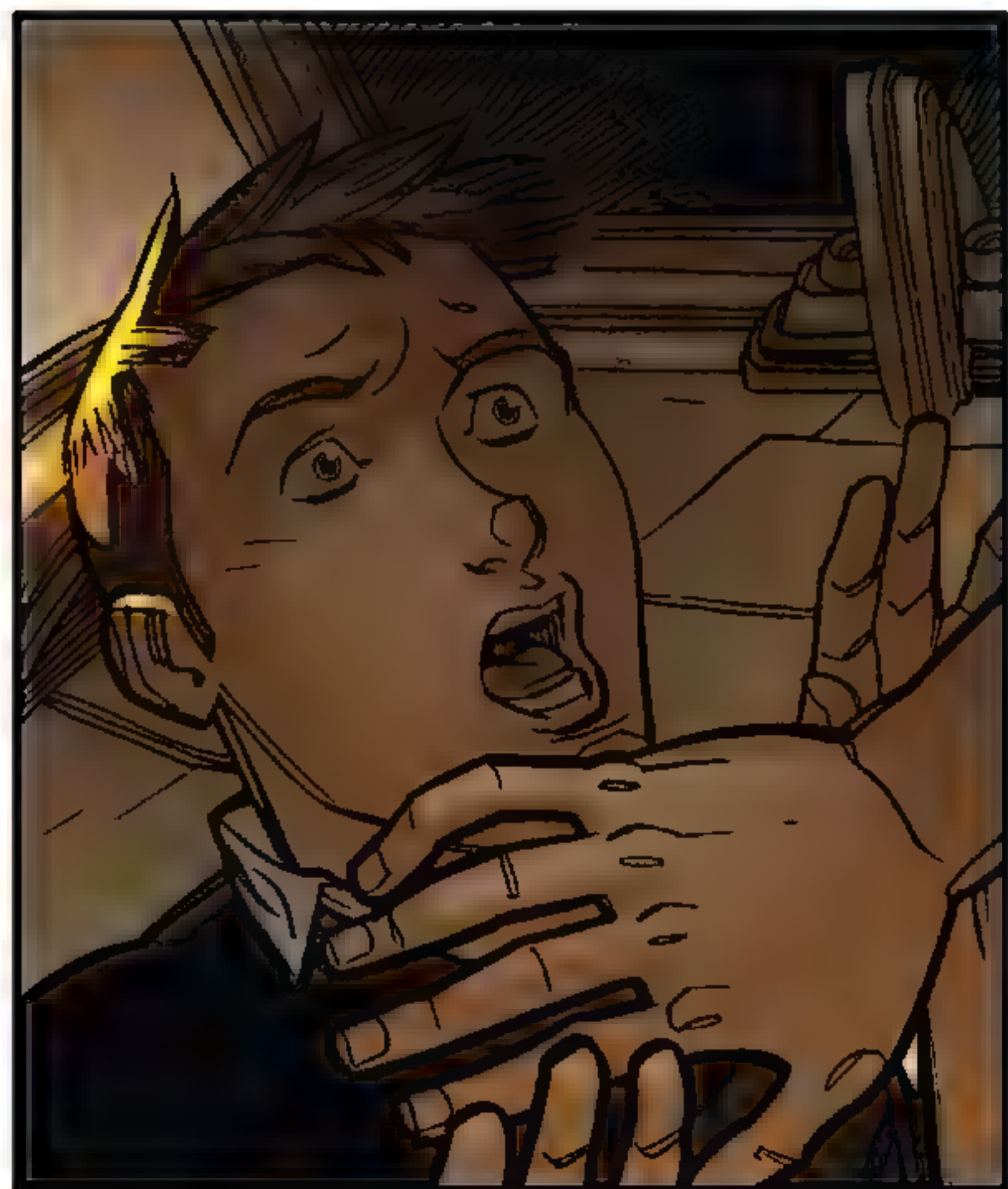














So everyone at school knew she was a mutant.

No, yeah, she wasn't hiding it. We knew who she was. We *knew* she was one of the X-Men.



What did I miss?

Hey. Everything okay?



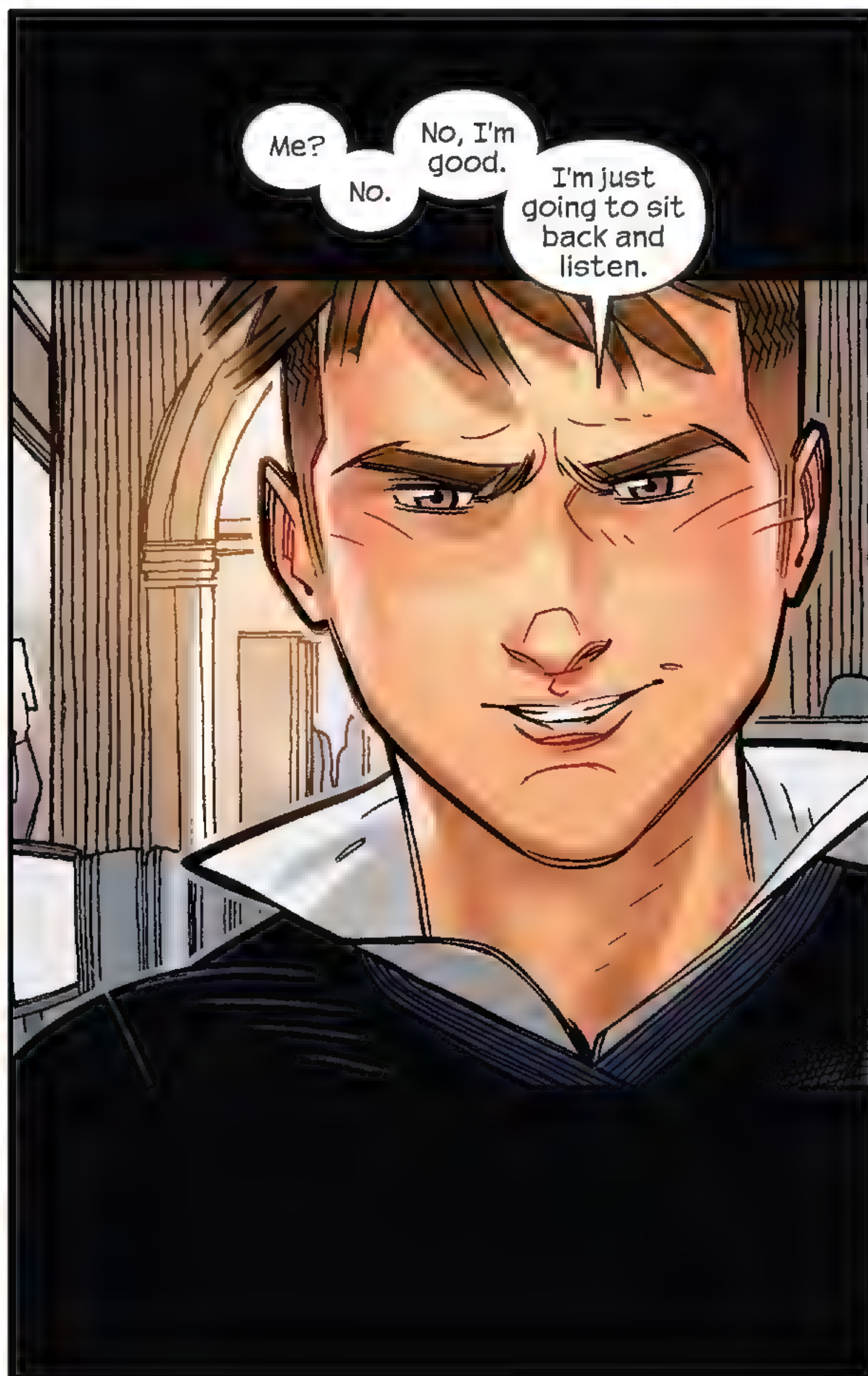
Yeah. Sure.

What are we talking about?

We're just going over Kitty's situation at the school before it all went to hell.

Sure, sure.

You sure you don't want to go on the record, Peter?



Me?

No.

No, I'm good.

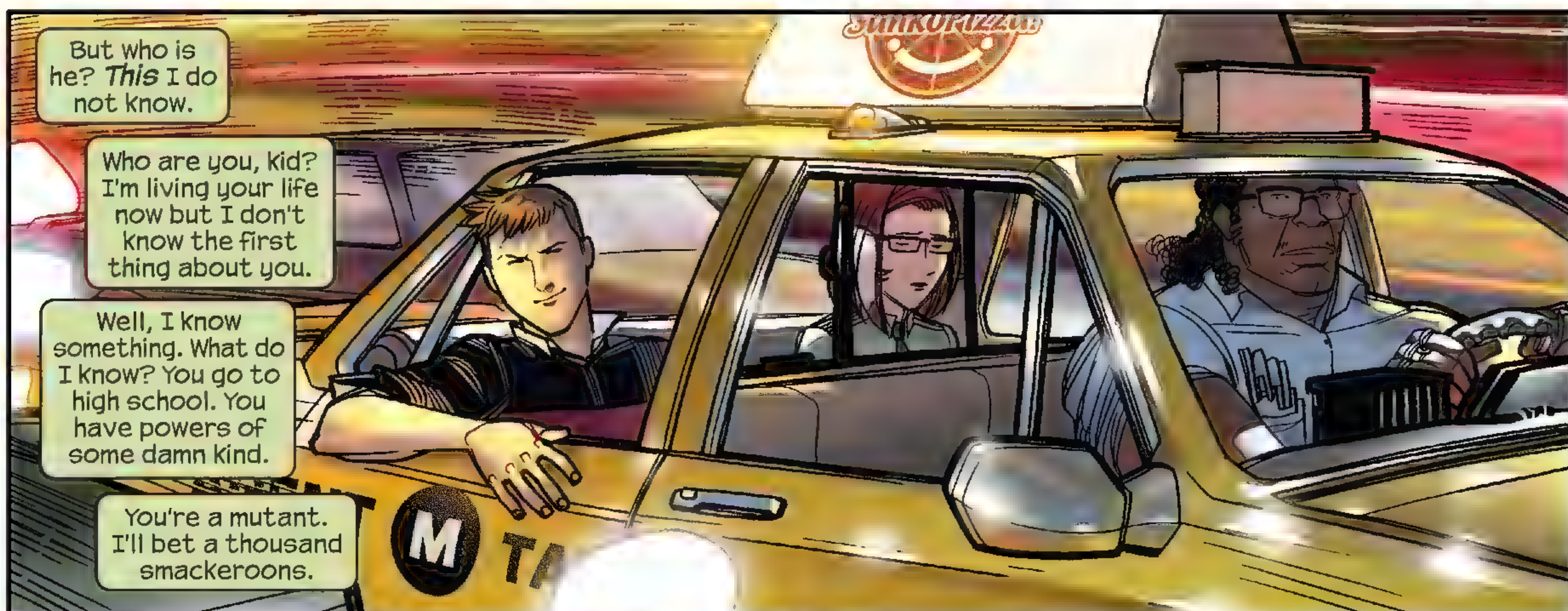
I'm just going to sit back and listen.





I am
not Peter
Parker.

L. Fuente

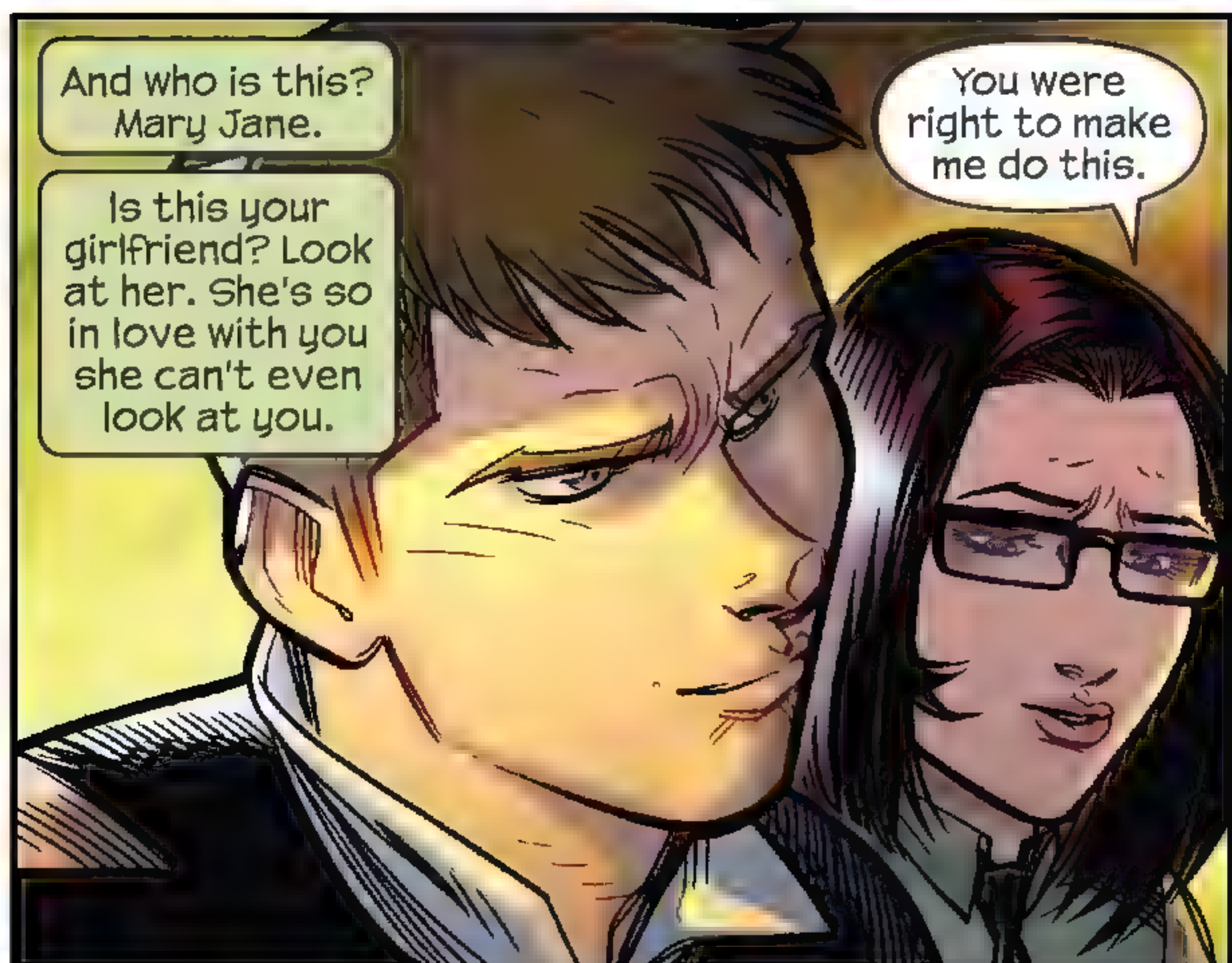


But who is he? *This* I do not know.

Who are you, kid? I'm living your life now but I don't know the first thing about you.

Well, I know something. What do I know? You go to high school. You have powers of some damn kind.

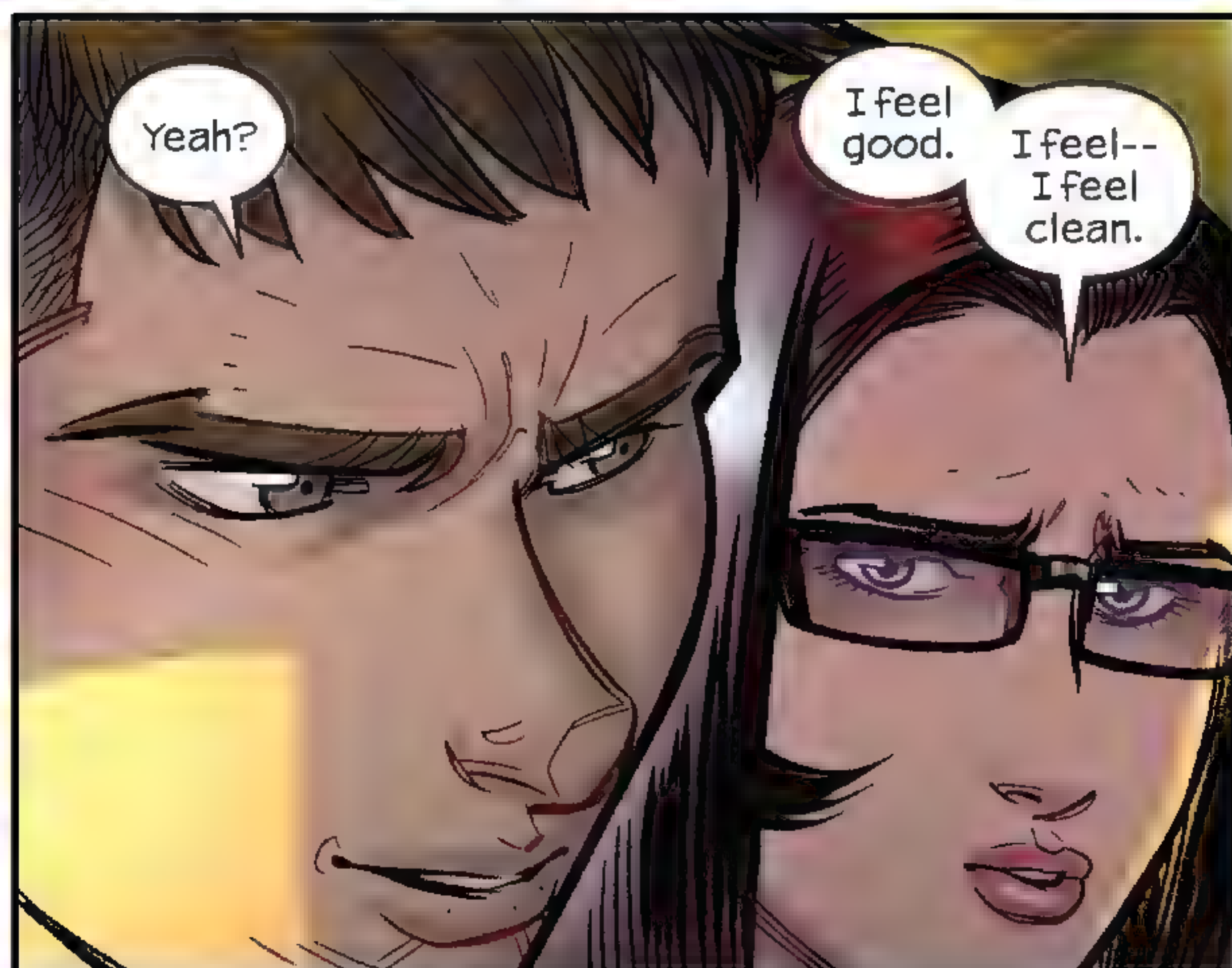
You're a mutant. I'll bet a thousand smackeroons.



And who is this? Mary Jane.

Is this your girlfriend? Look at her. She's so in love with you she can't even look at you.

You were right to make me do this.



Yeah?

I feel good.

I feel-- I feel clean.



Yeah?

Yeah. Kitty's out there somewhere. She needs our help.

Her story needs to be told.

And man, newspapers are exciting. Newsrooms. It's--I love it.

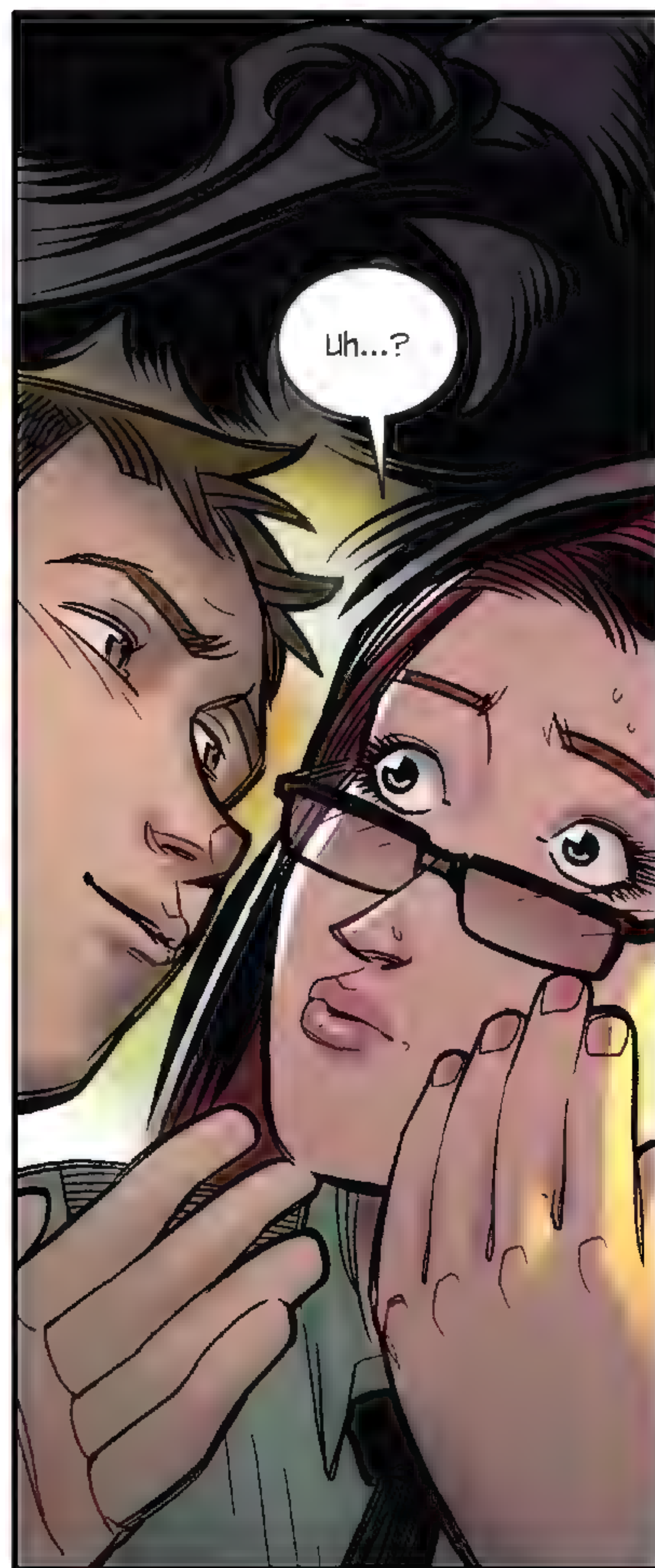
Sure.

I could see myself doing that, for real.

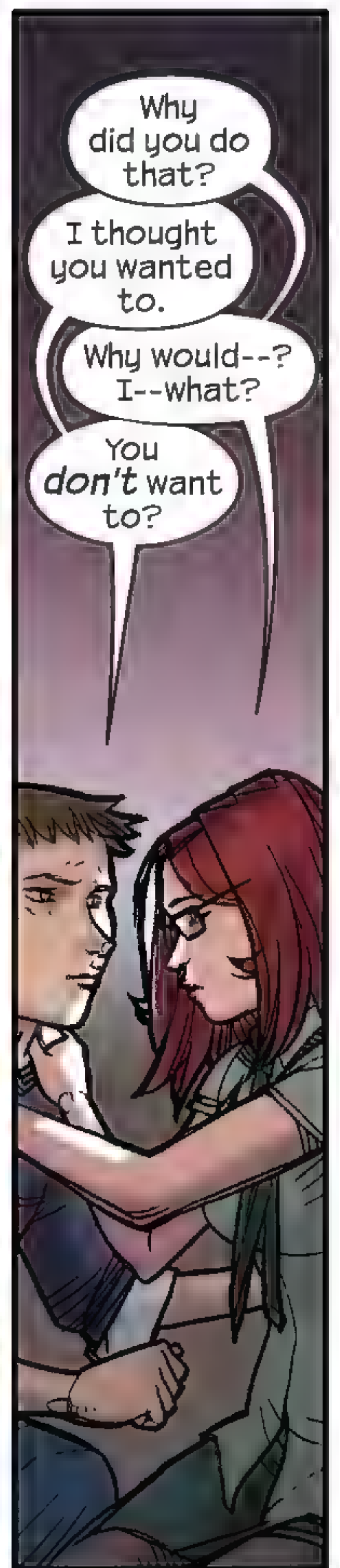
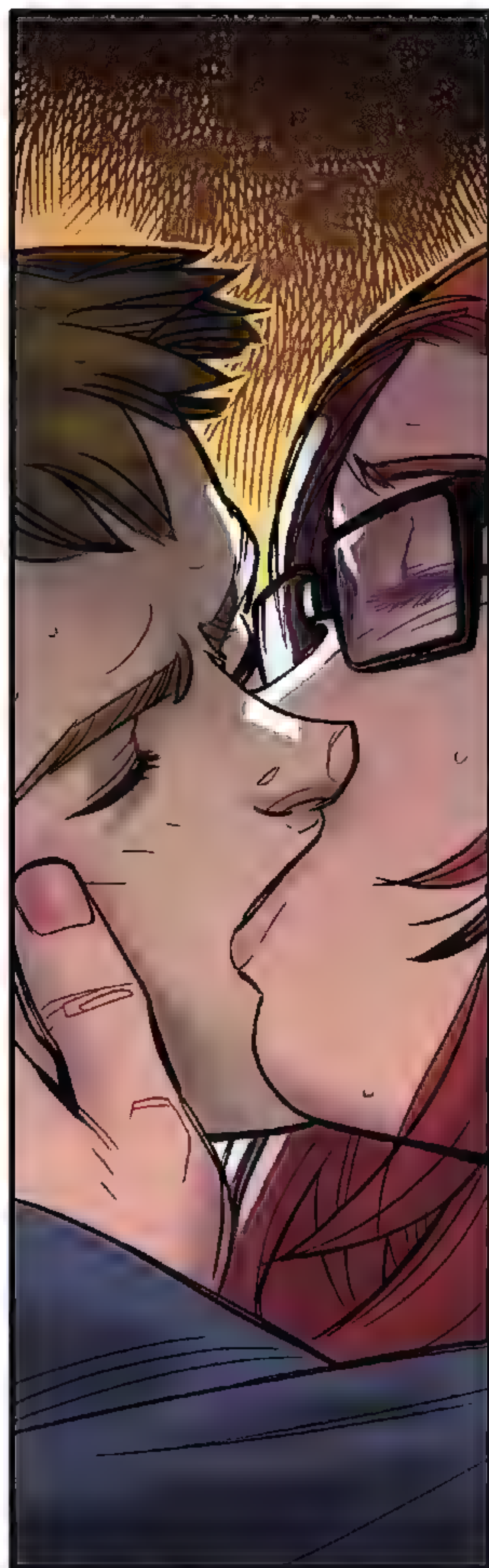
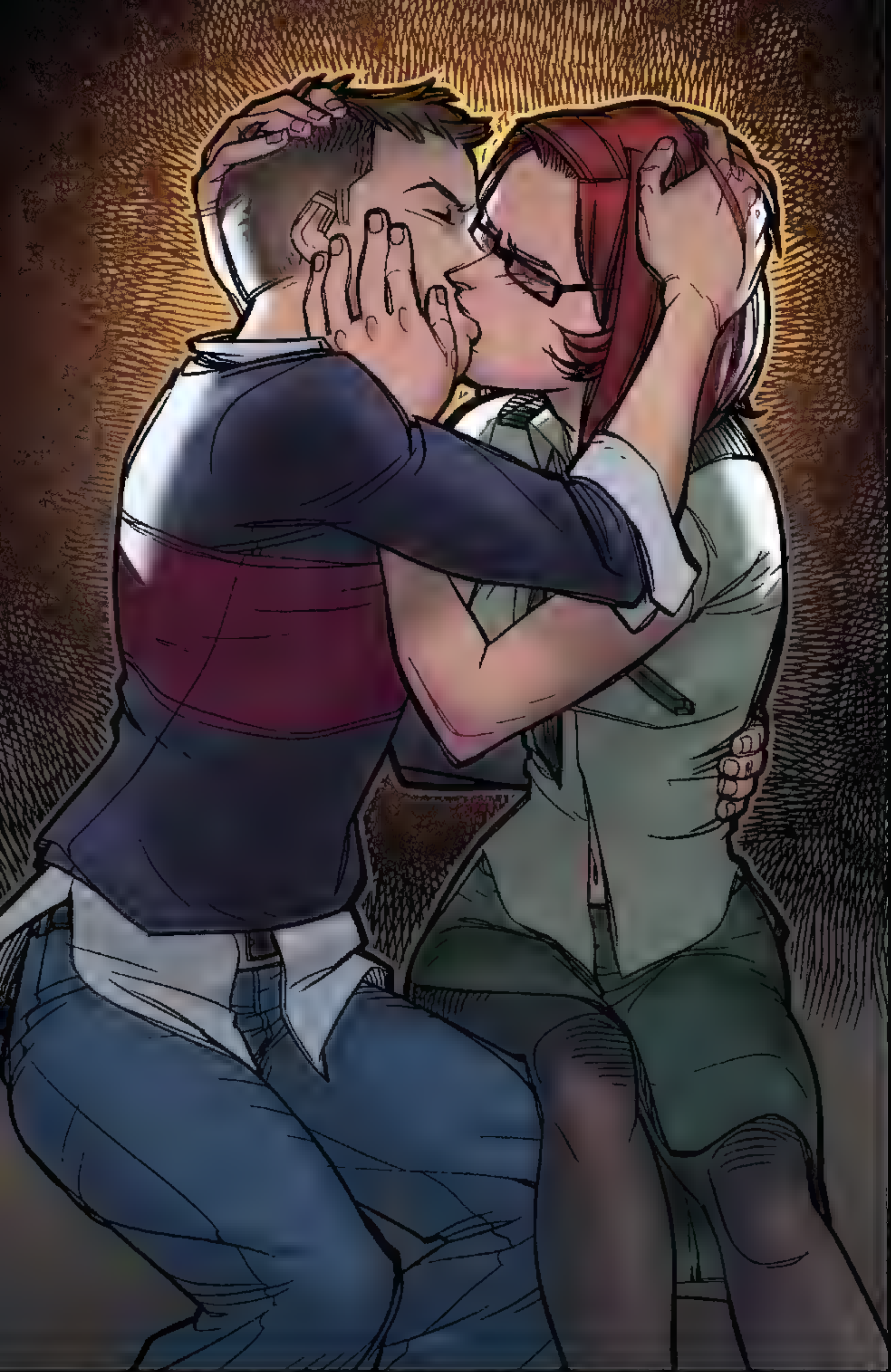
Being a reporter?

Sure.

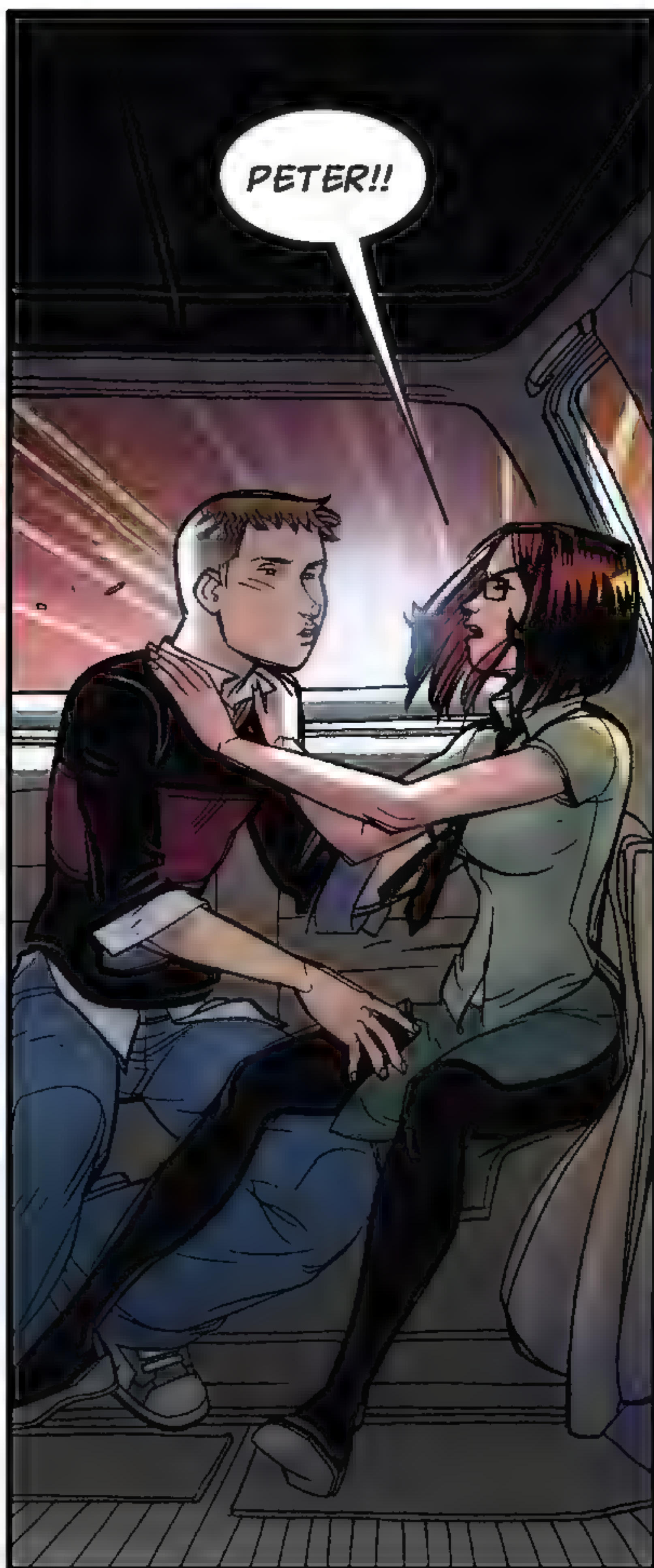
Cool.



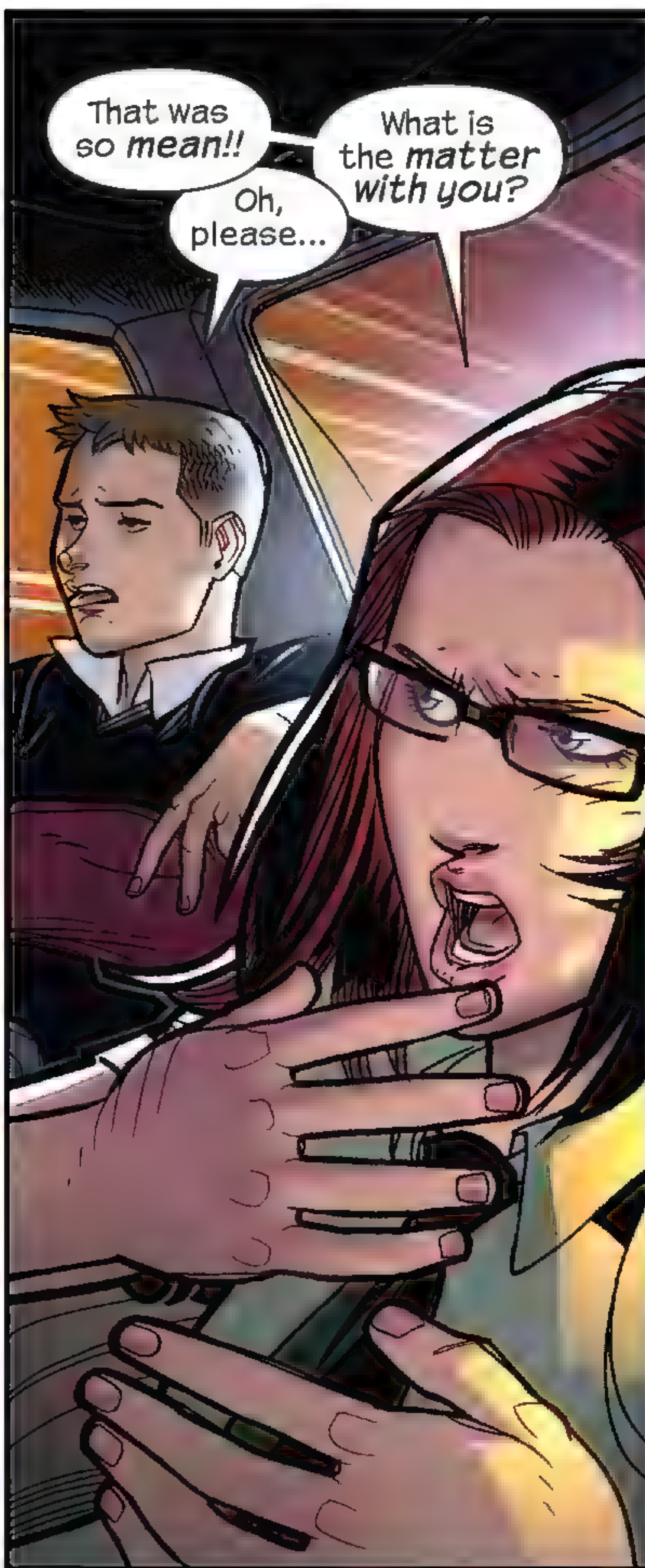
Uh...?



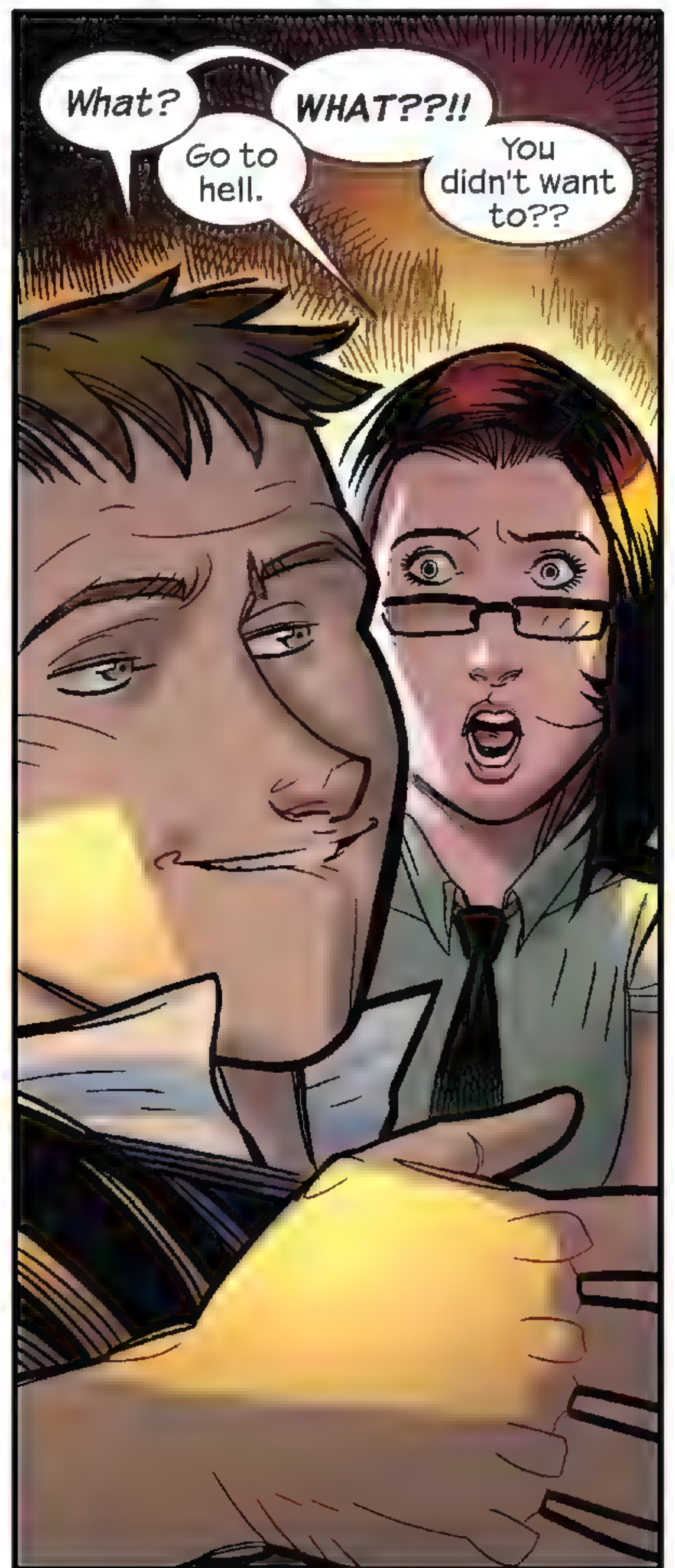
Why did you do that?
I thought you wanted to.
Why would--? I--what?
You *don't* want to?



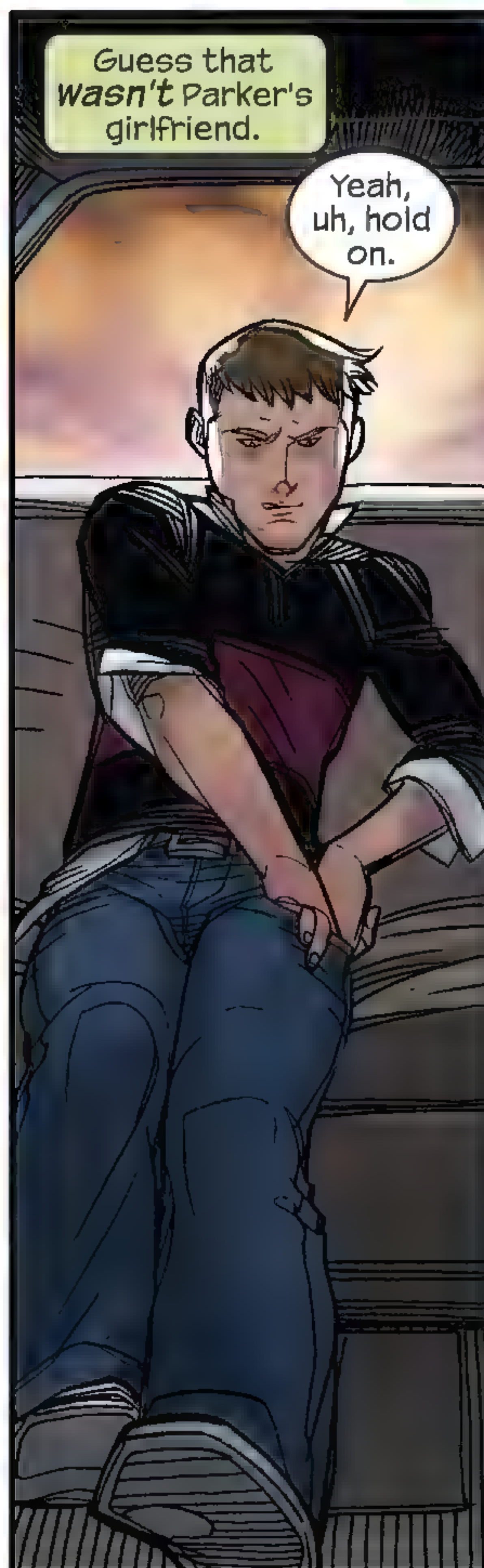
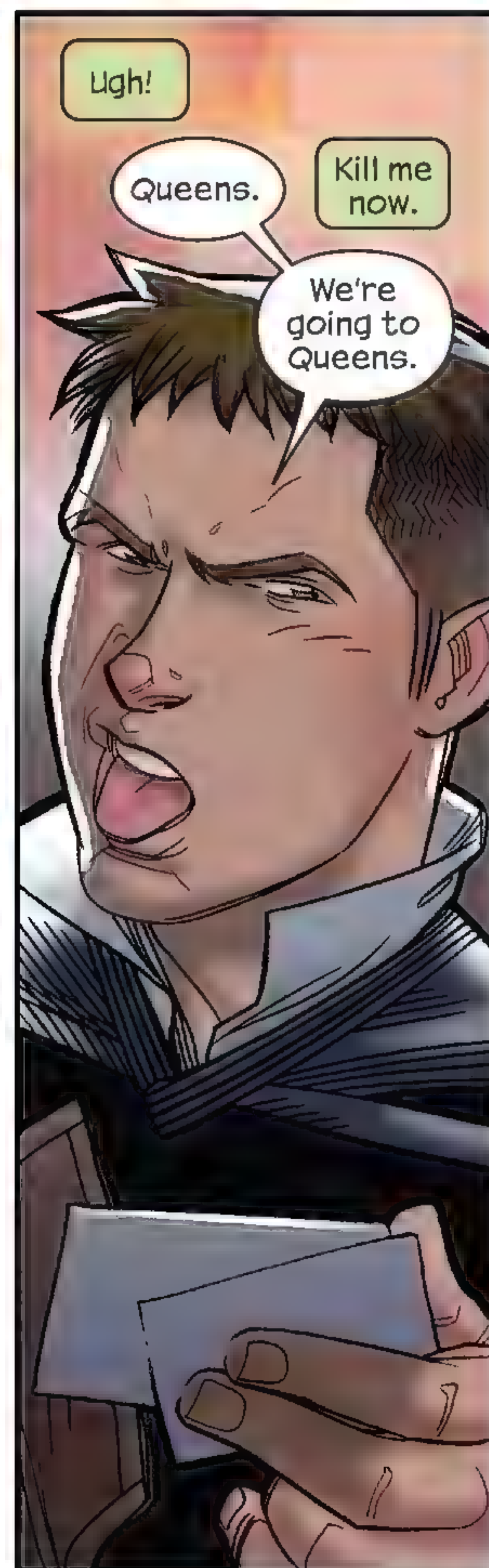
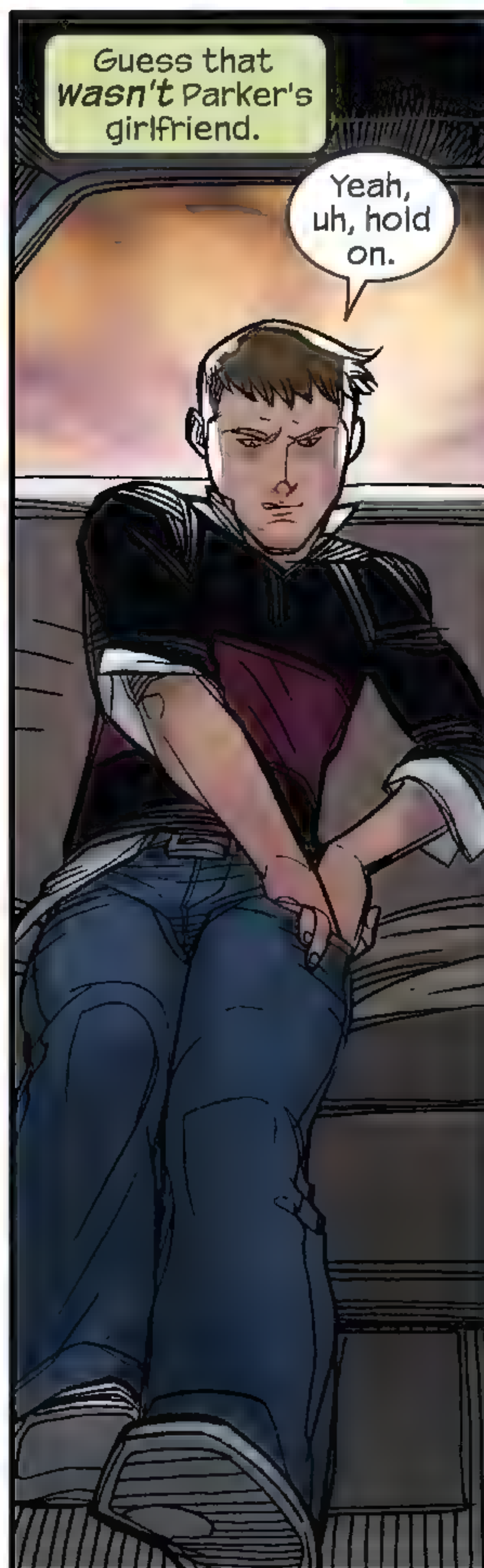
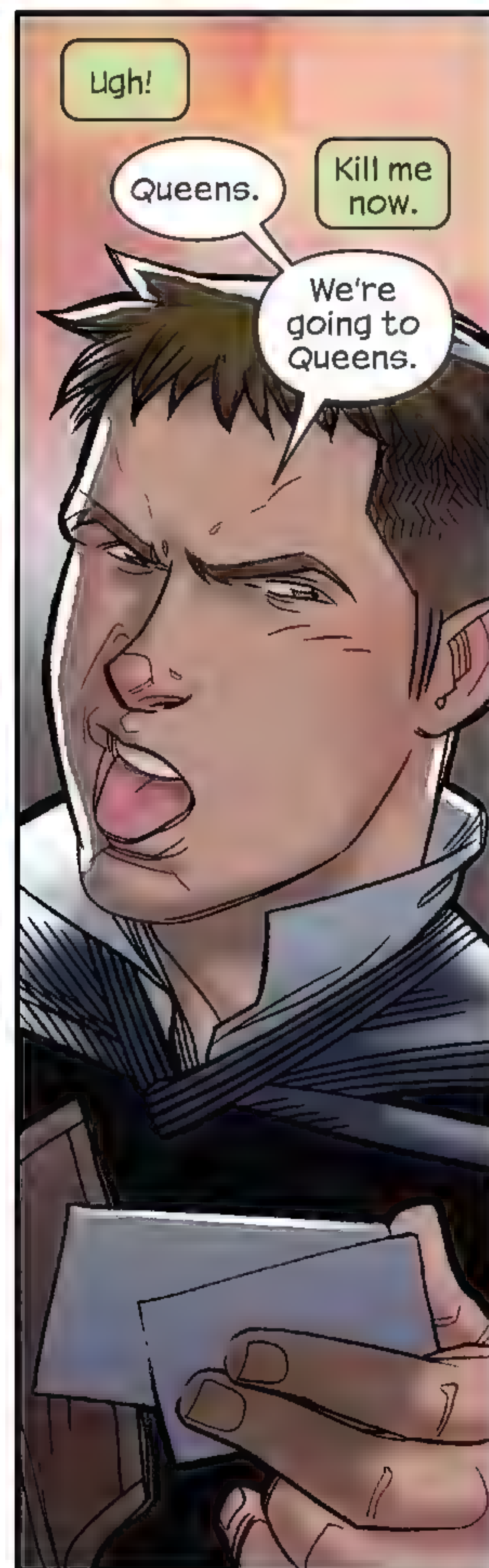
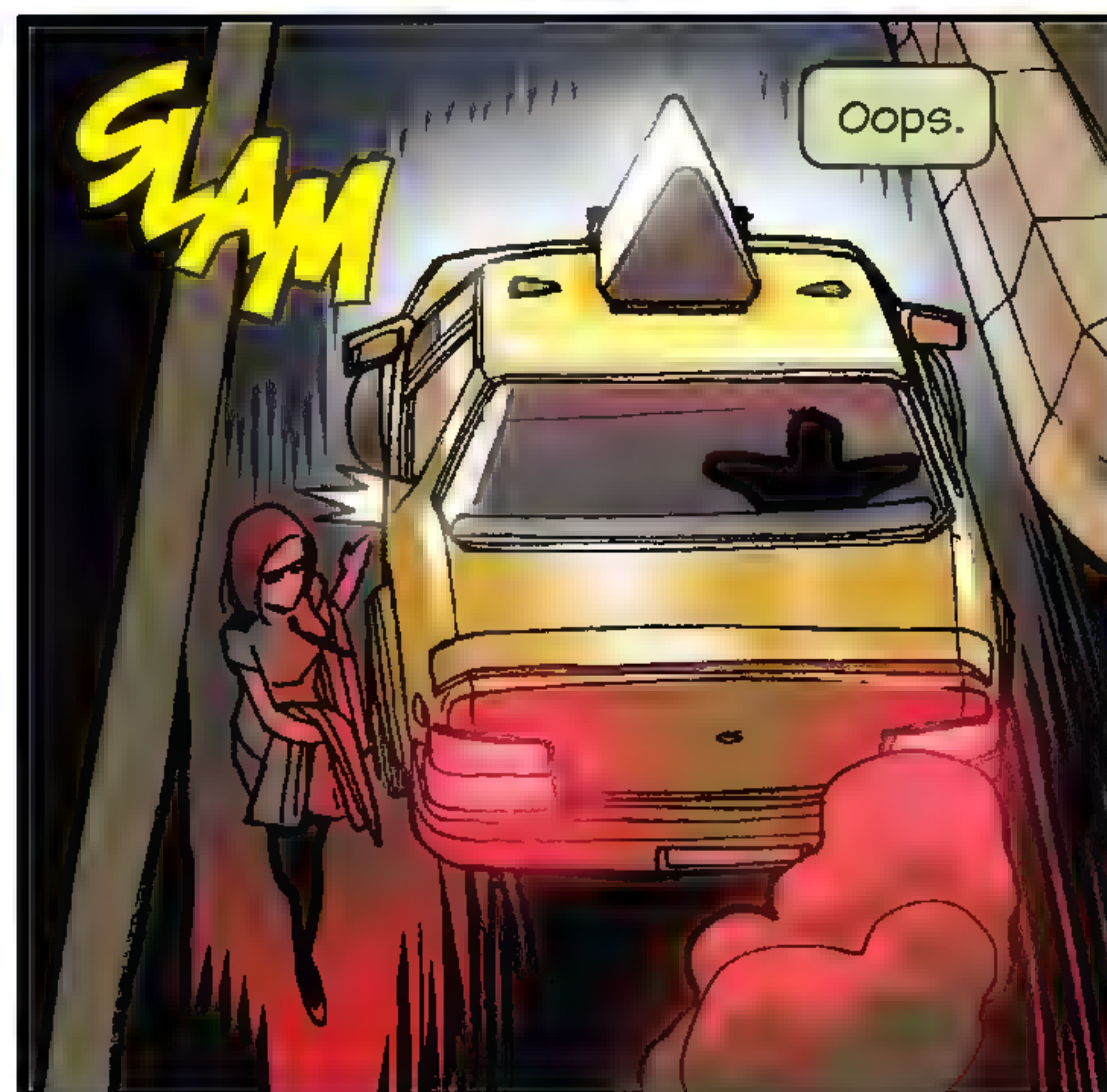
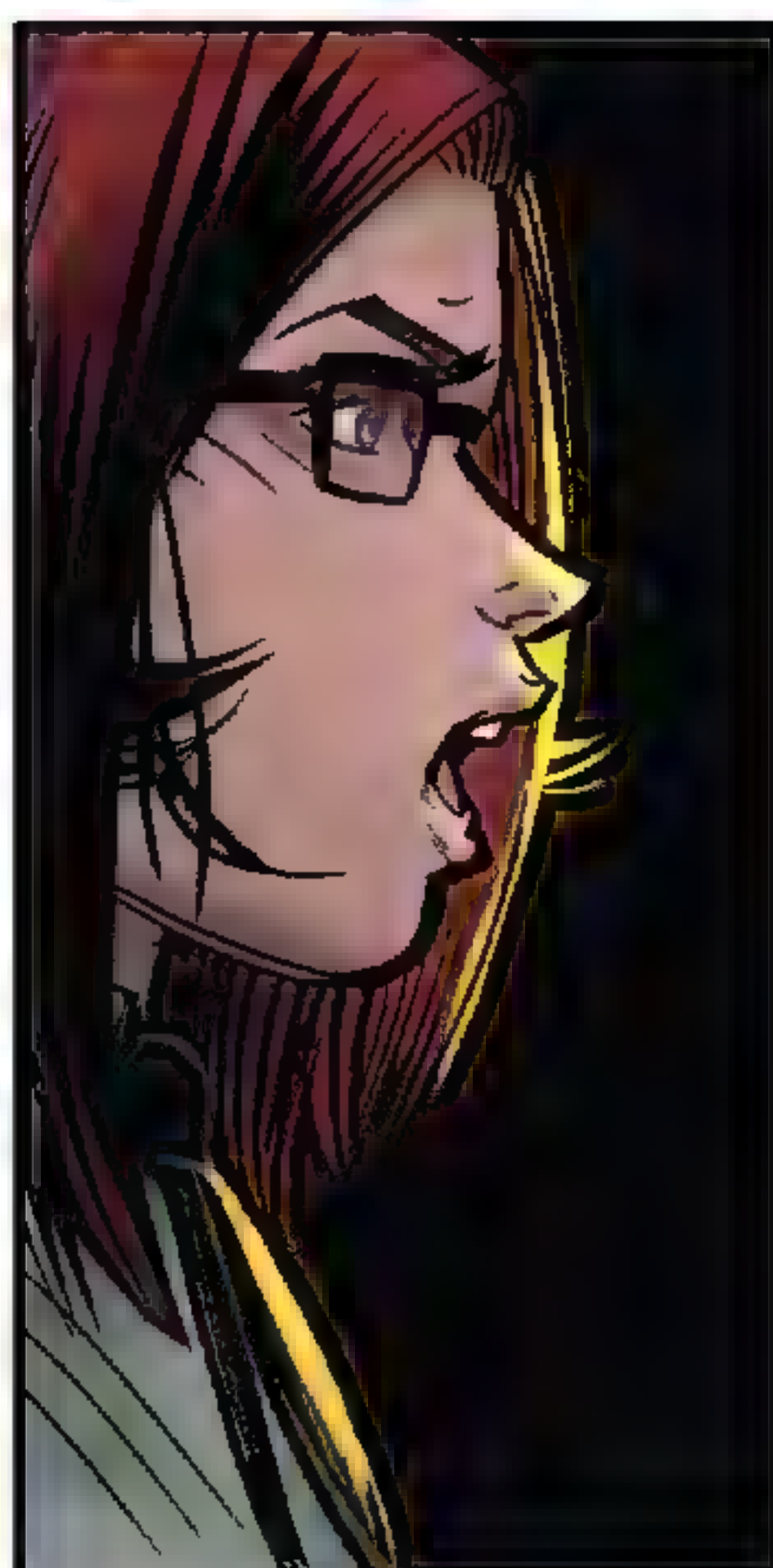
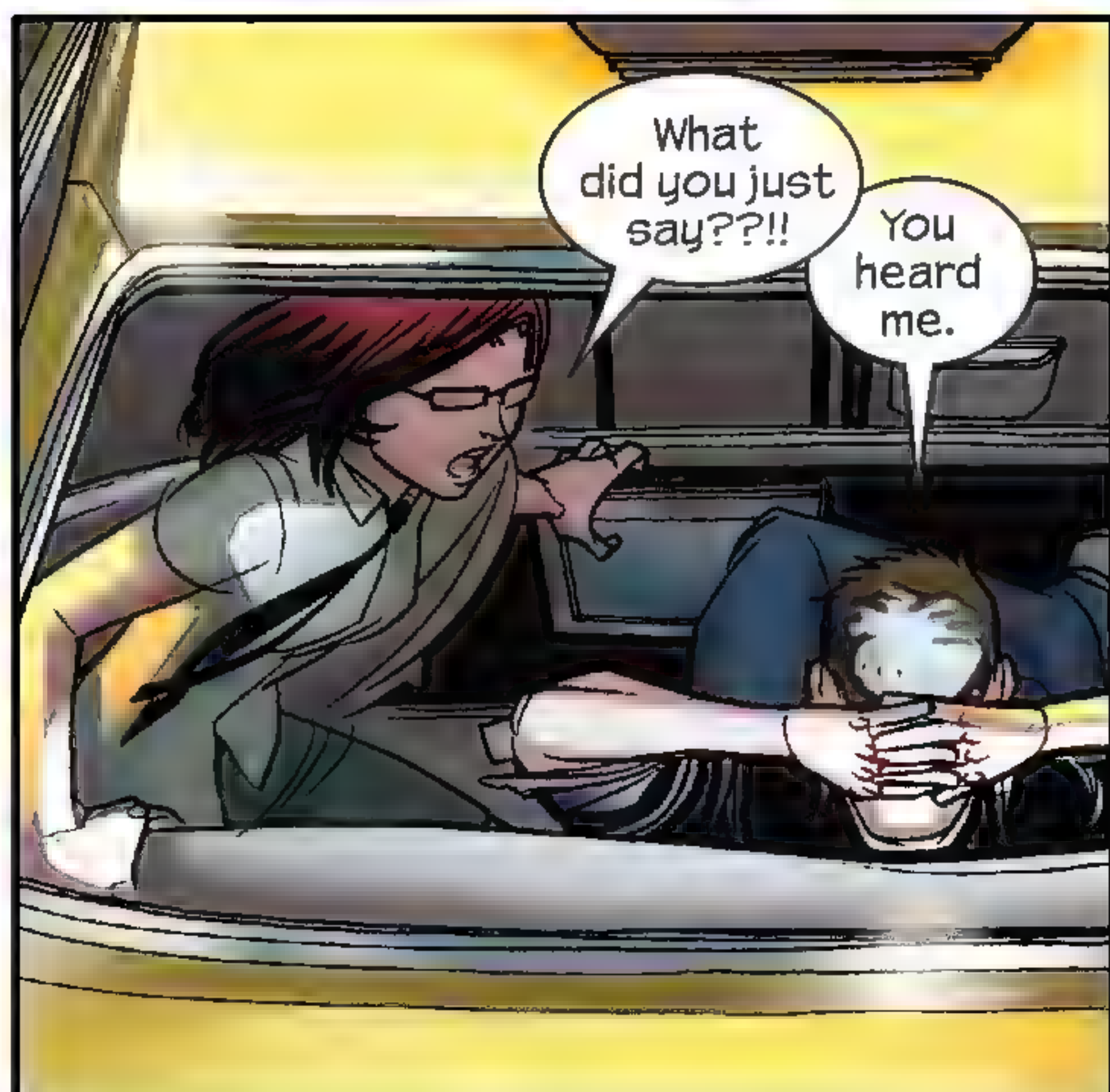
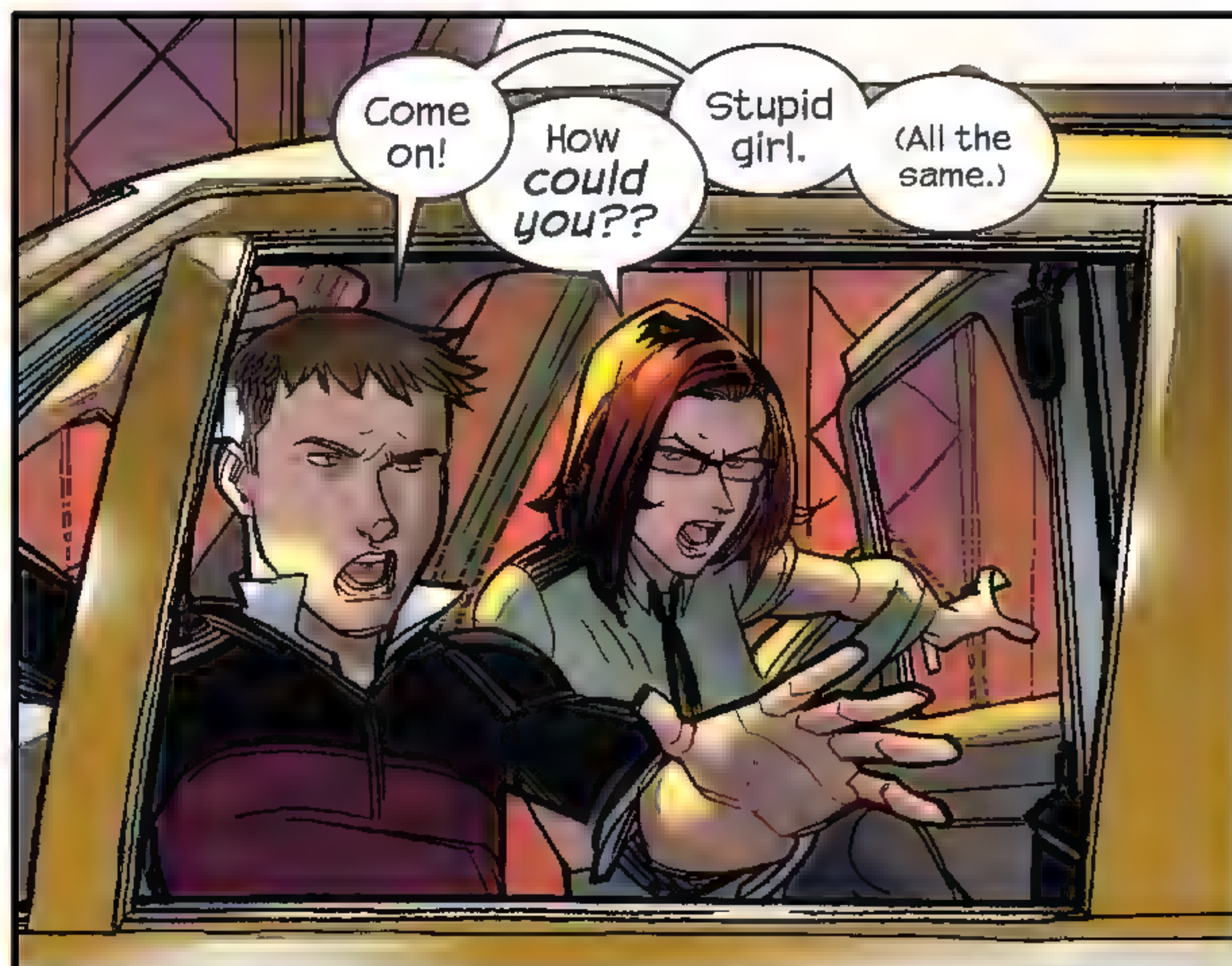
PETER!!

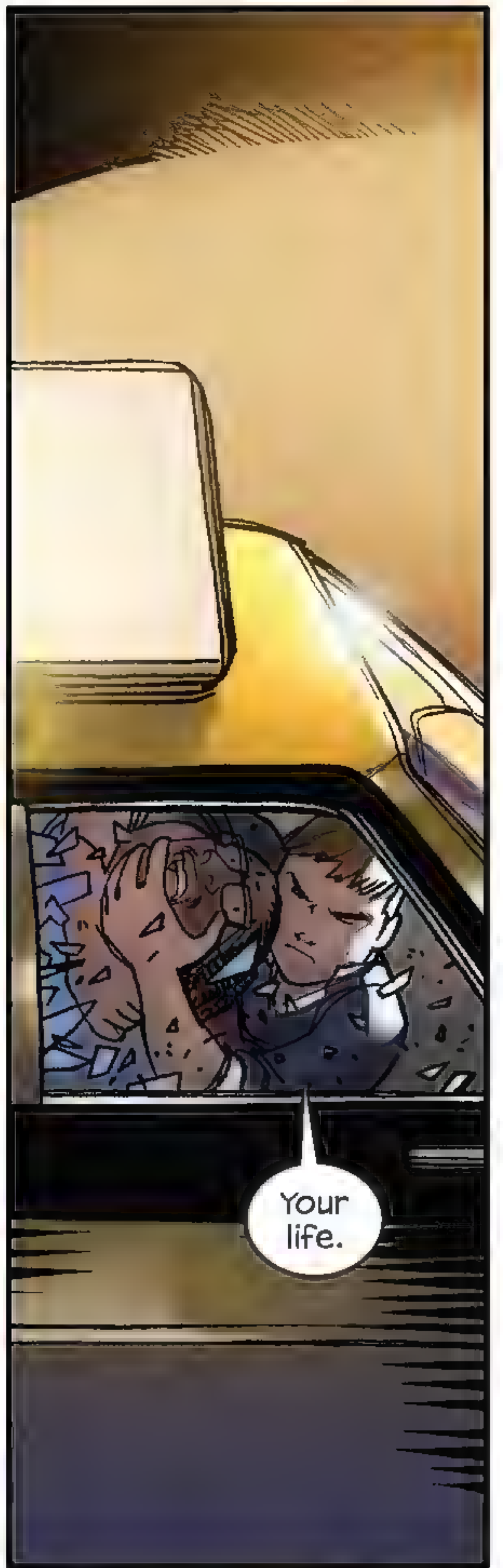


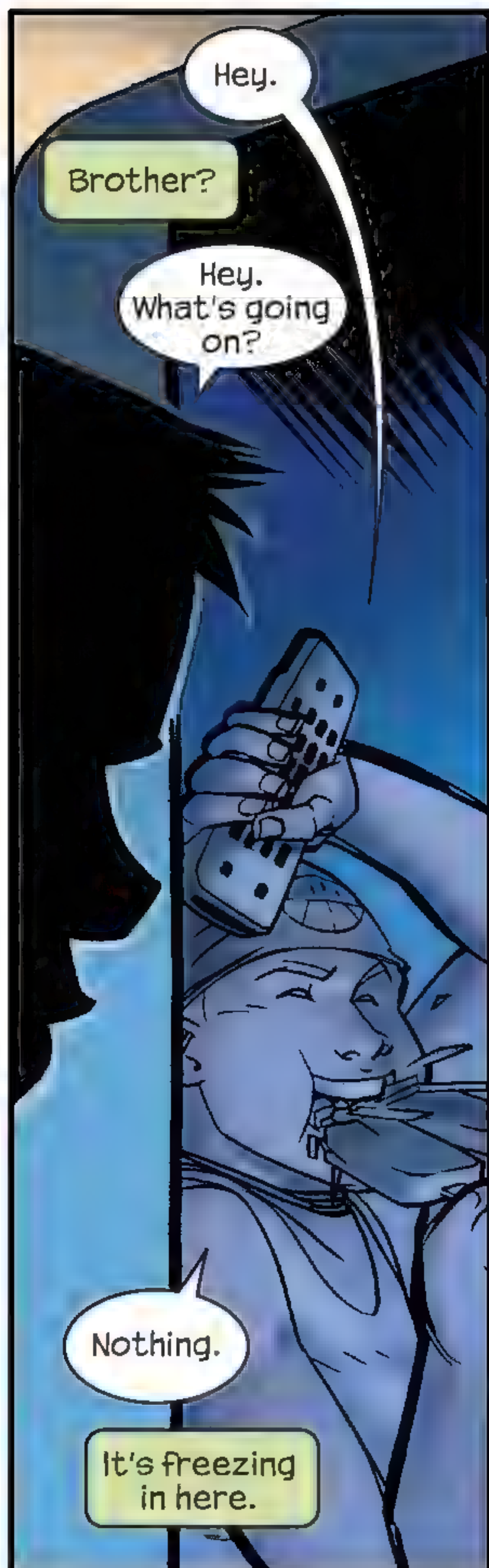
That was so *mean*!!
Oh, please...
What is the *matter* with you?



What?
Go to hell.
WHAT???!
You didn't want to??







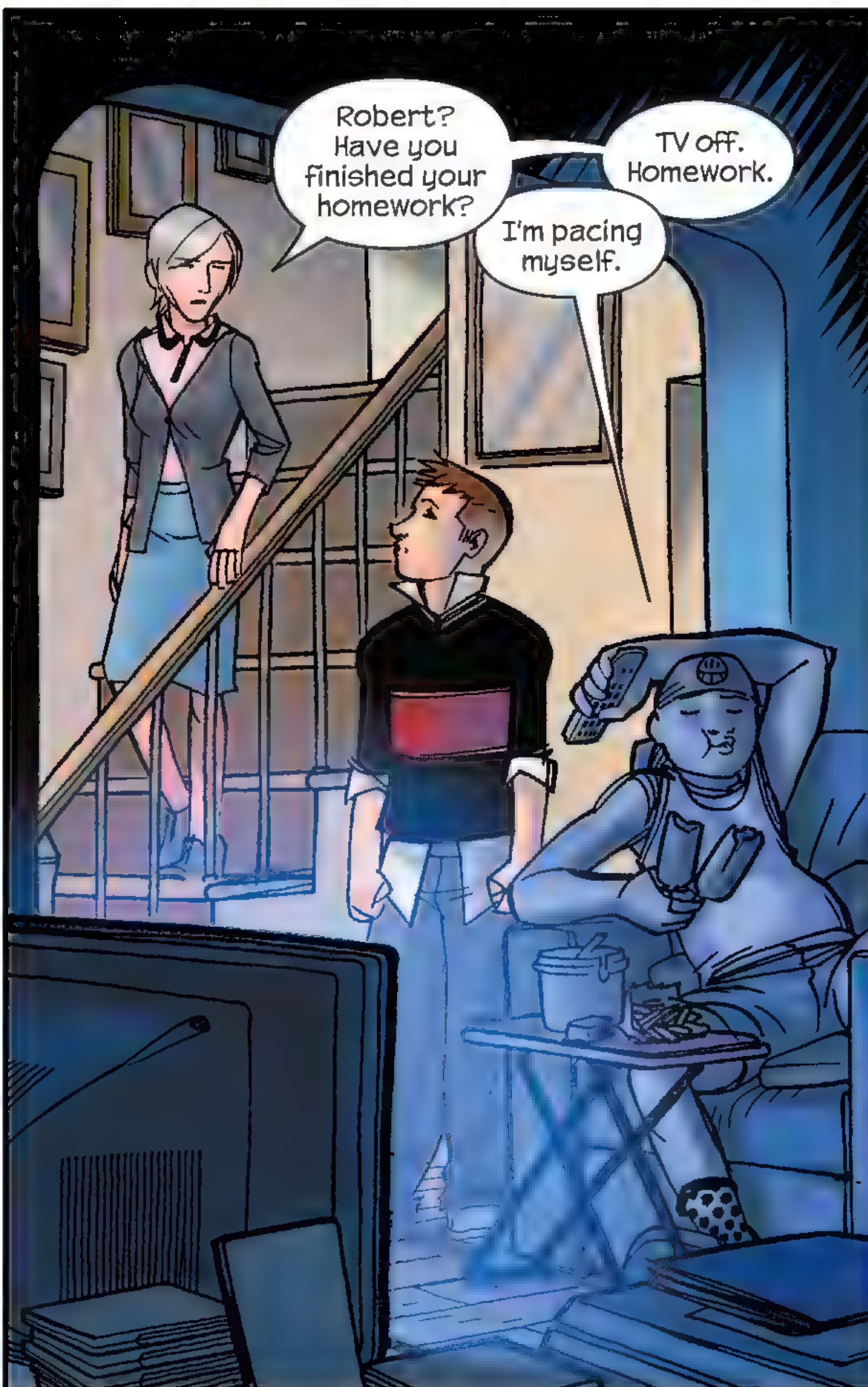
Hey.

Brother?

Hey.
What's going
on?

Nothing.

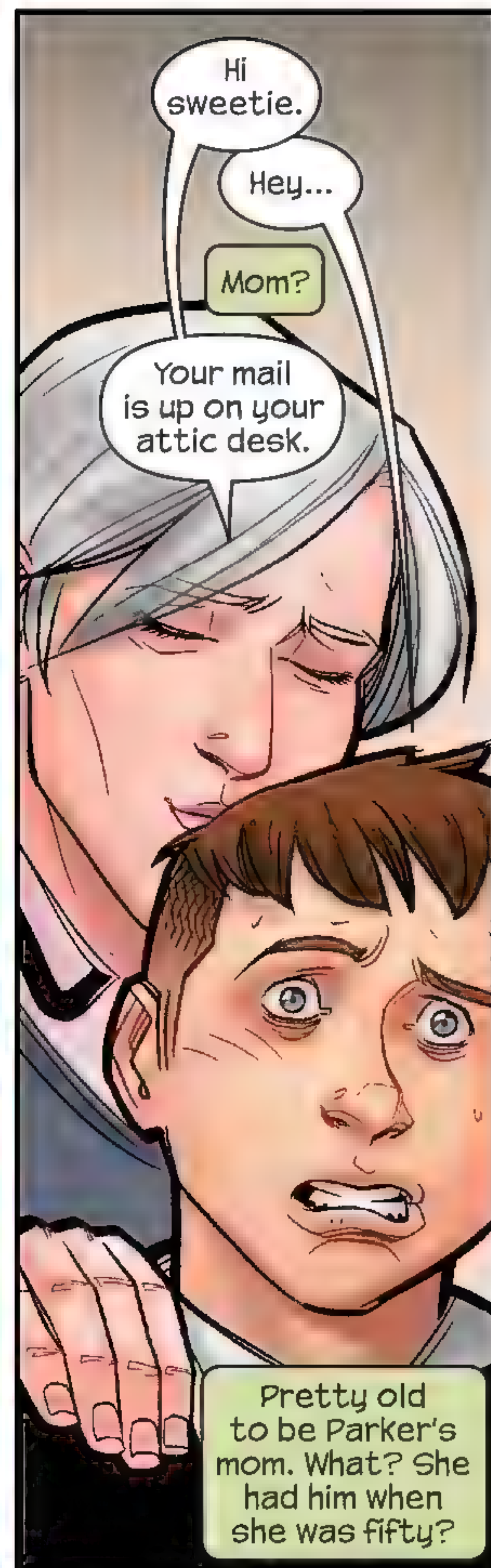
It's freezing
in here.



Robert?
Have you
finished your
homework?

TV off.
Homework.

I'm pacing
myself.



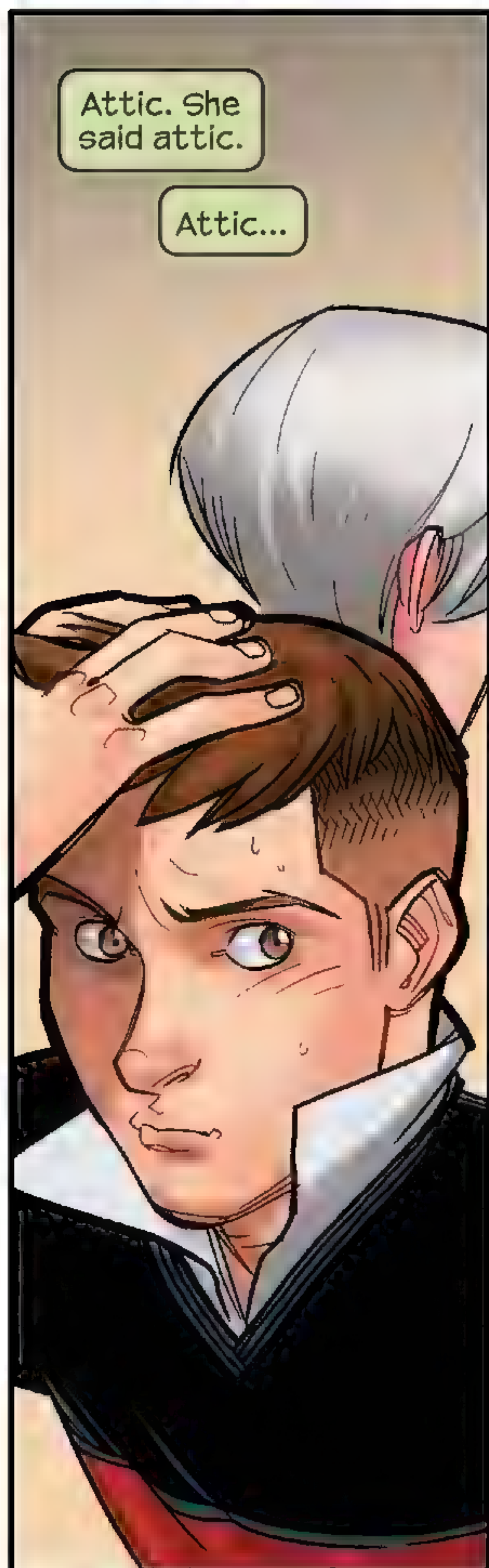
Hi
sweetie.

Hey...

Mom?

Your mail
is up on your
attic desk.

Pretty old
to be Parker's
mom. What? She
had him when
she was fifty?



Attic. She
said attic.

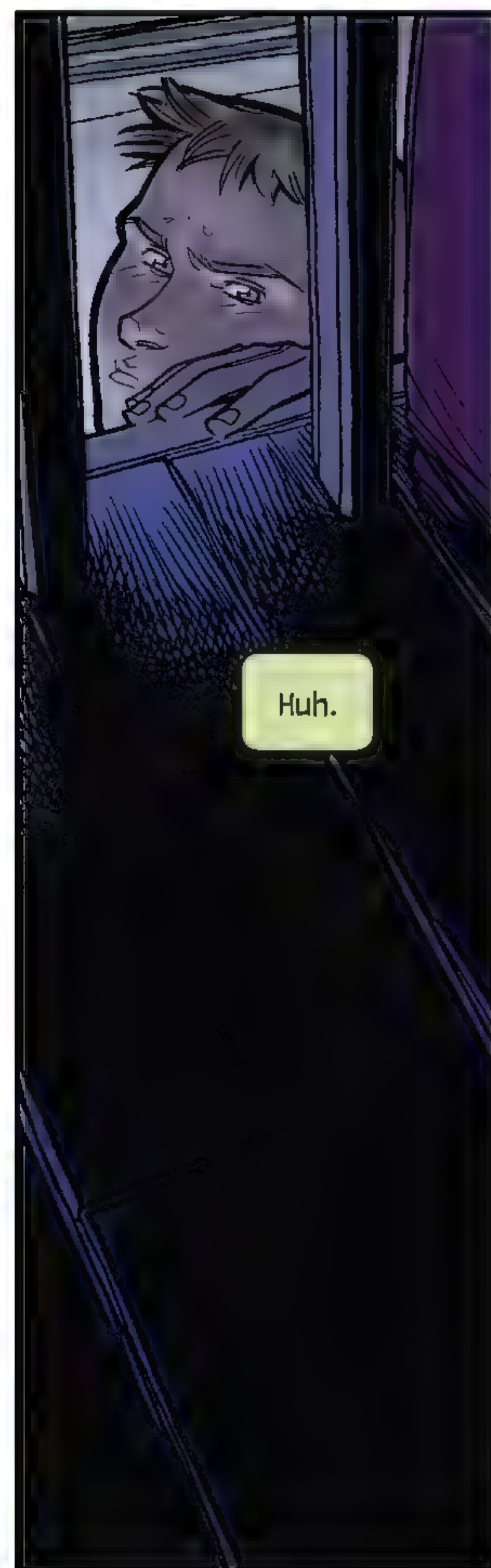
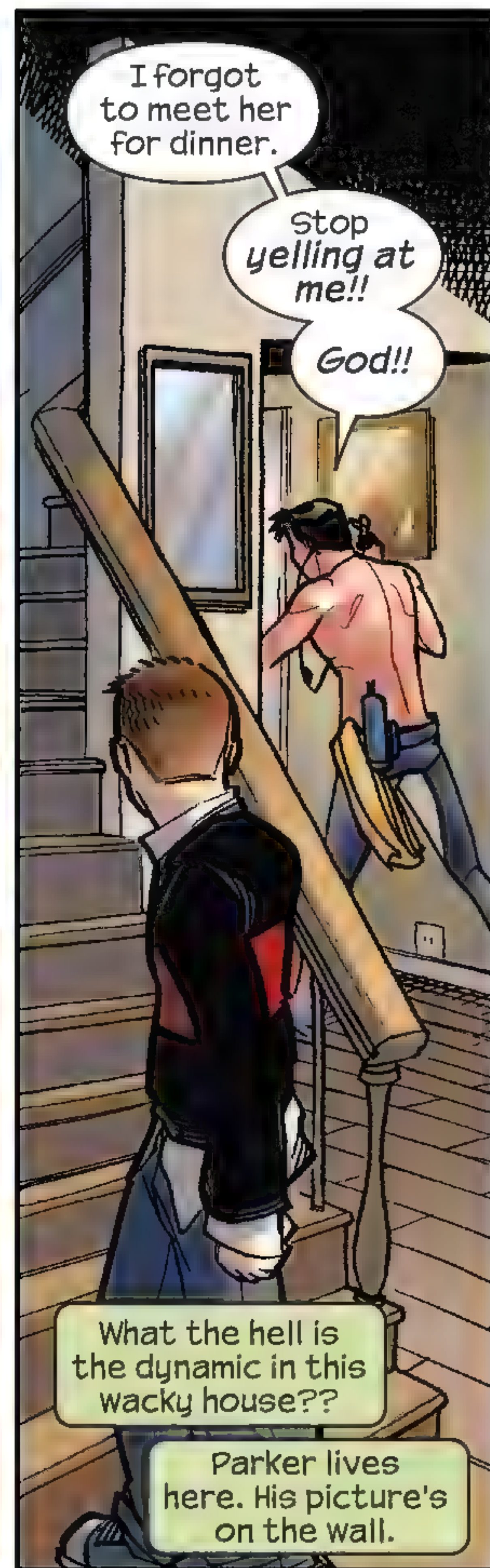
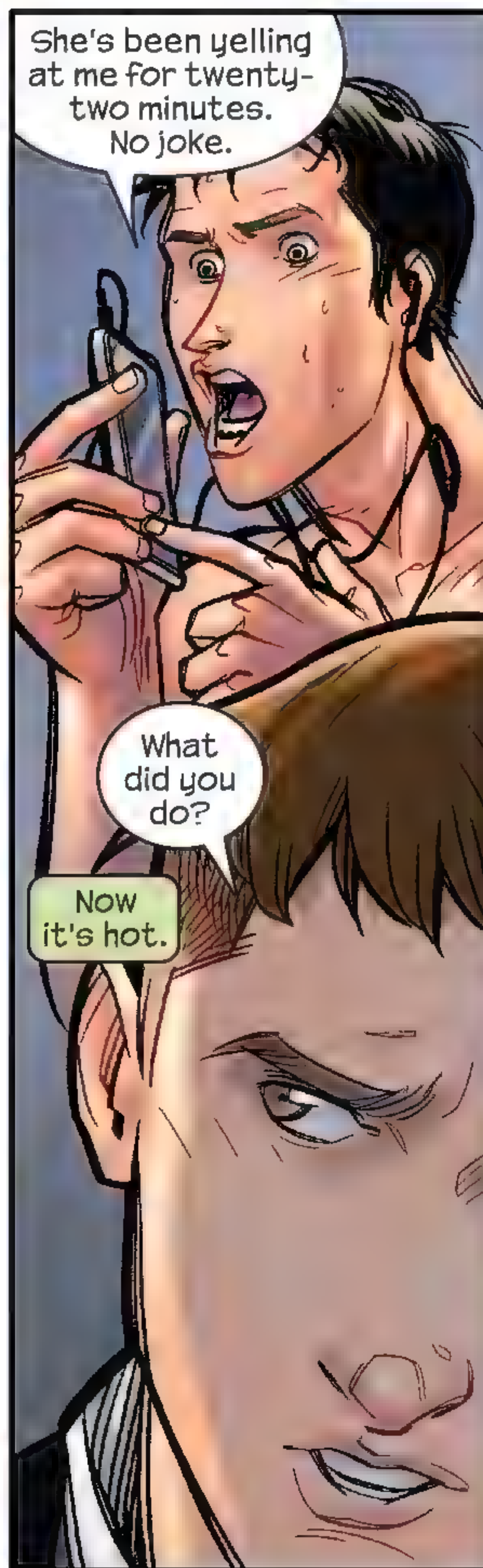
Attic...

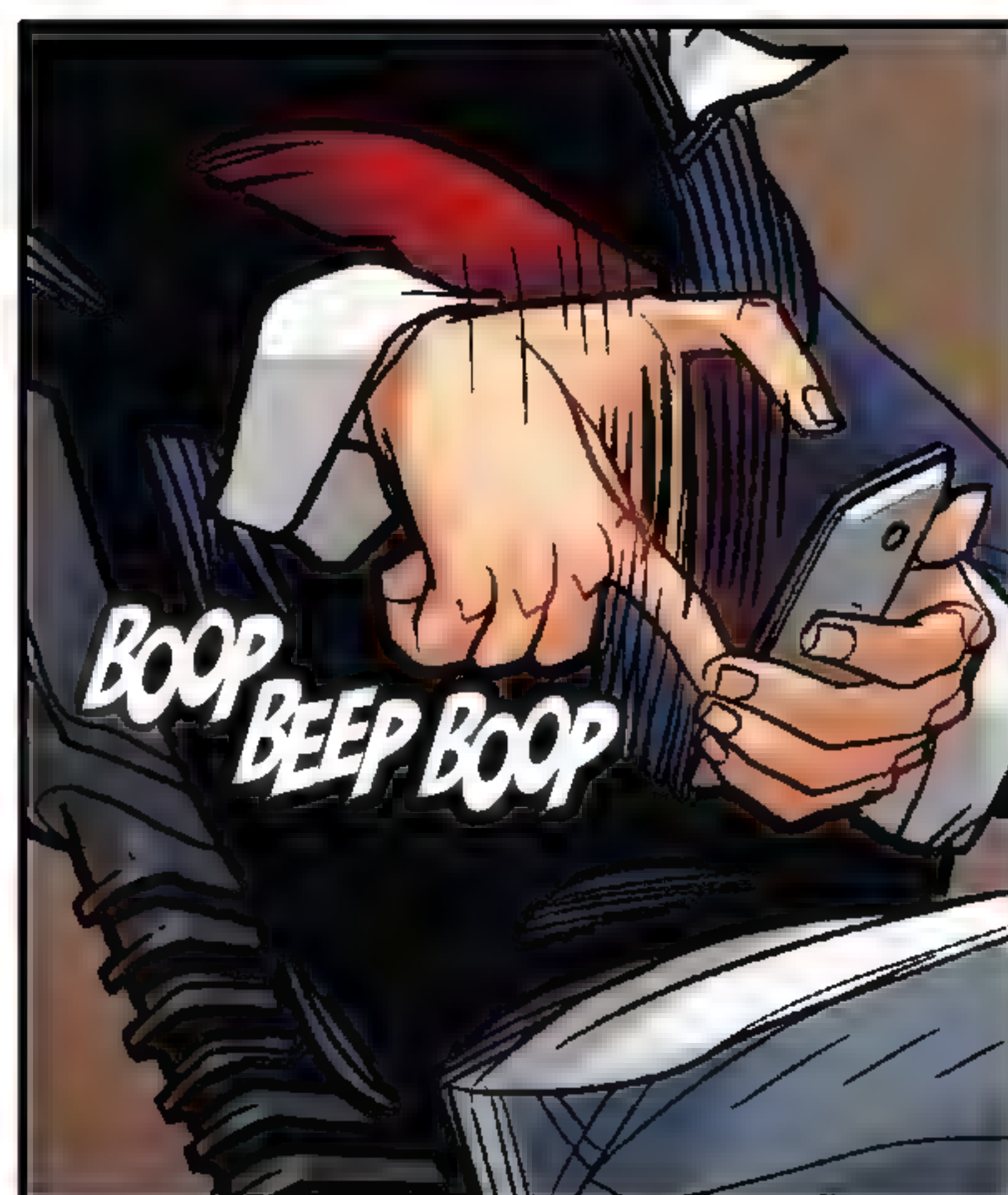
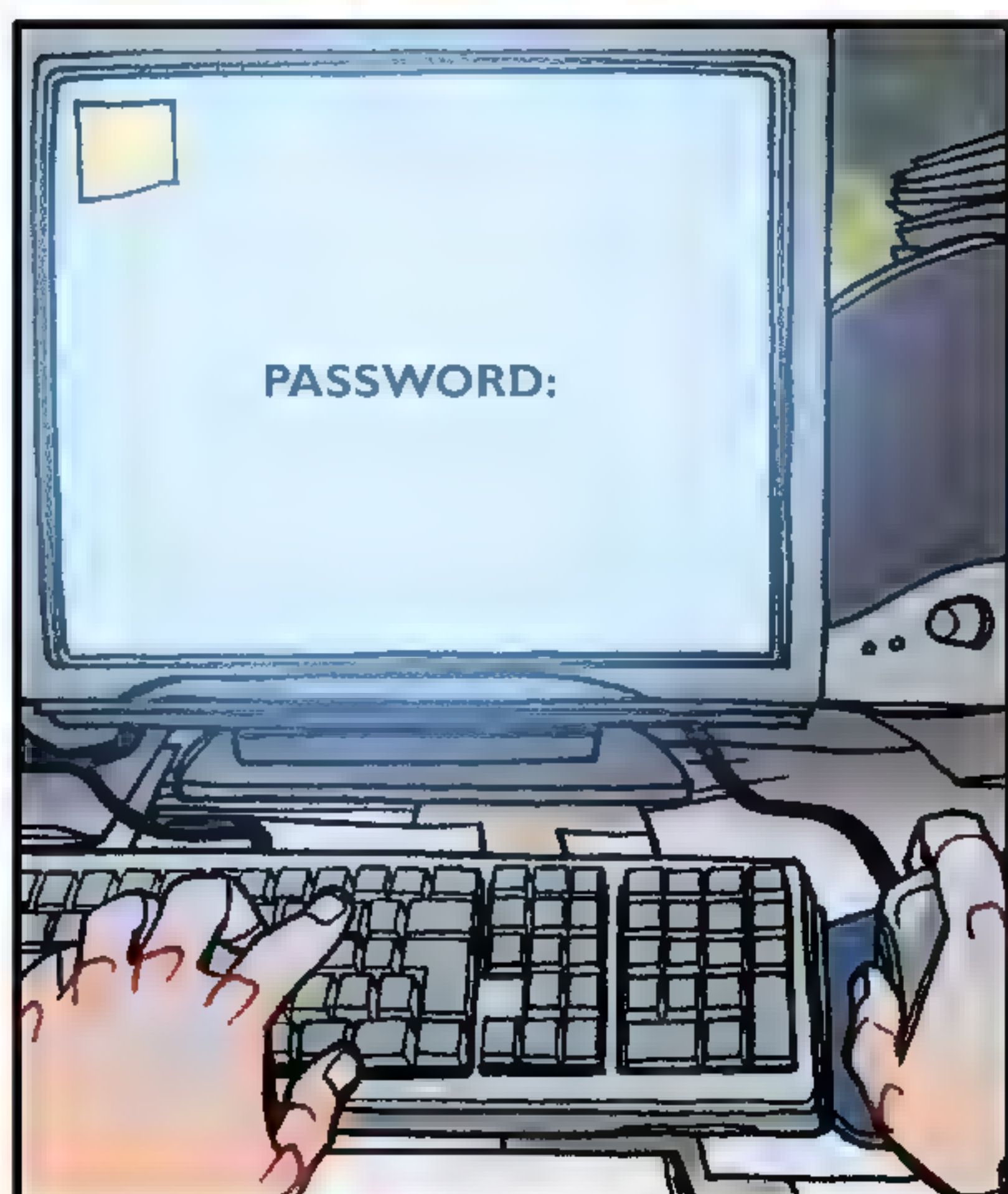
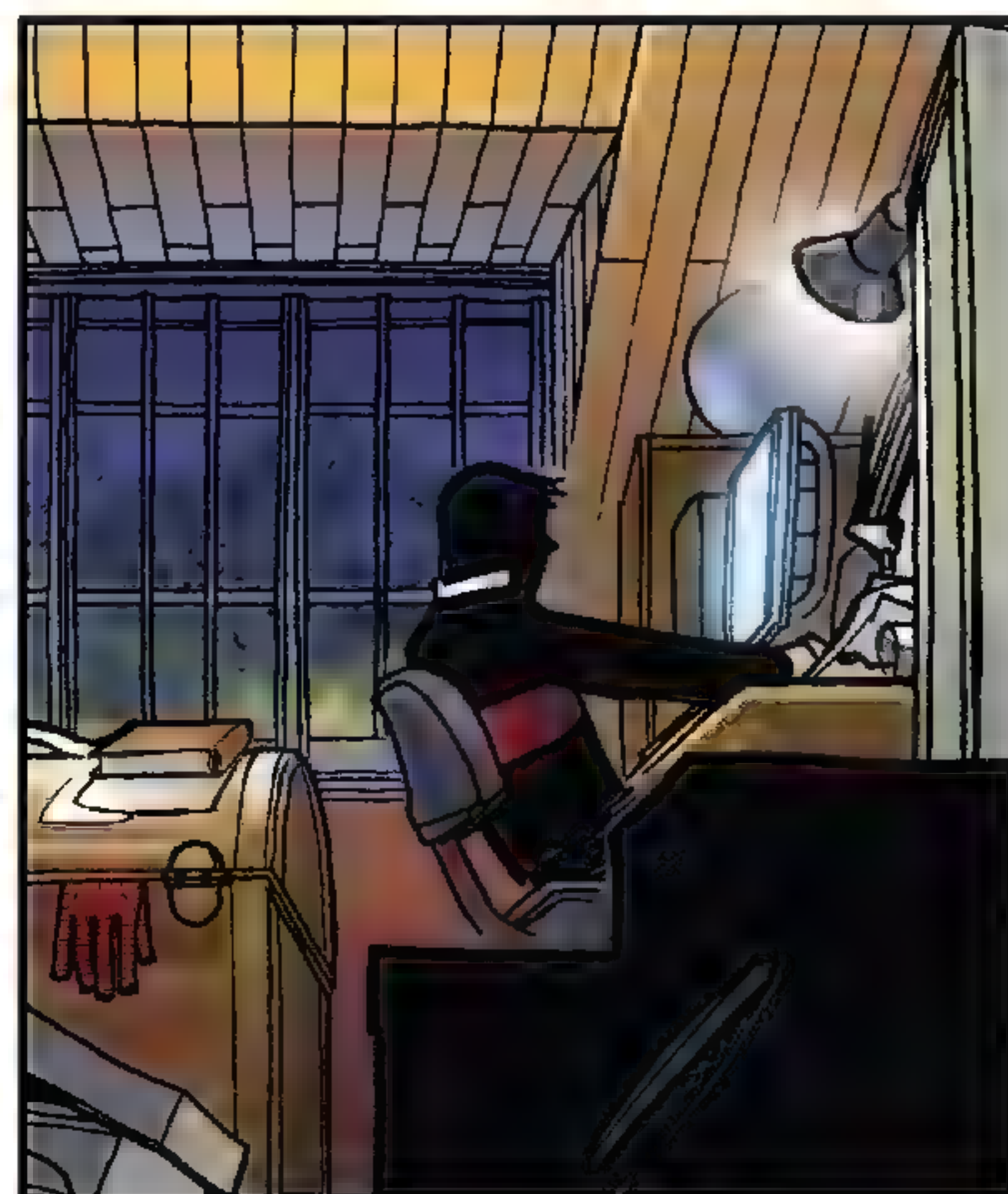


Well,
how do I
know??

Oh, puh-
lease!!

Shut
up!!







Hi. It's me.
Where are you?
I'm in my new home.
And where is it?
Queens.
EW
I know.



Who is this kid and why have you uprooted months of our plans to go off and do this all of a sudden?

Trust me. This kid is someone.

Someone worth more to us than the J. Jonah Jameson?

There's something here.

How's the real Parker doing?

He's out. And he'll stay out.



Maybe put him and Jameson in a room together and see what they tell us.

Now you tell me.

What?

They are both out cold for the next couple of days. Nothing I can do about it now.

Oh well, I'll have to make do with what I have here.

What do you have?

A high school flashback nightmare.



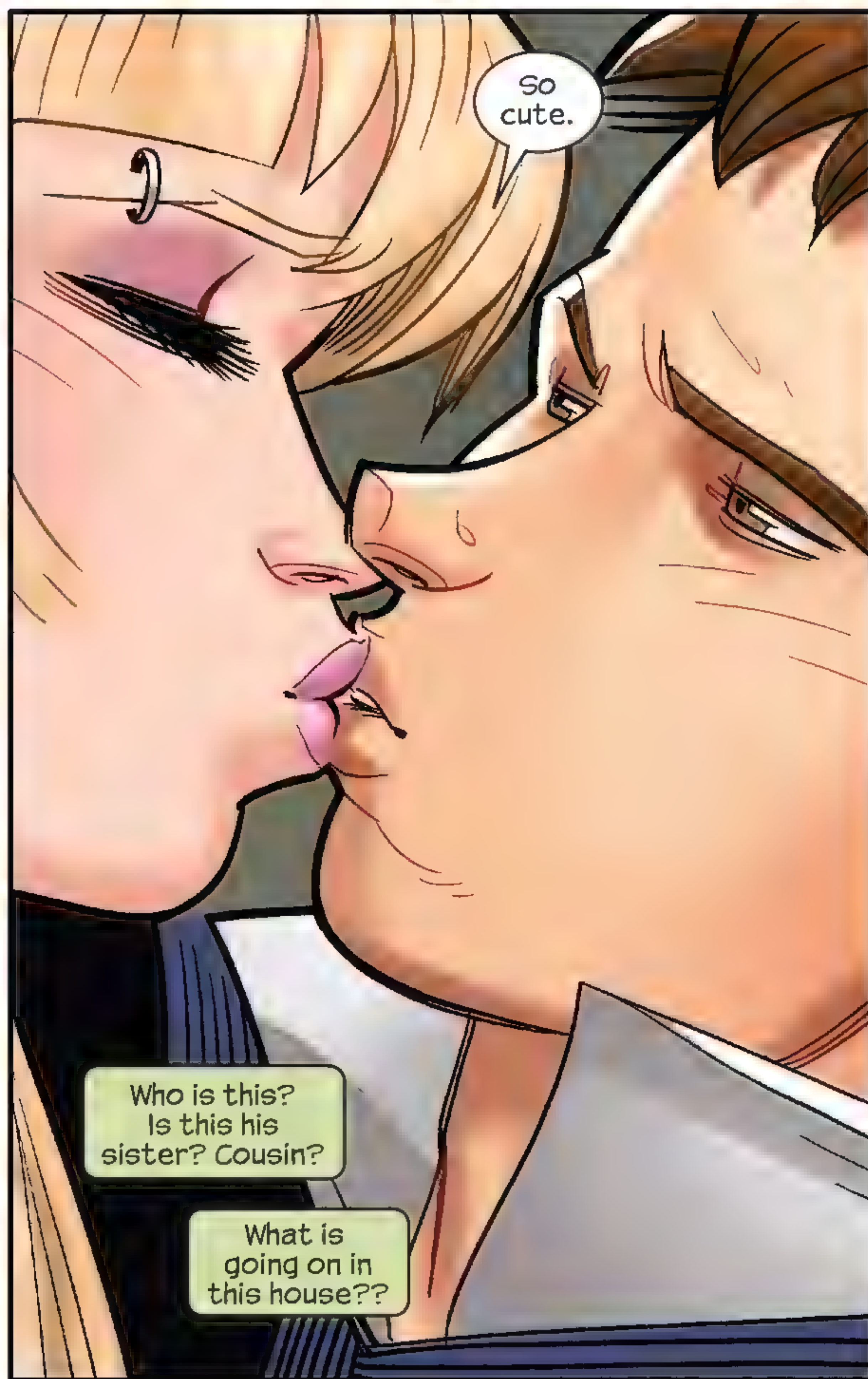
I kind of liked high school.

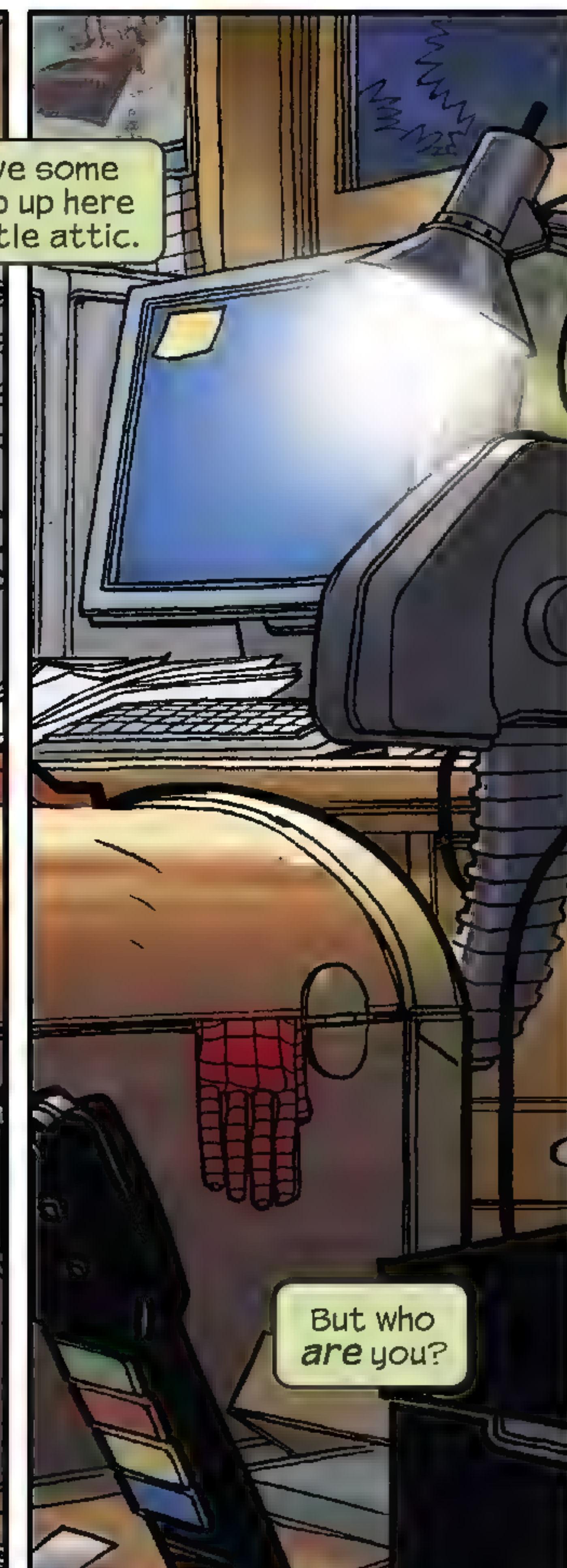
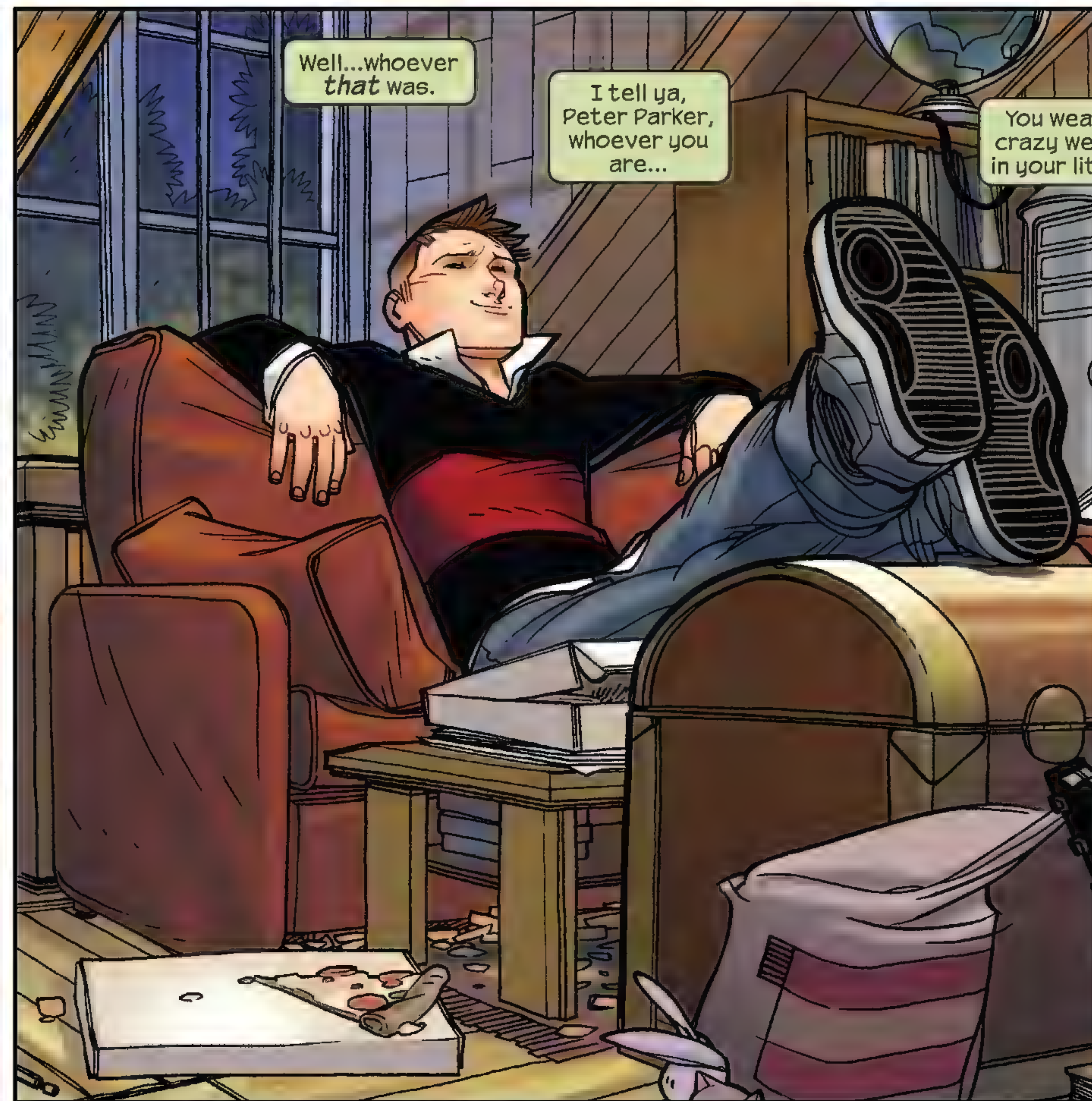
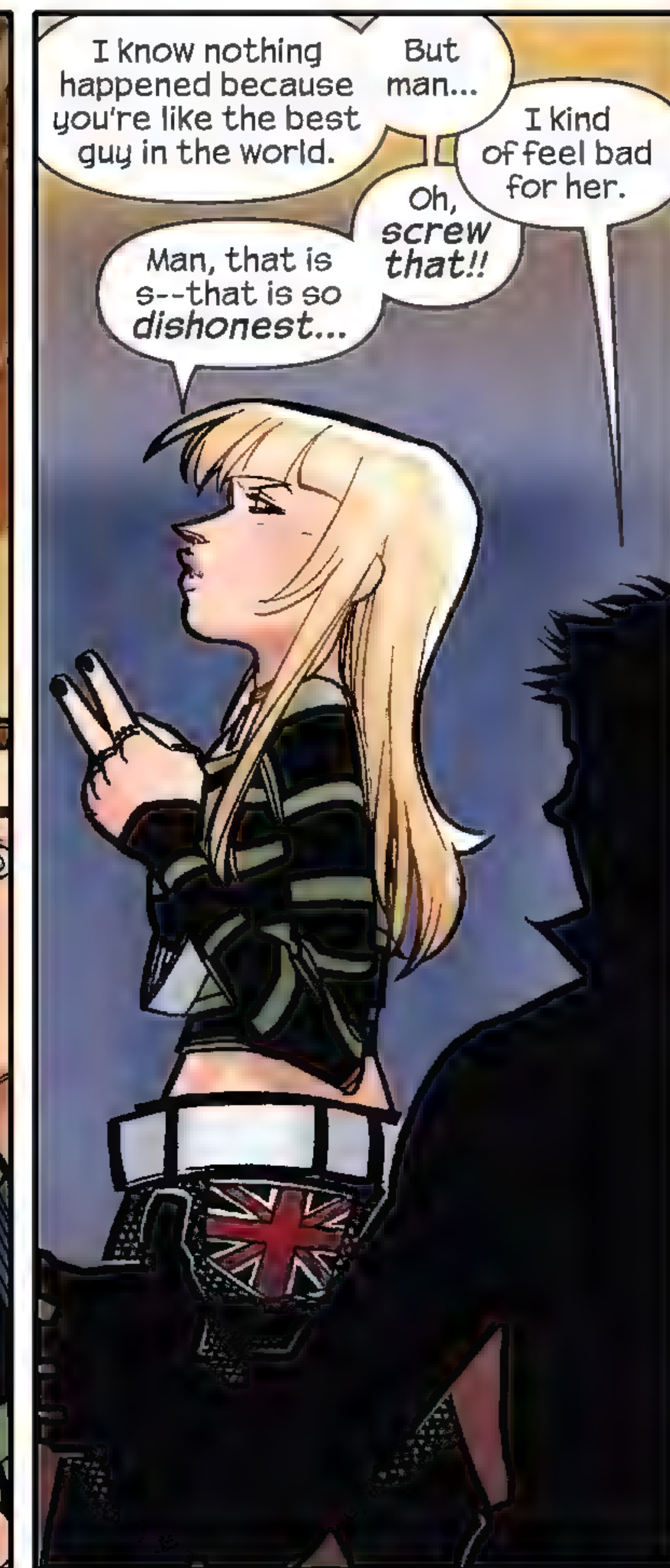
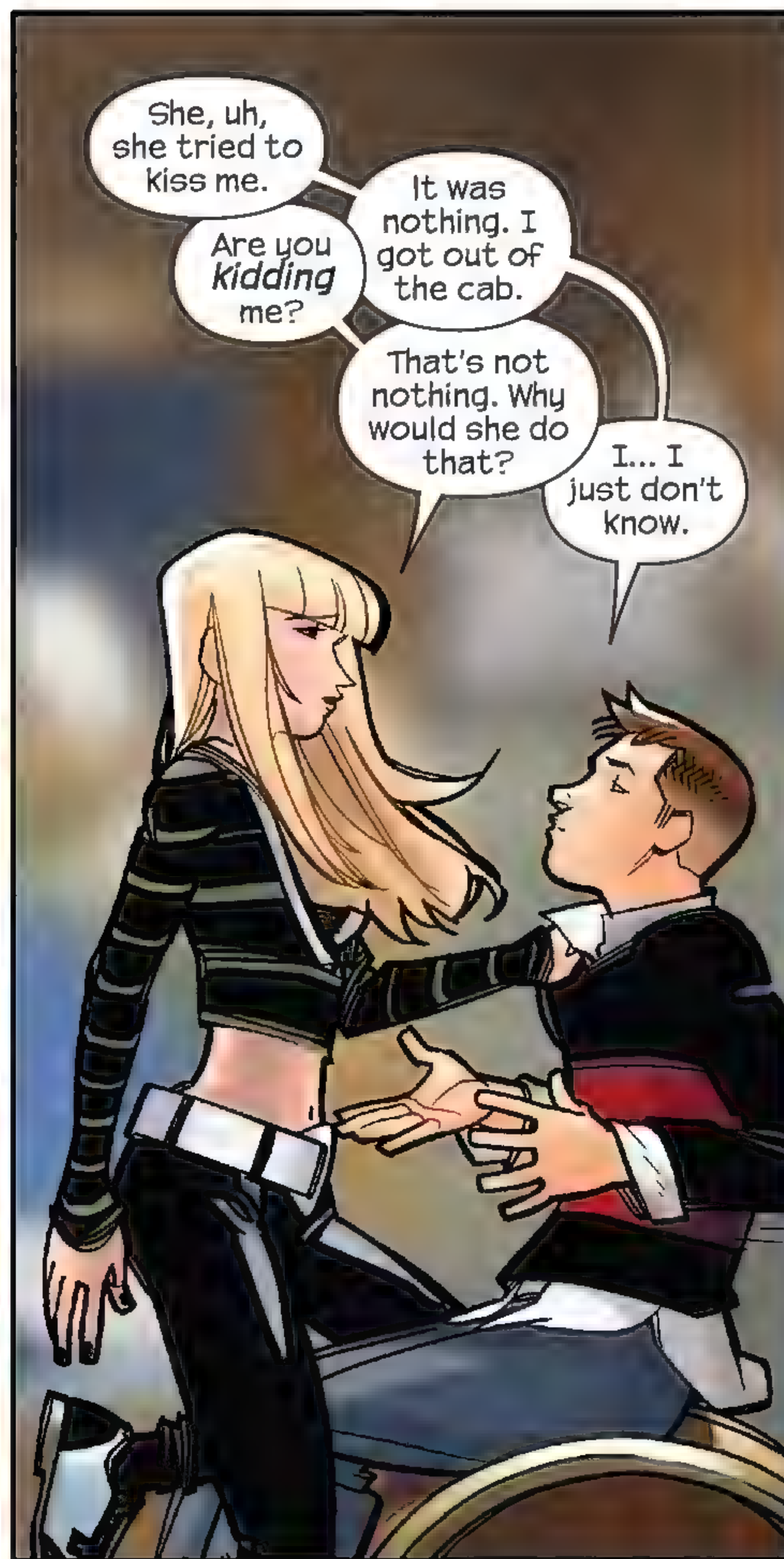
I gotta go.

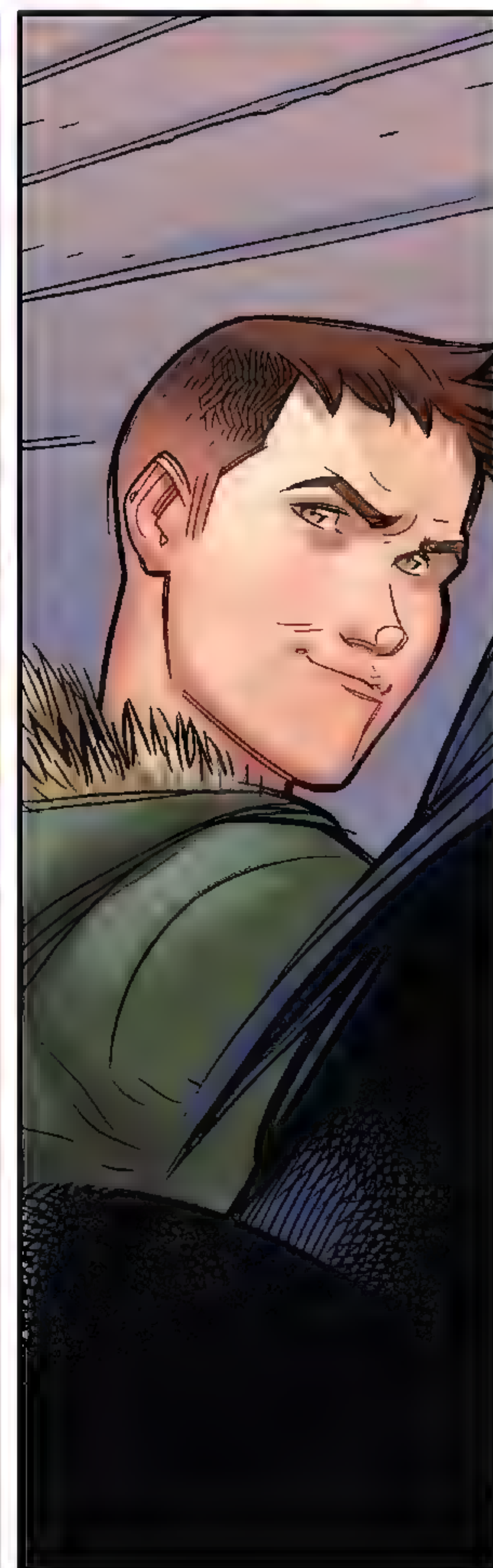
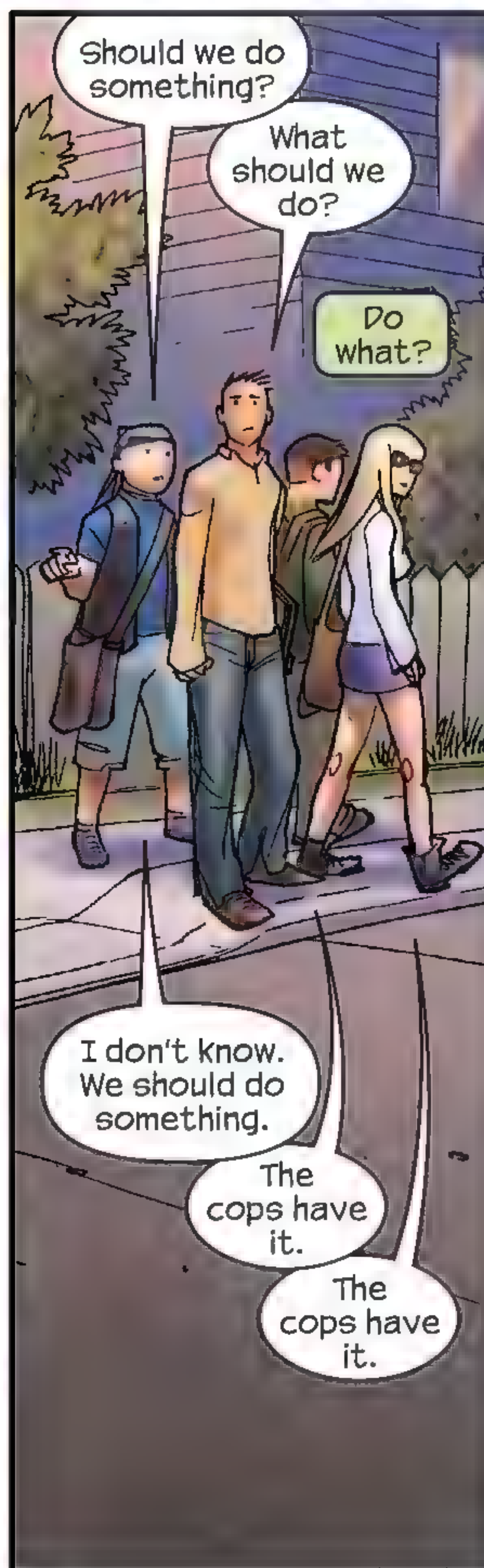
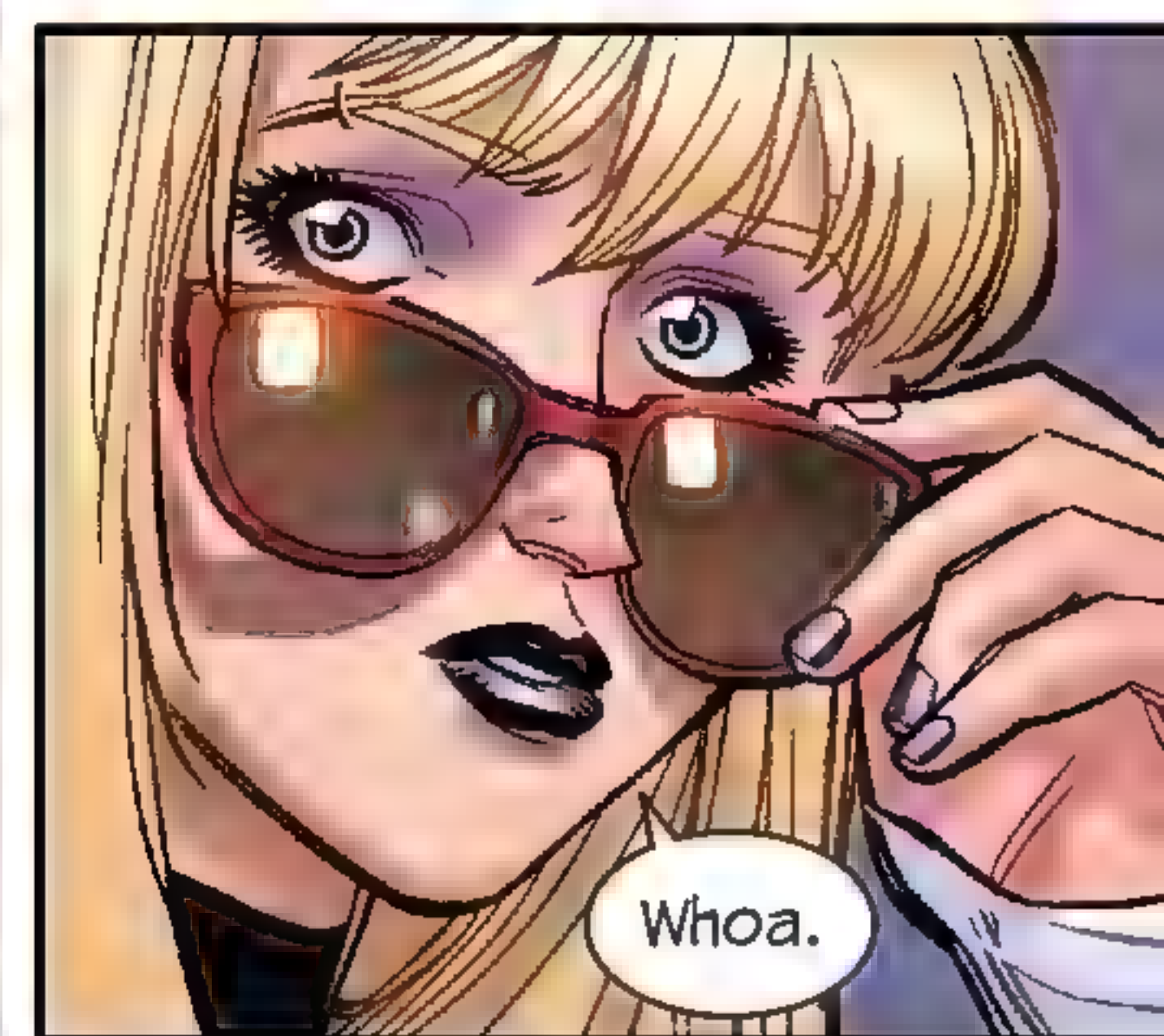
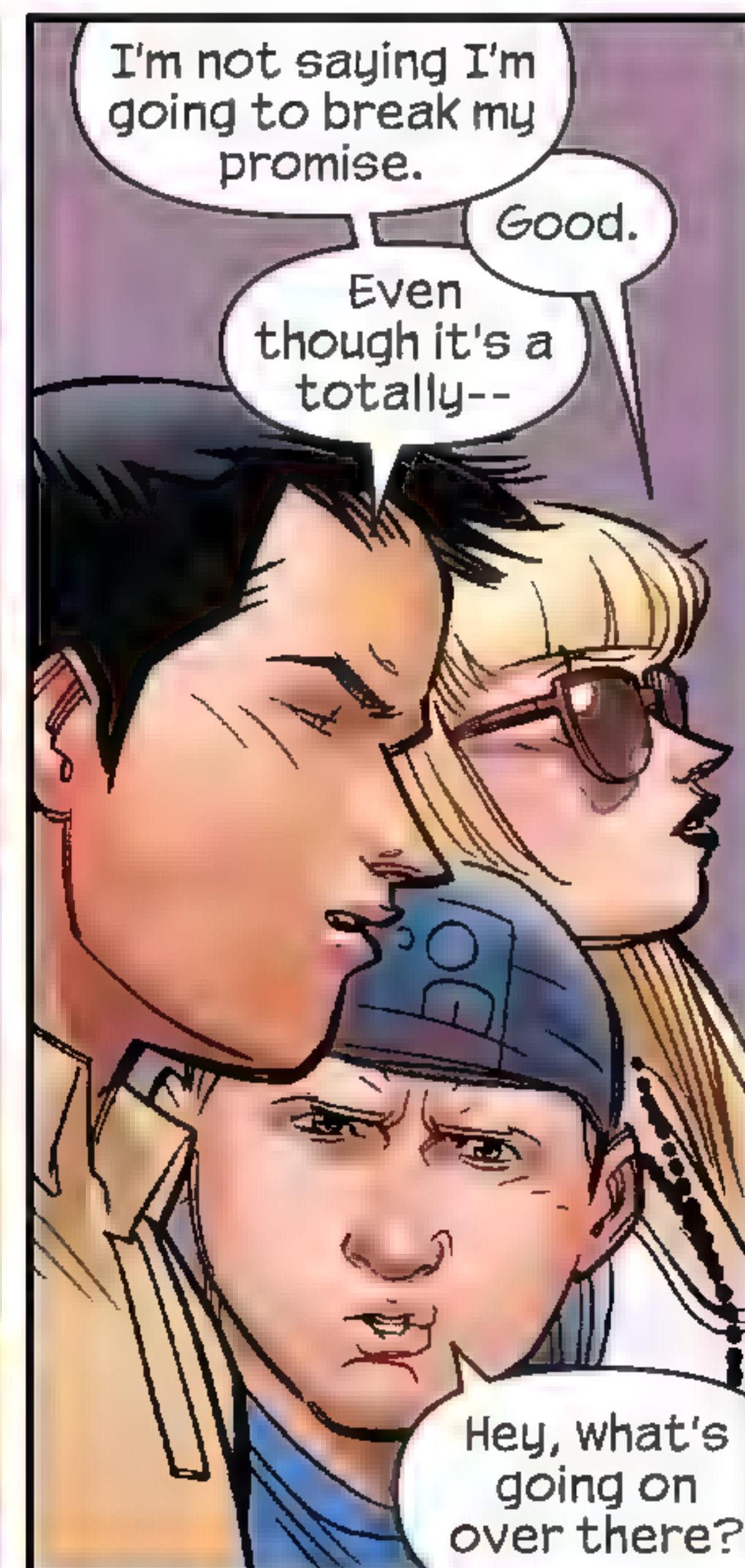


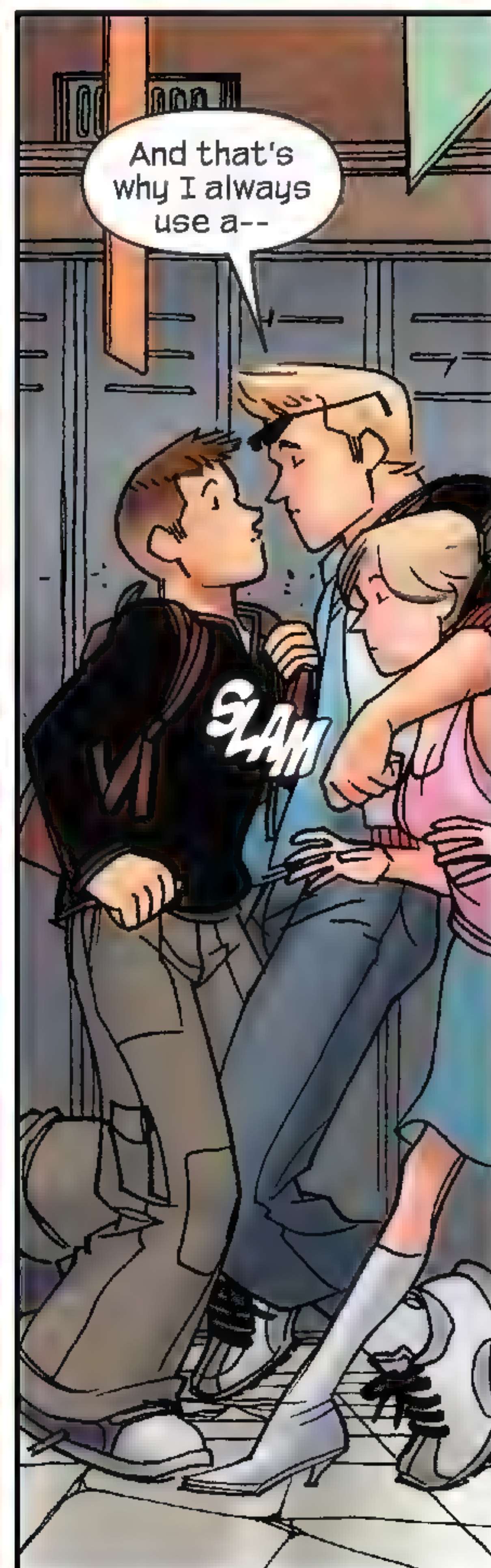
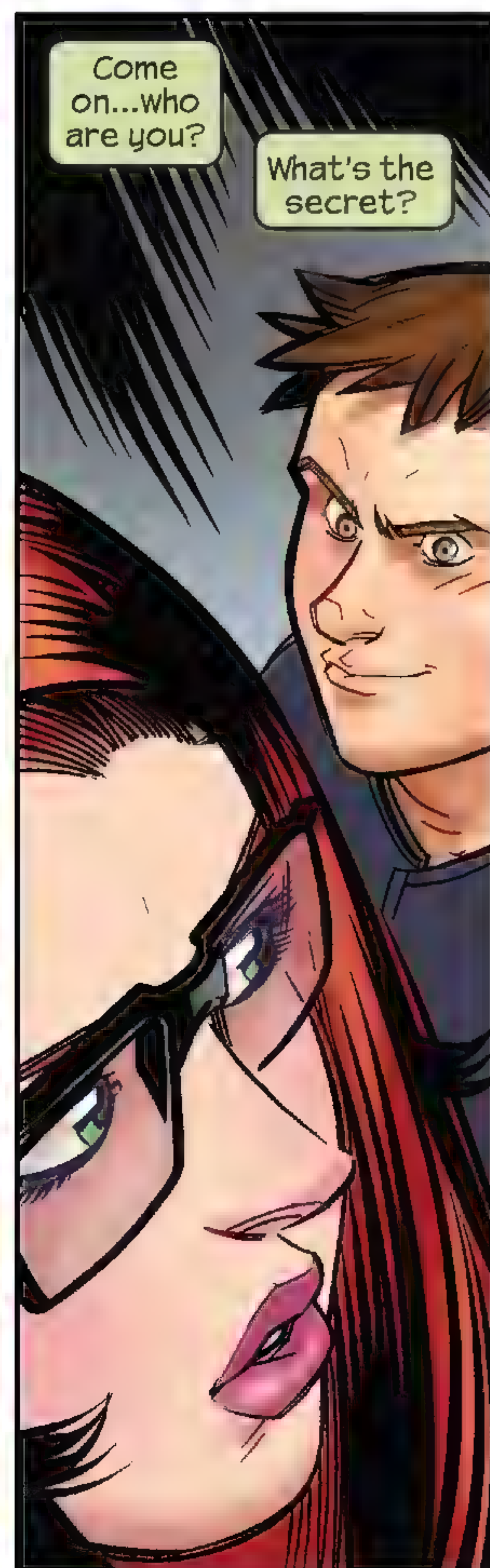
Hey, tiger.

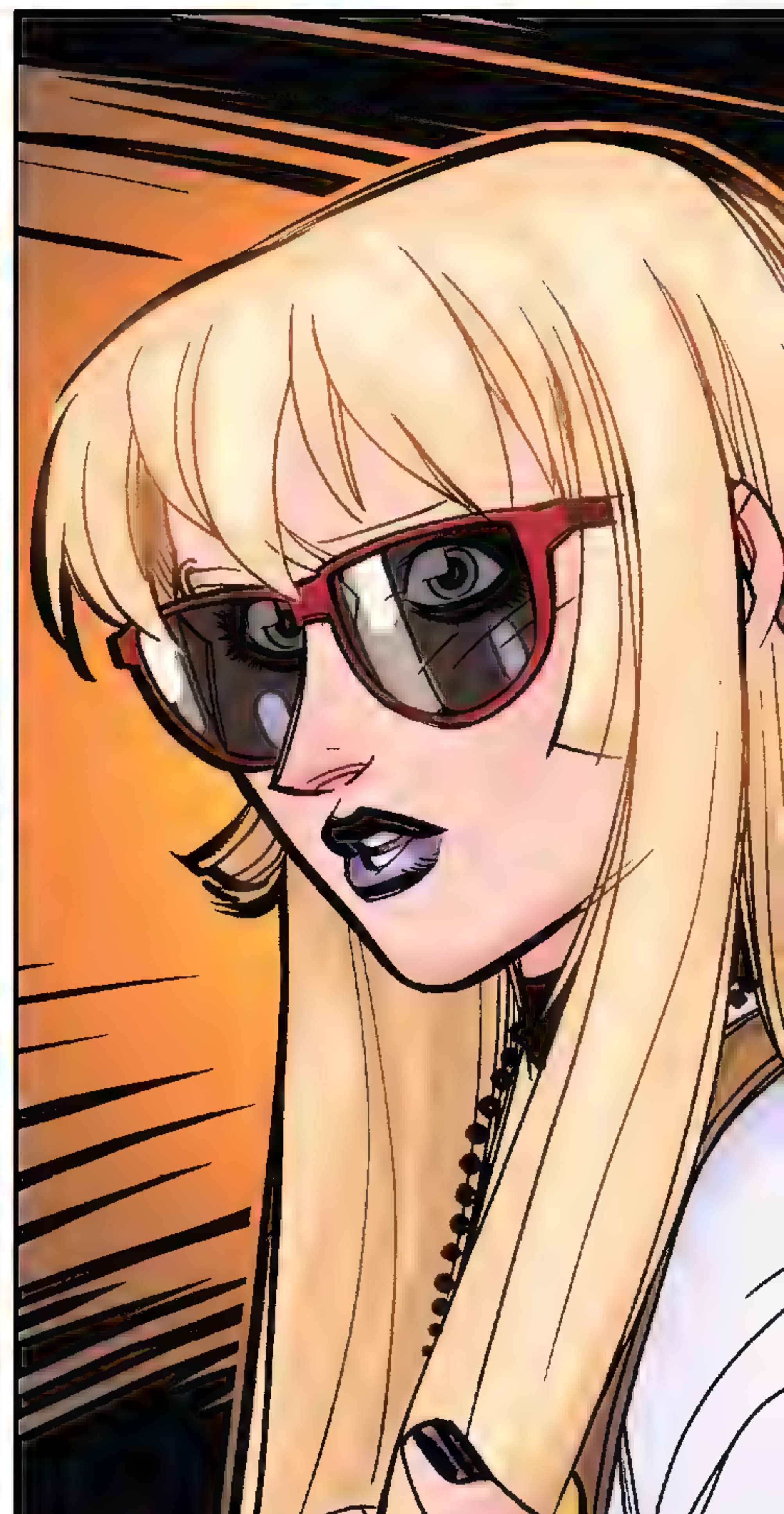
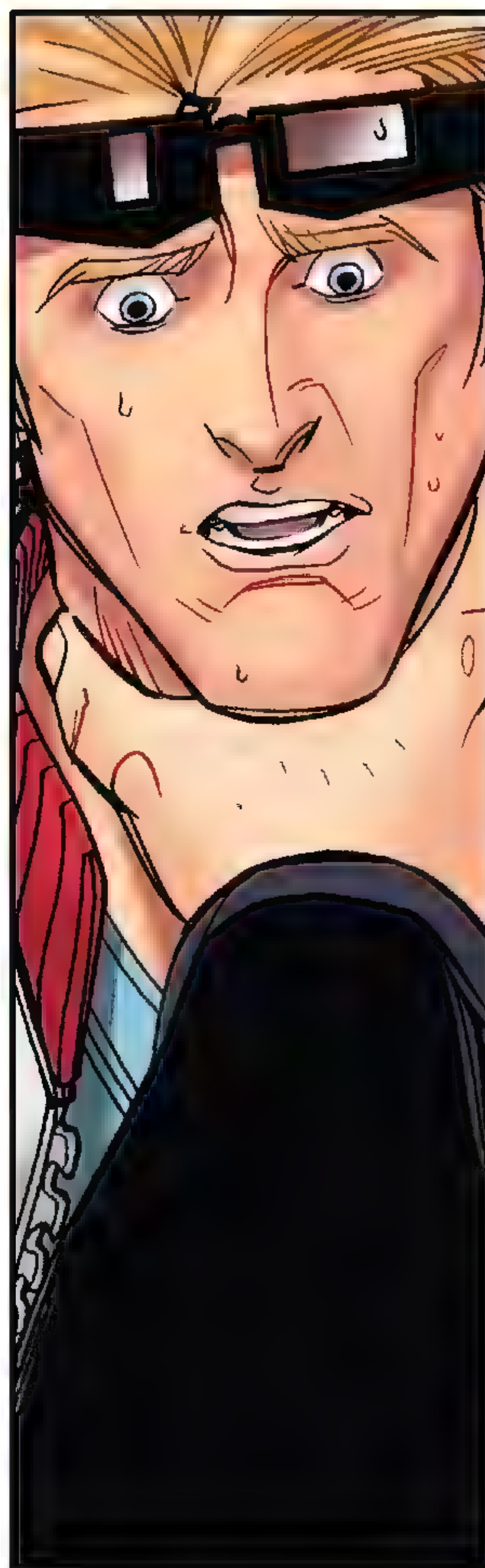
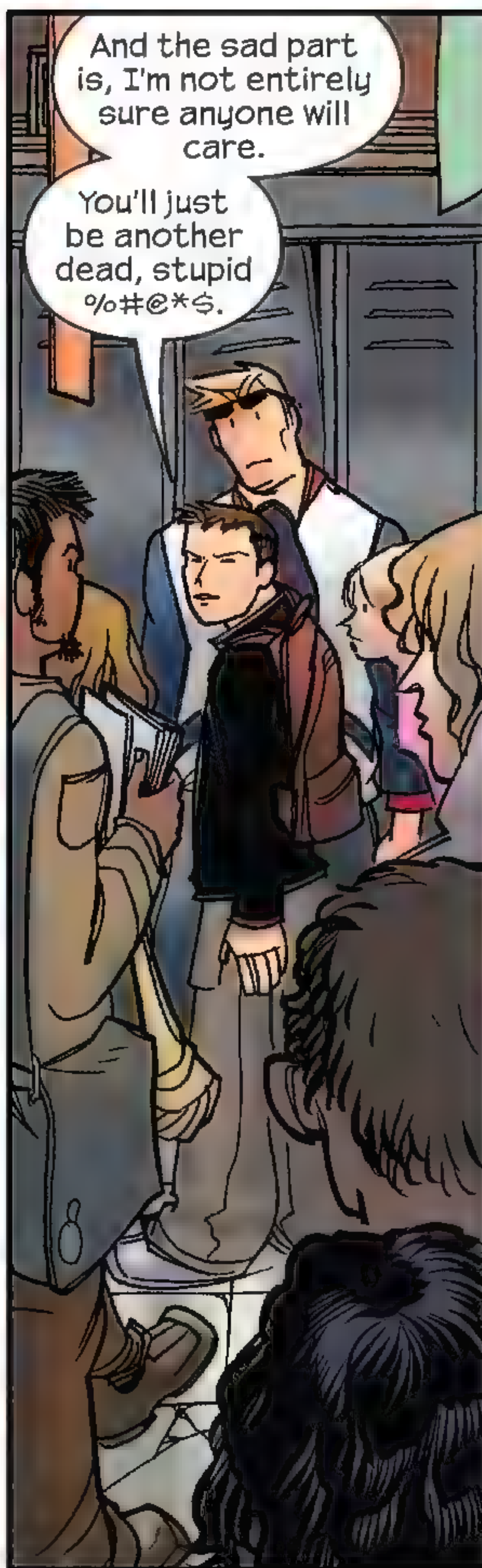
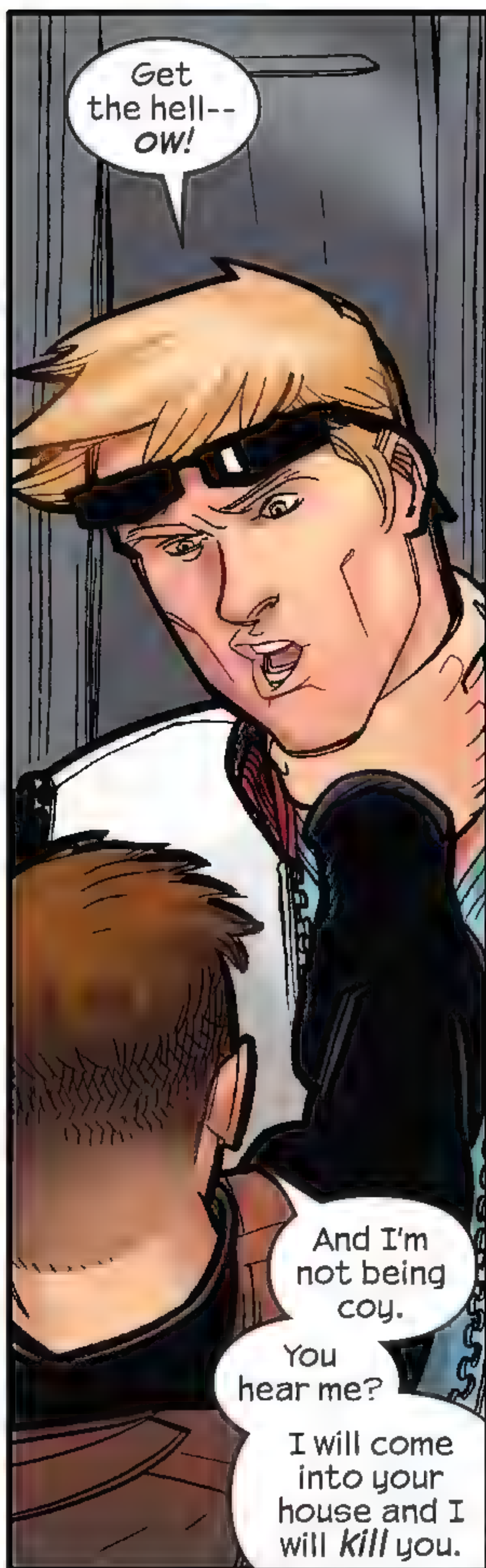
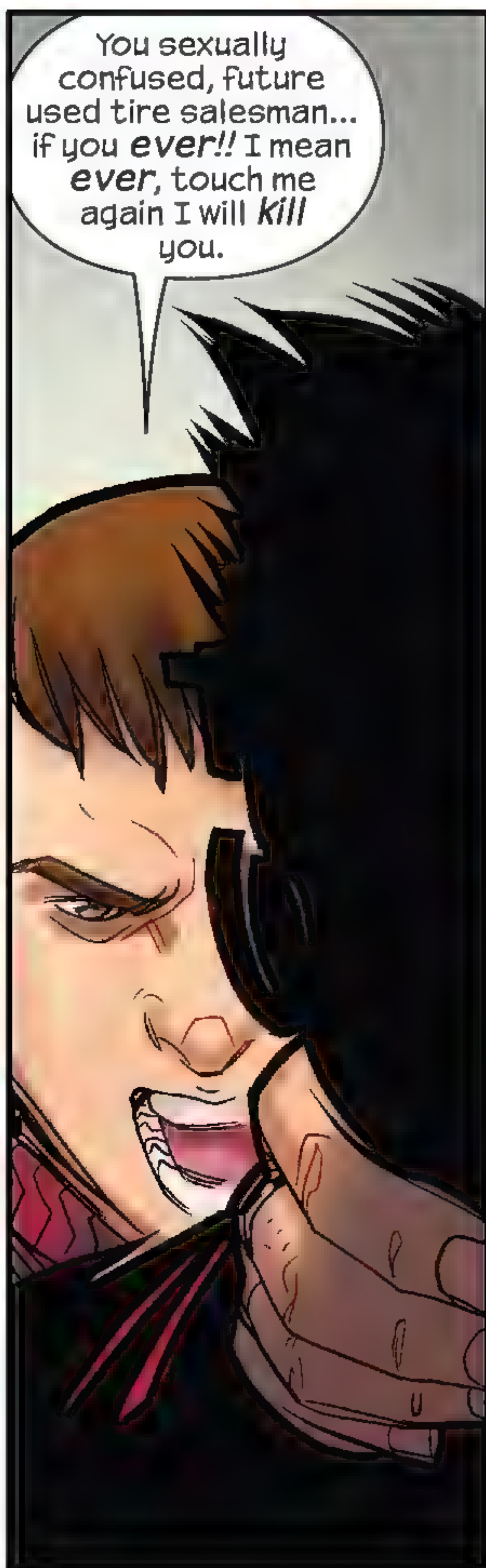
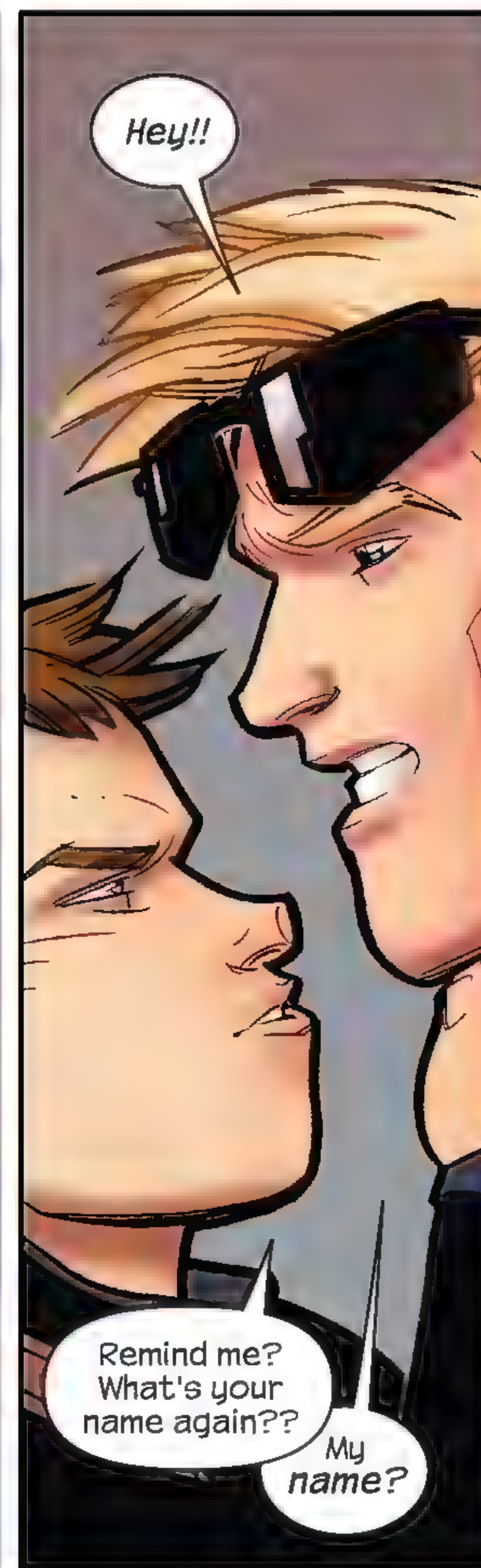
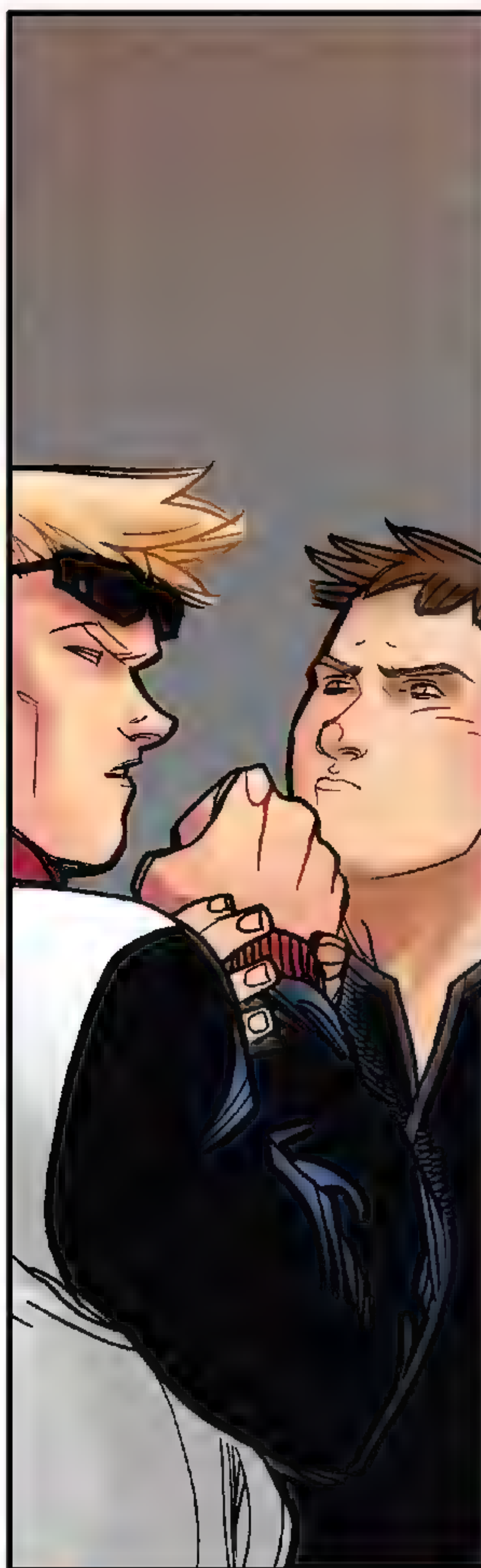
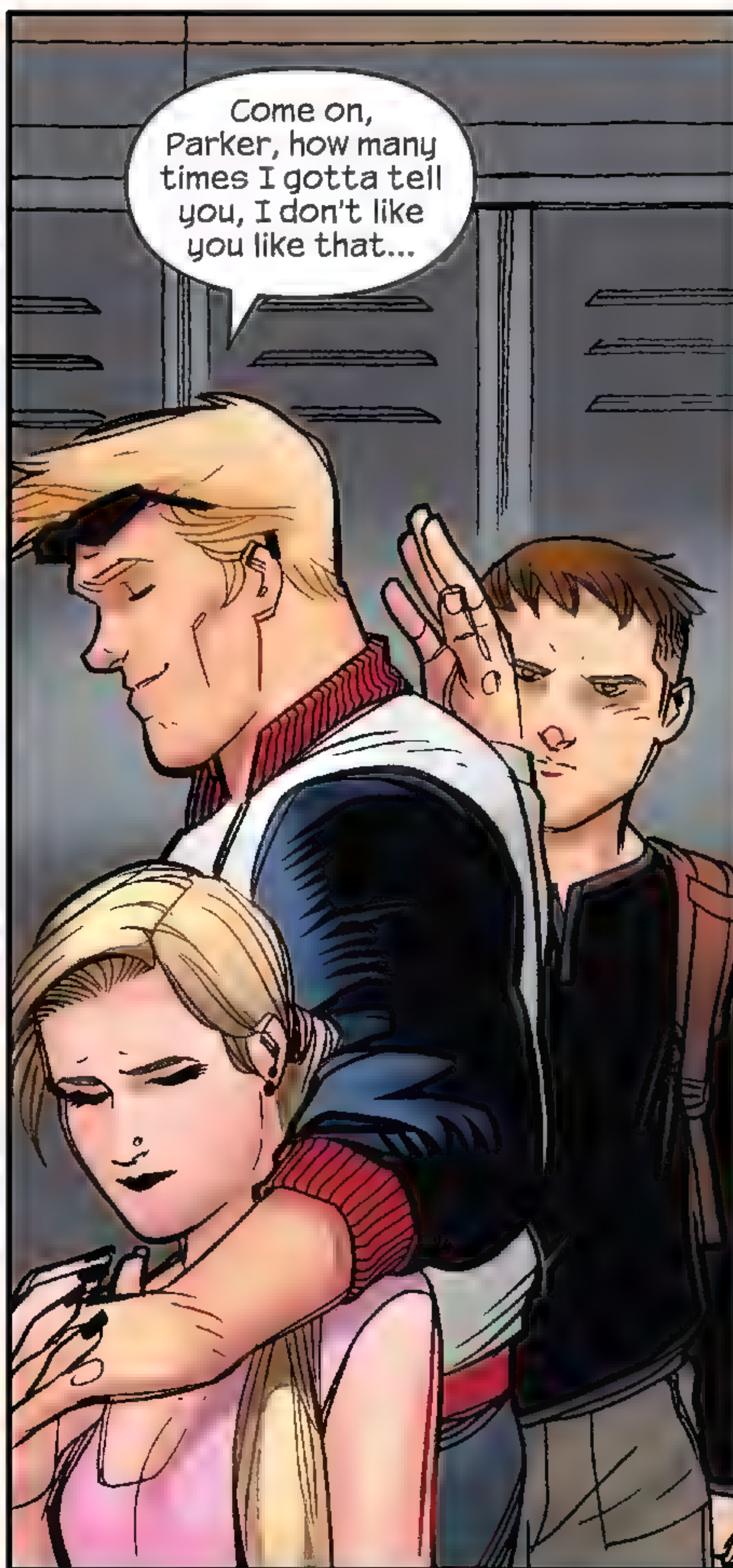
Hey... you.

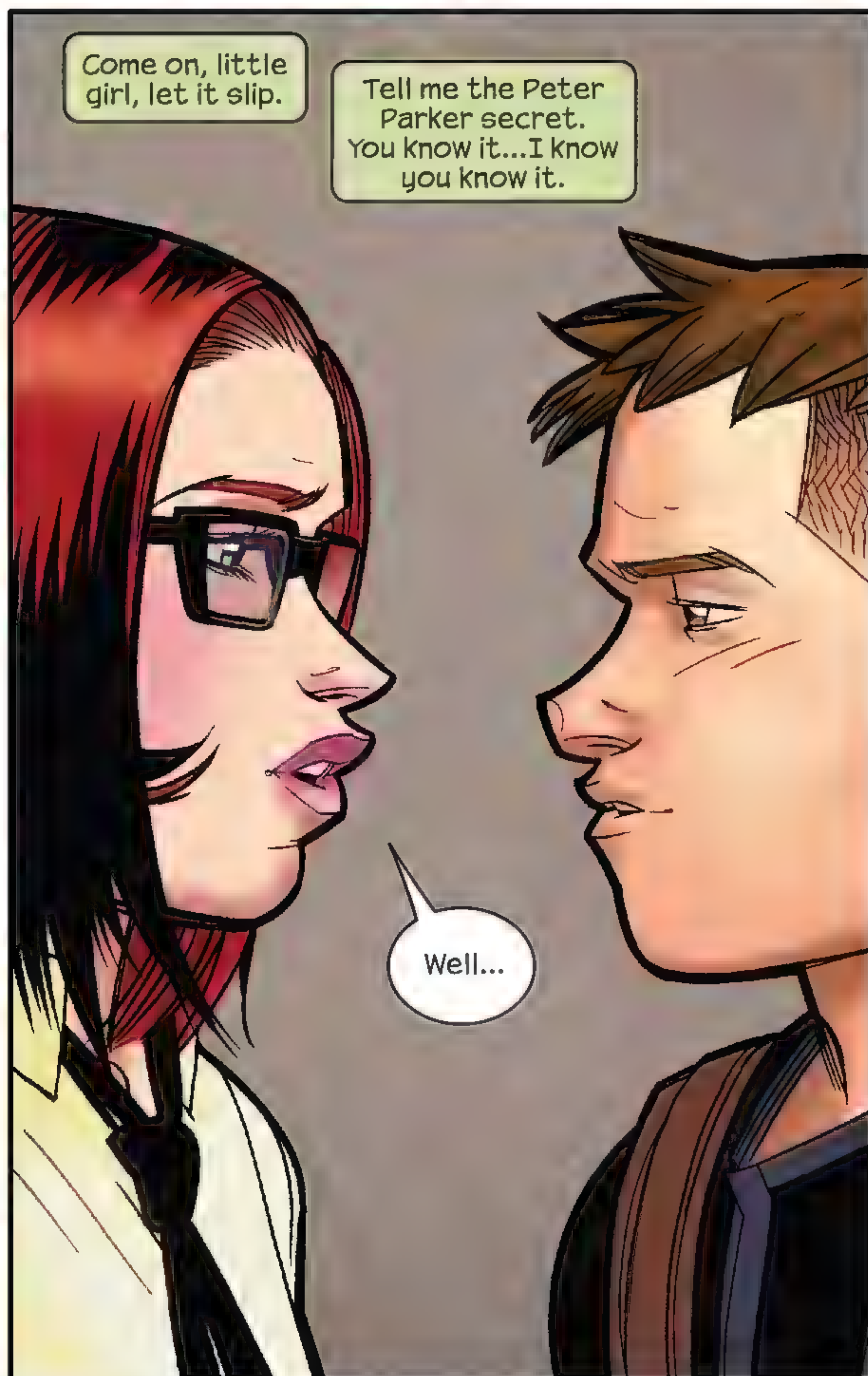
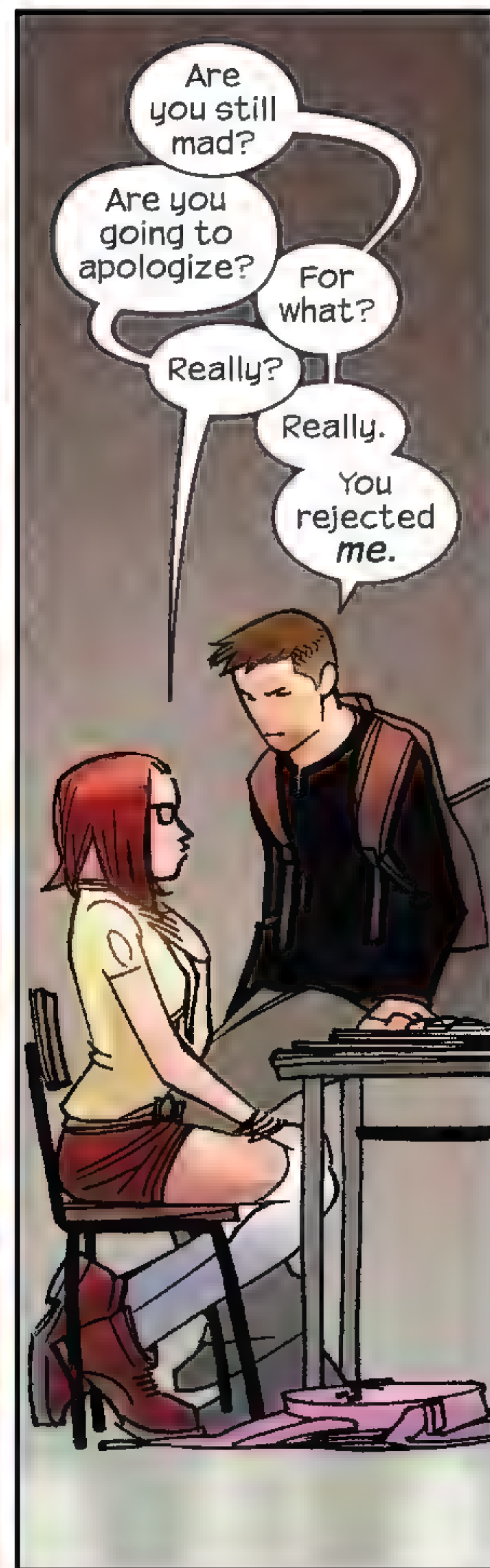
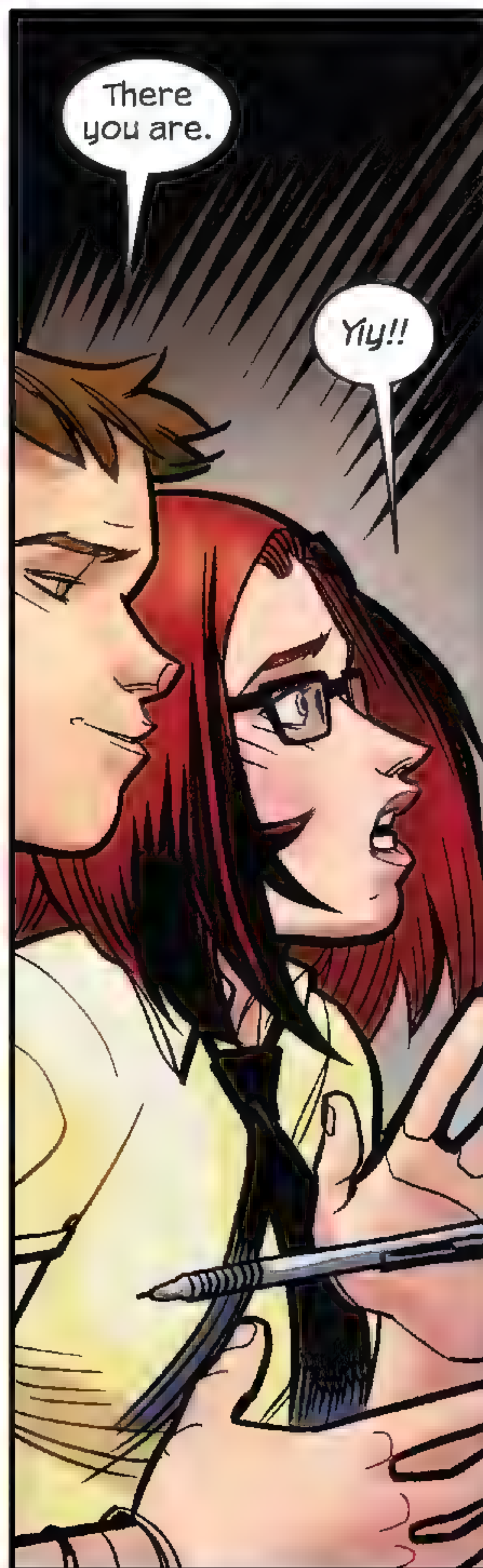
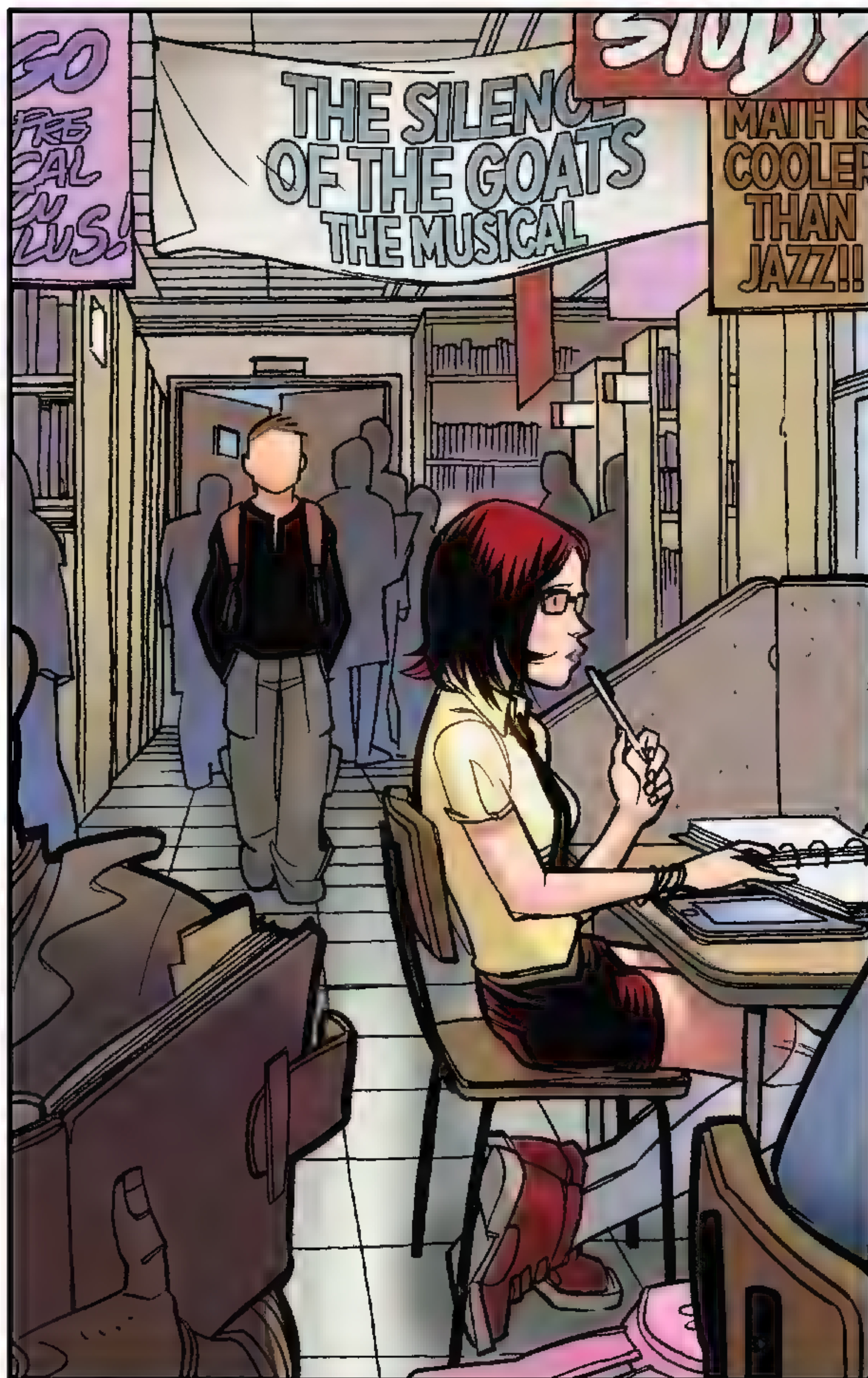


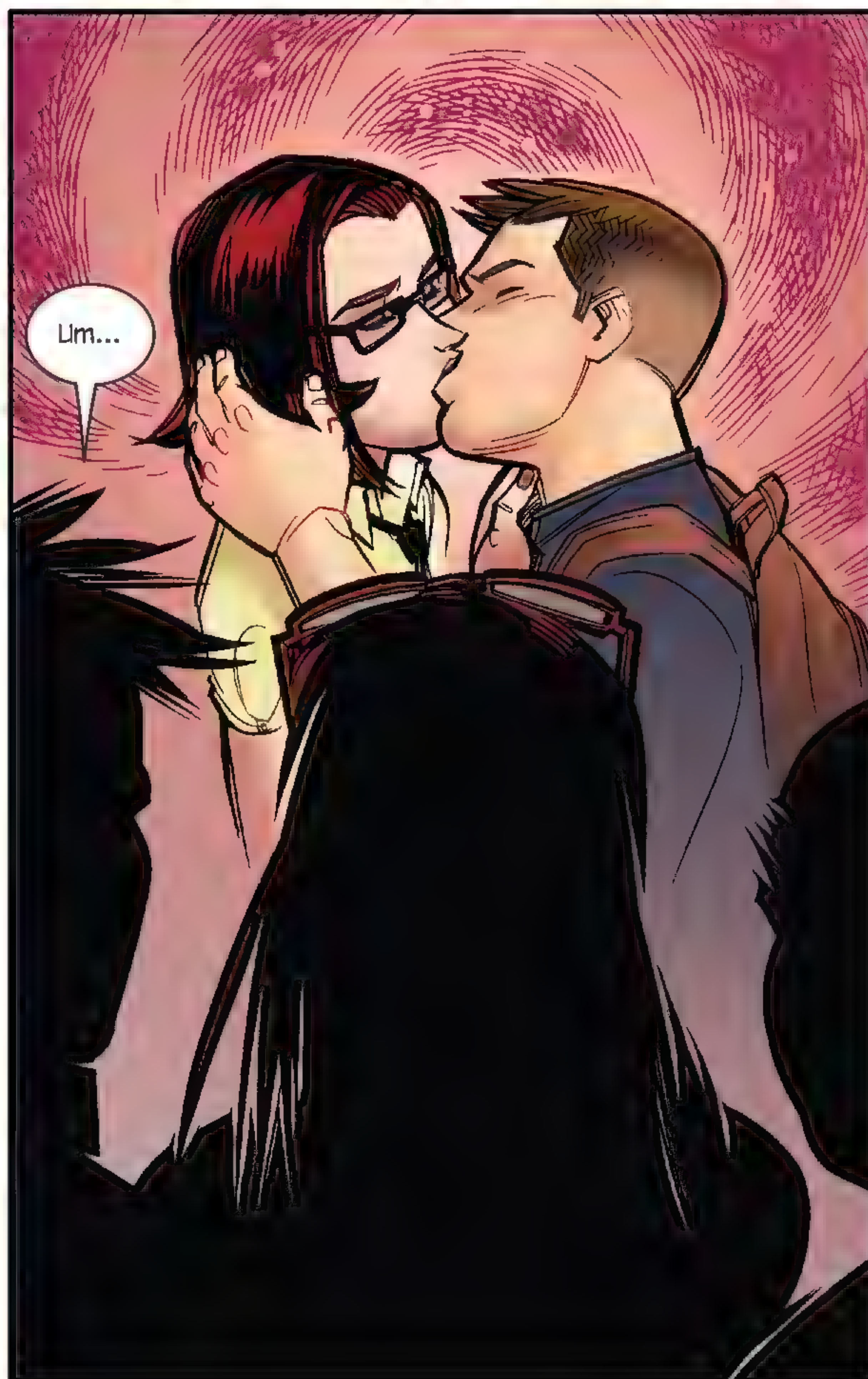
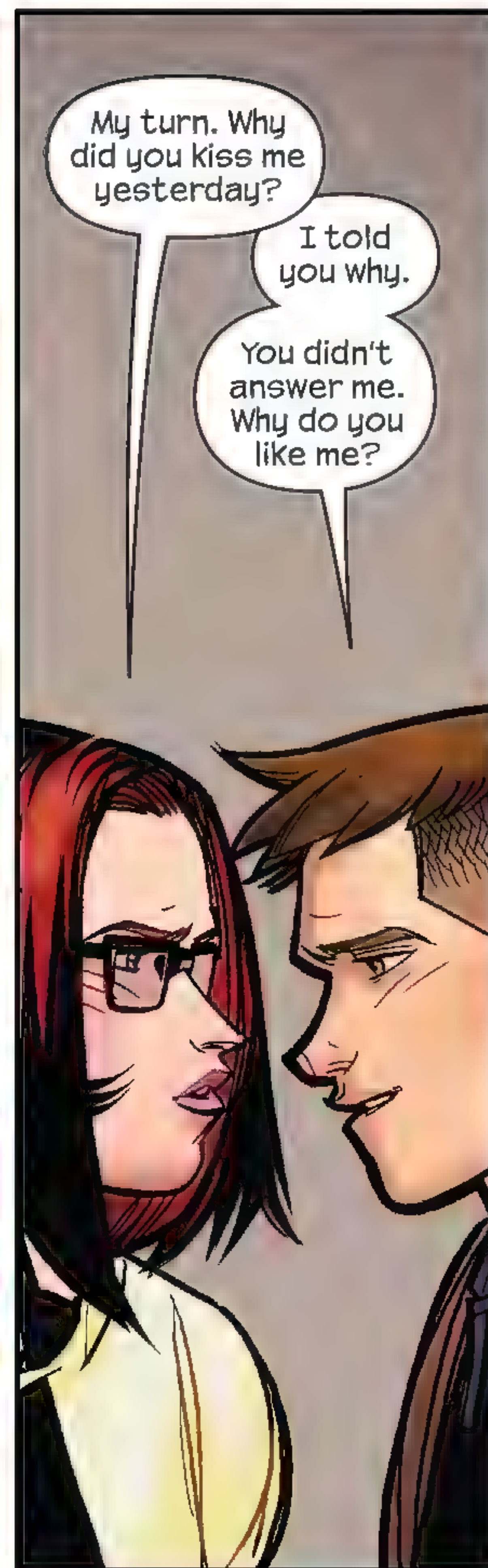
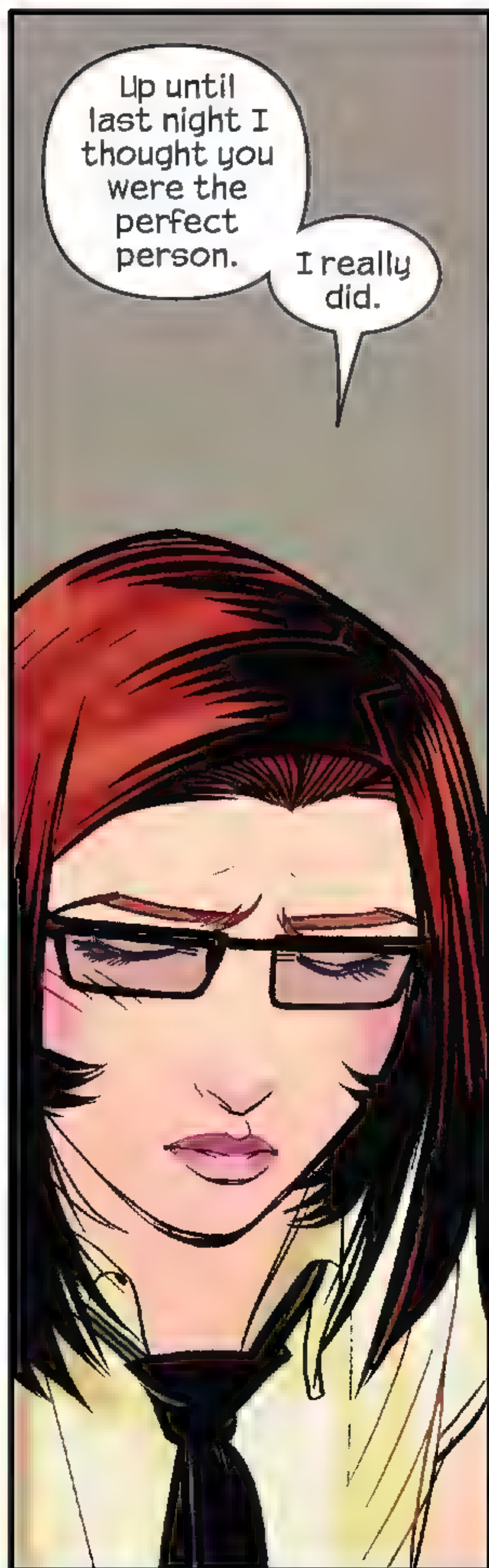


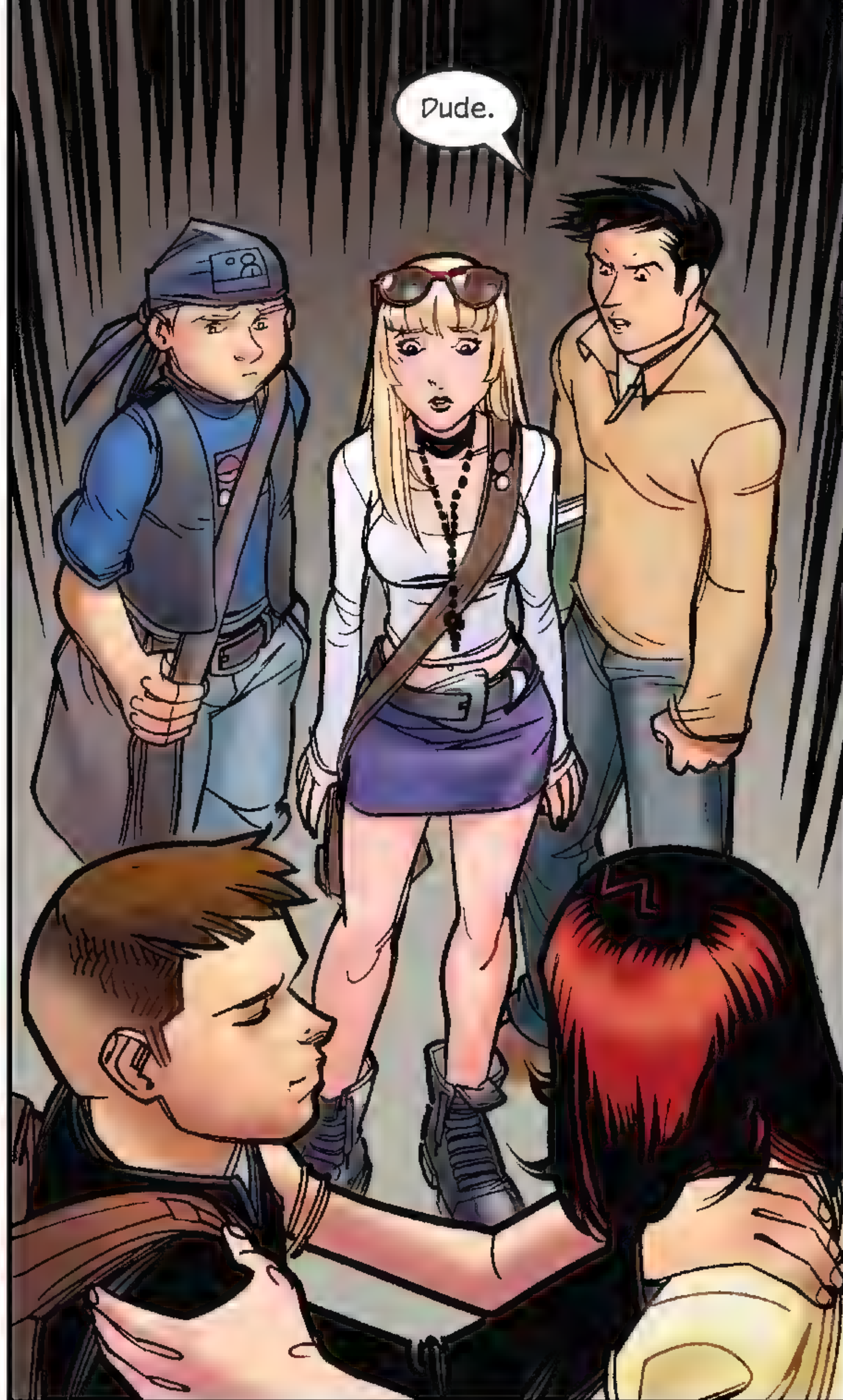




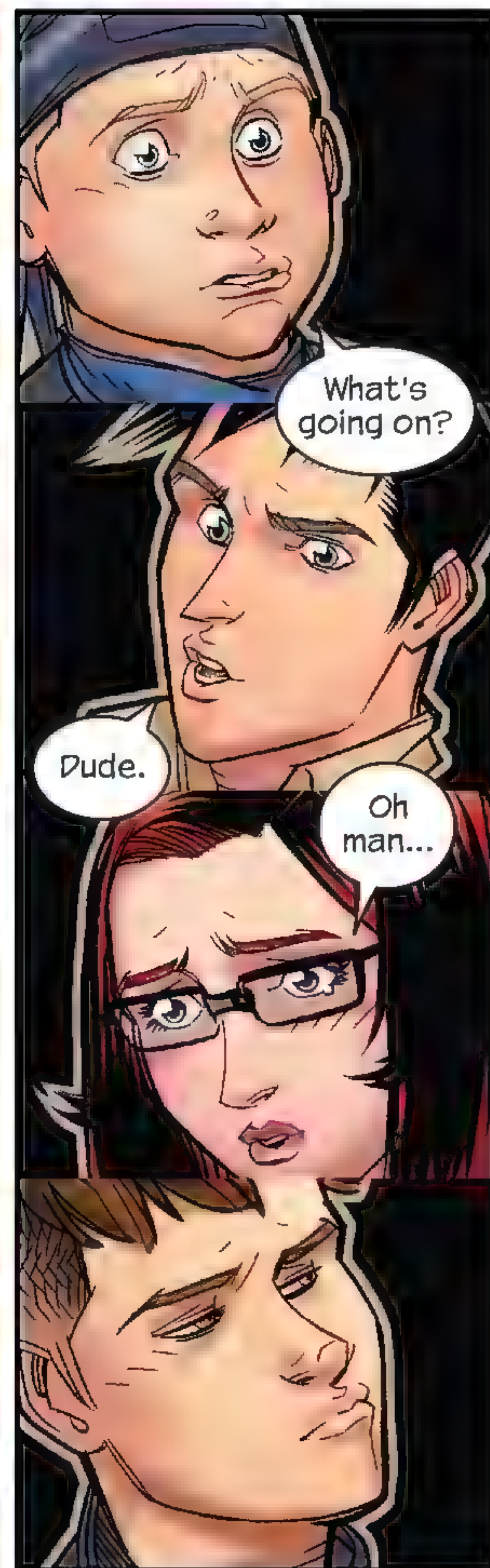








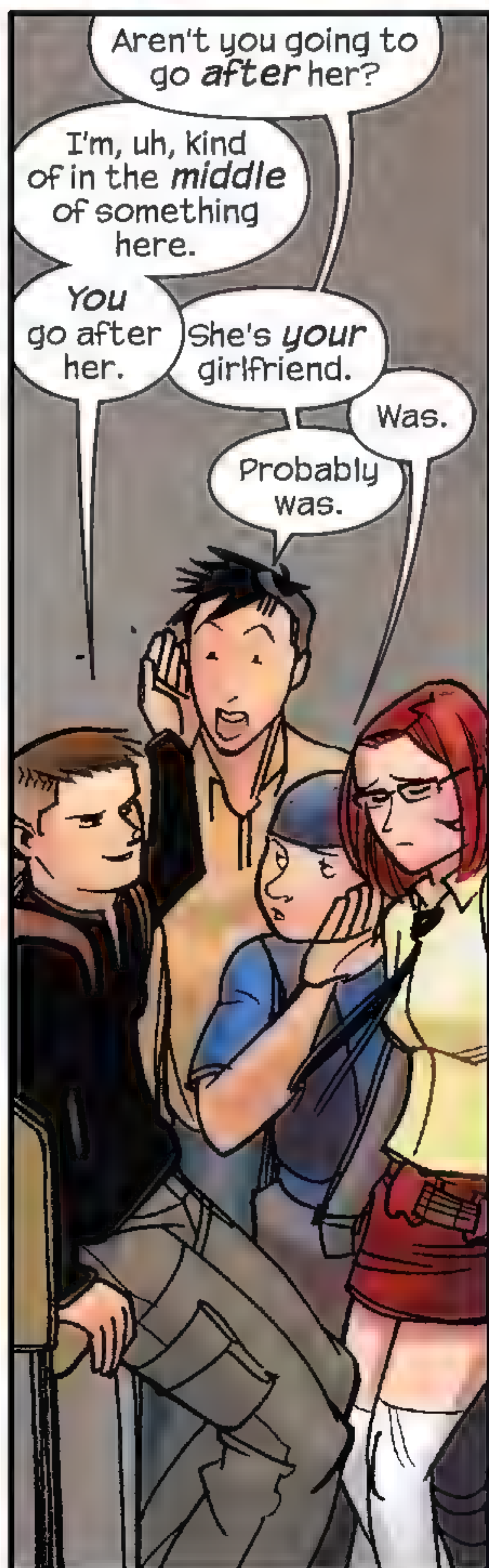
Dude.



What's going on?

Dude.

Oh man...



Aren't you going to go *after* her?

I'm, uh, kind of in the *middle* of something here.

You go after her.

She's *your* girlfriend.

Was.

Probably was.



Go.

You-- yeah--you should go.

Parker lives in the same house as his girlfriend??

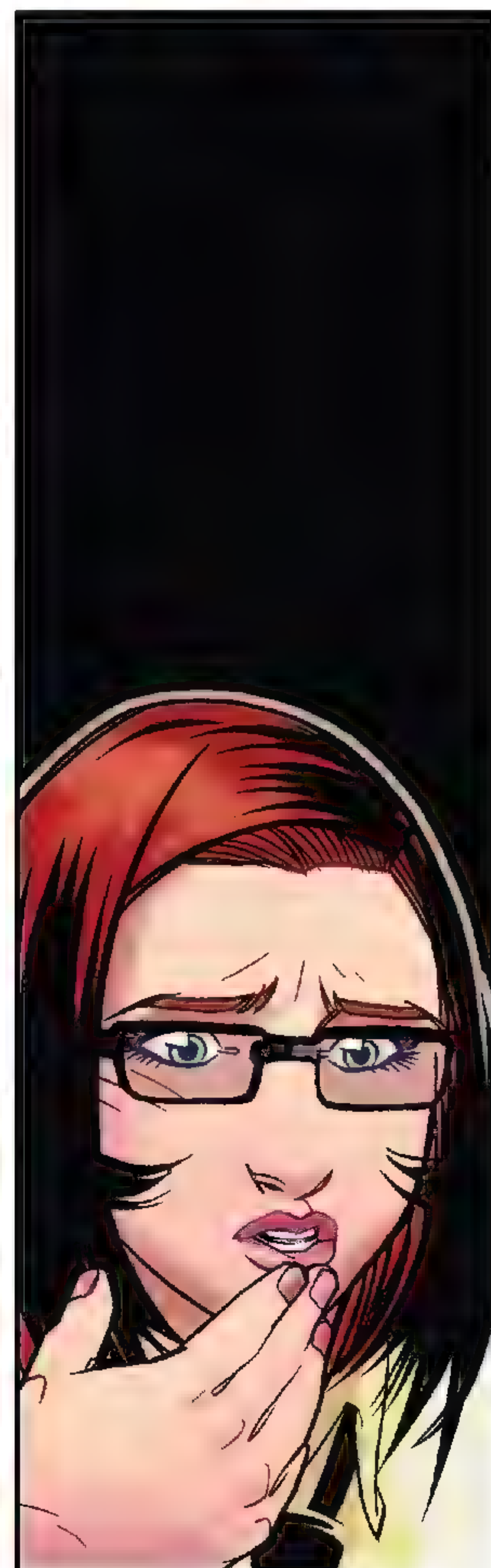
Who gets to do that?? In high school??

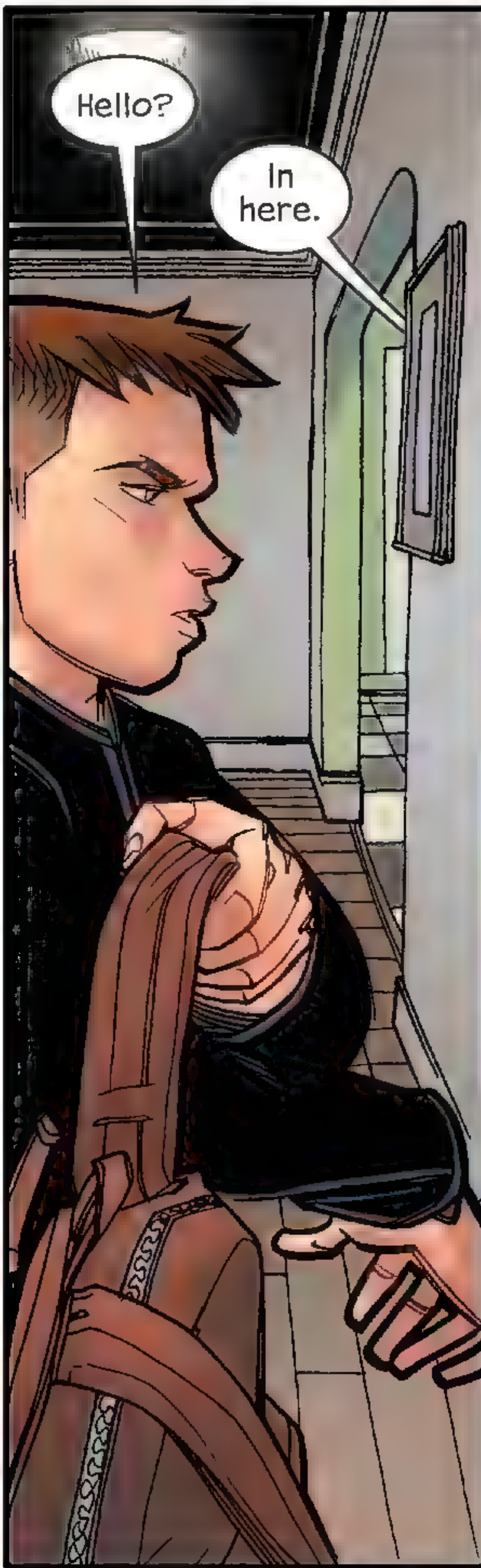
Well at least it's not his sister or his cousin.



Huh.

Crazy.





Hello?

In here.



This is the way I raised you? To treat women like this?

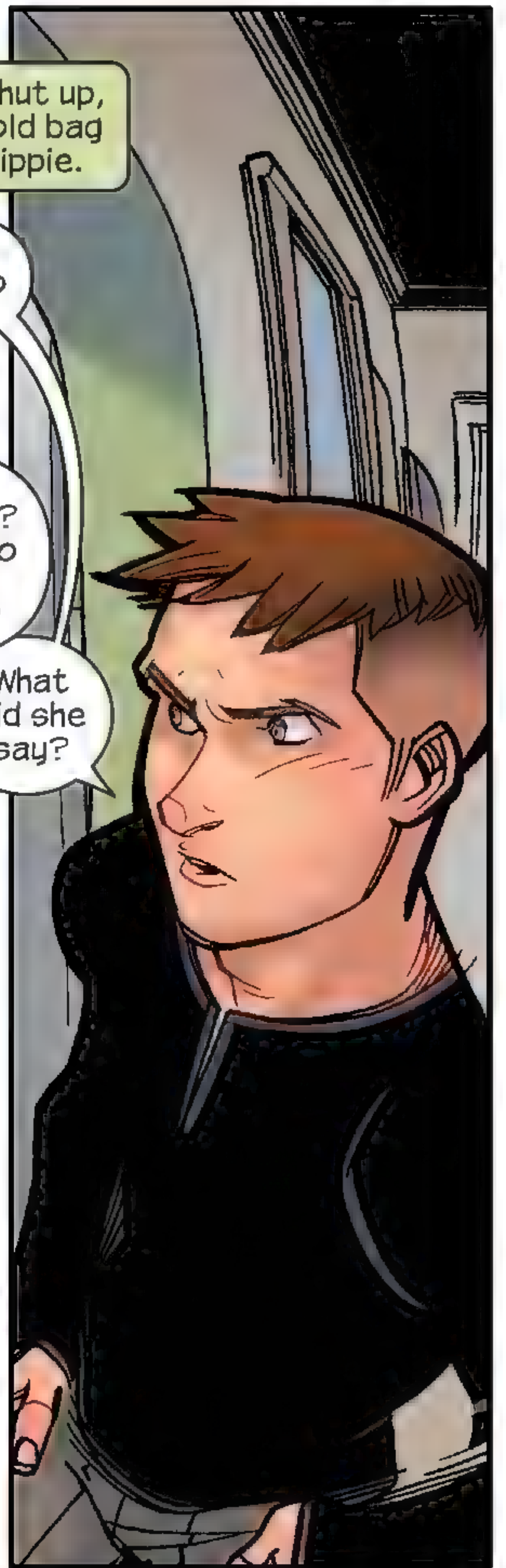
Oh, shut up, you old bag of hippie.

You, uh, talked to her?

She was packing her bags.

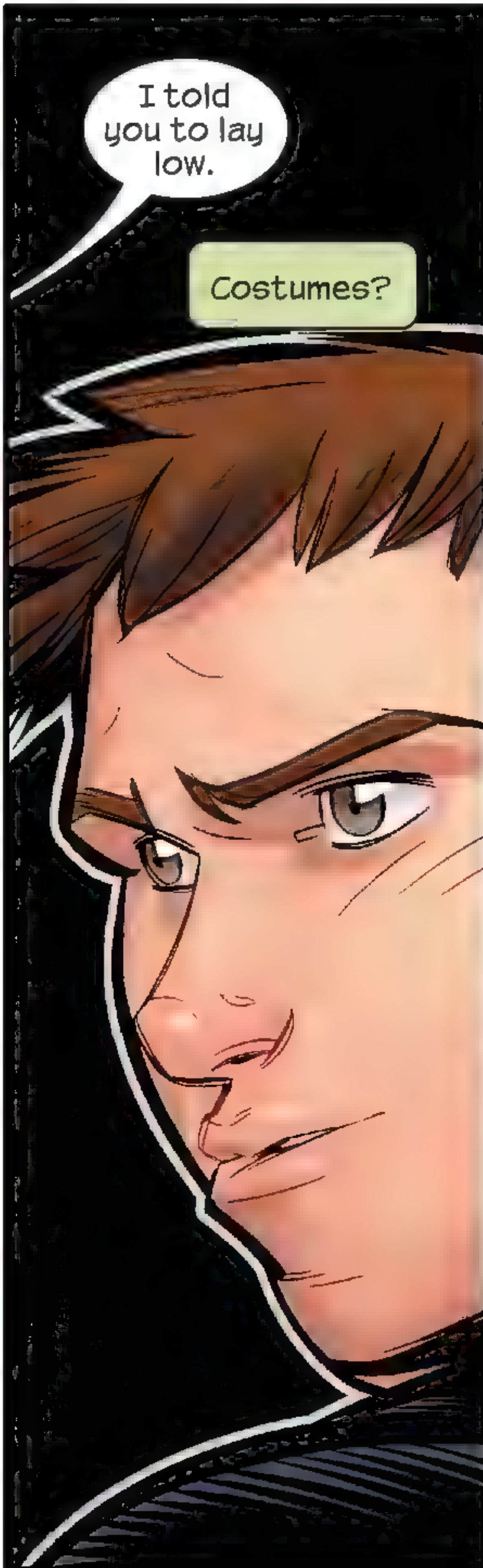
Is that what you want? You want her to go live out in the street??

What did she say?



When I told you kids to put the costumes away for a while I wasn't saying it so you'd have the time to destroy your personal lives within a week.

I was telling you to do it because the world's a dangerous place for people like you right now.

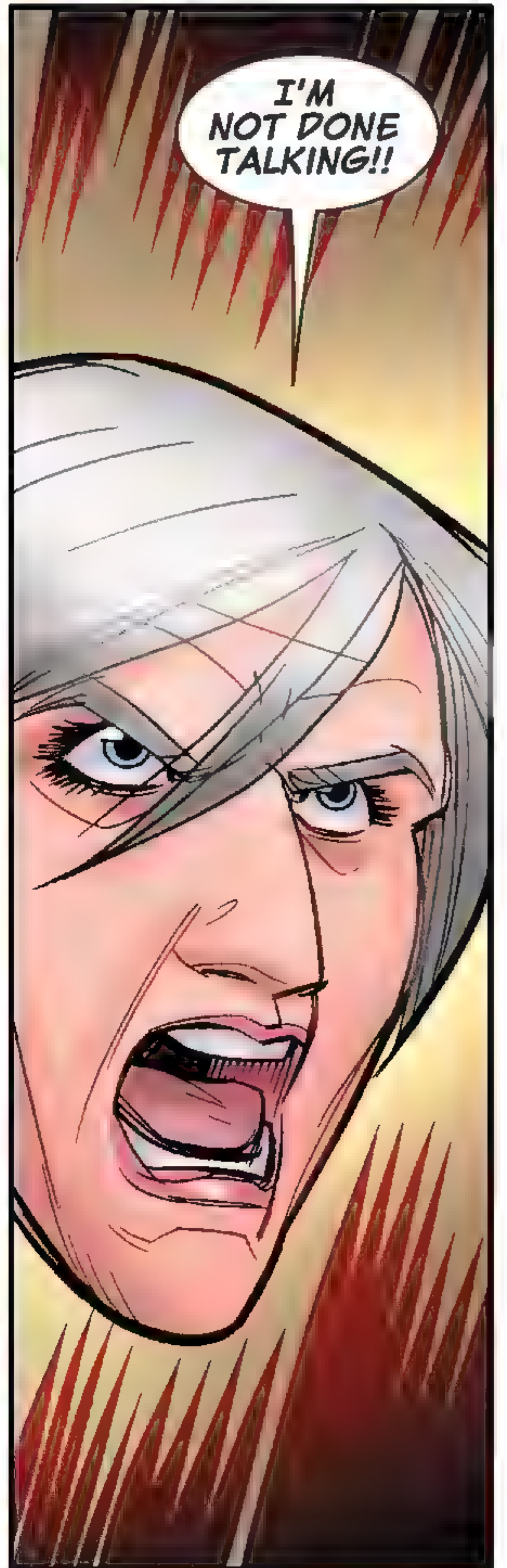


I told you to lay low.

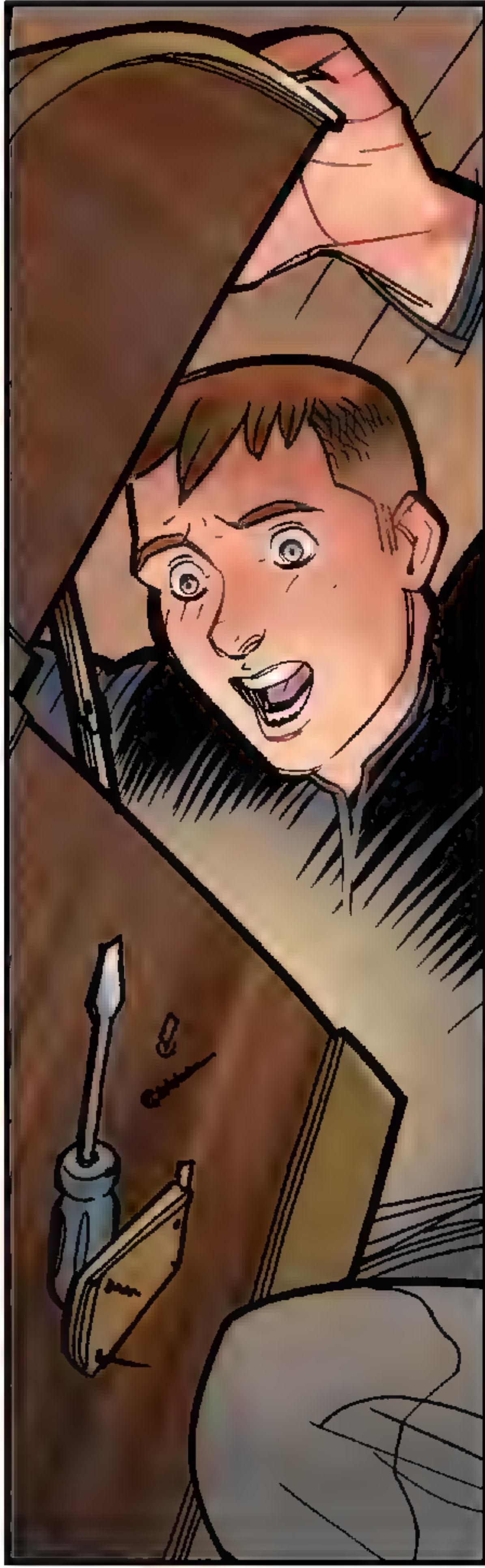
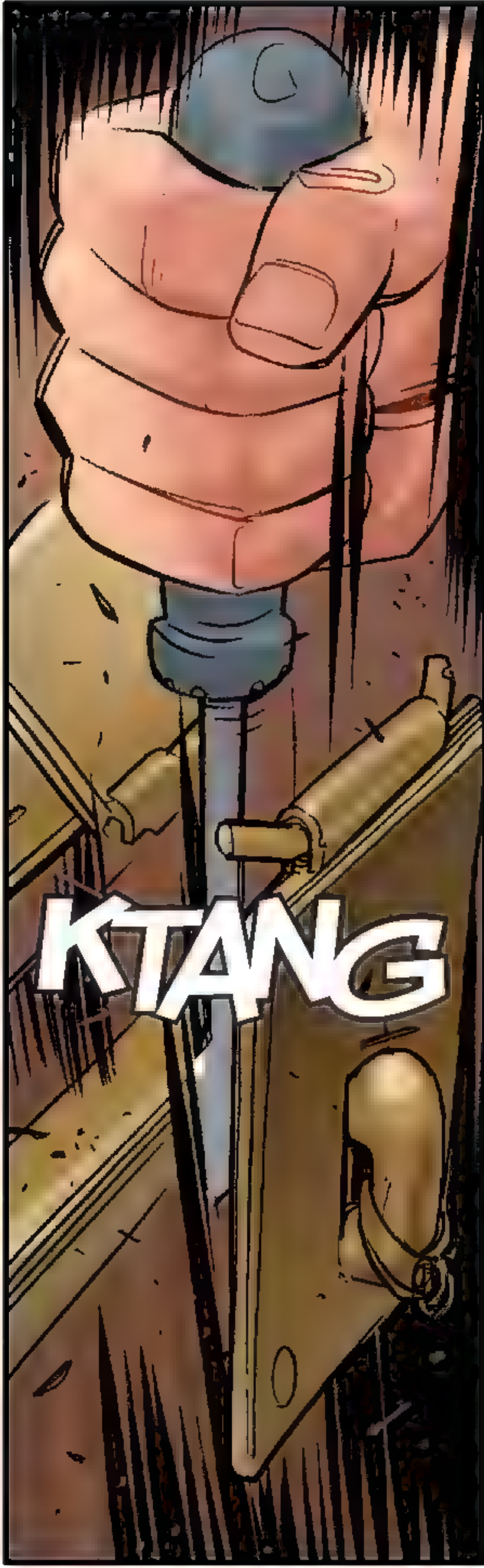
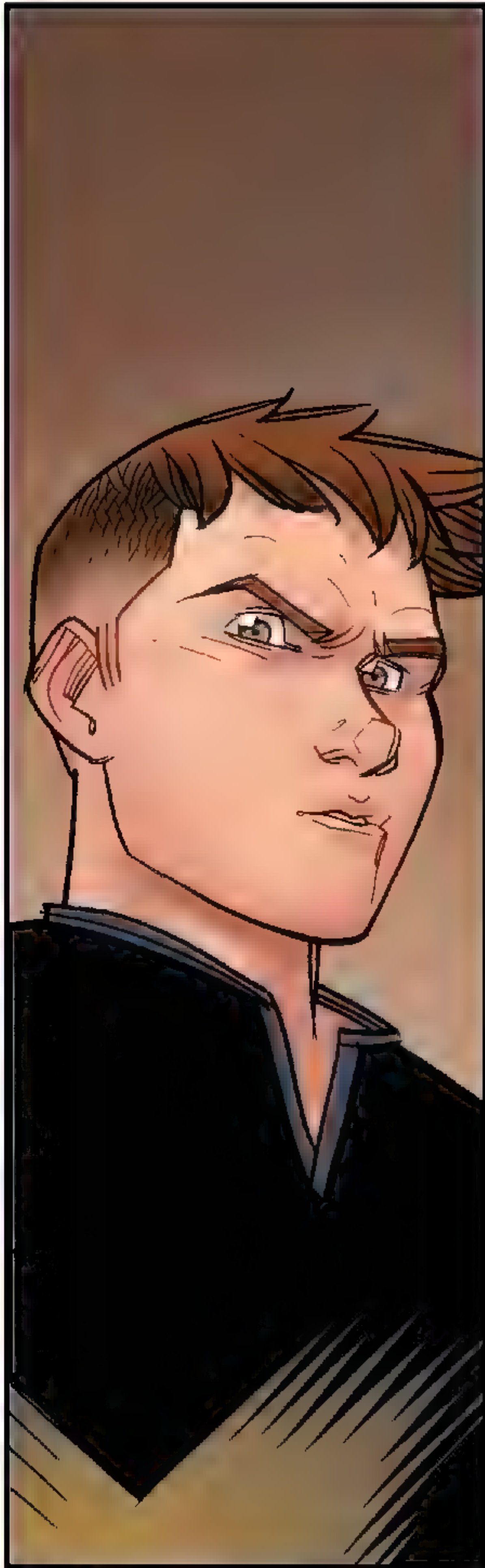
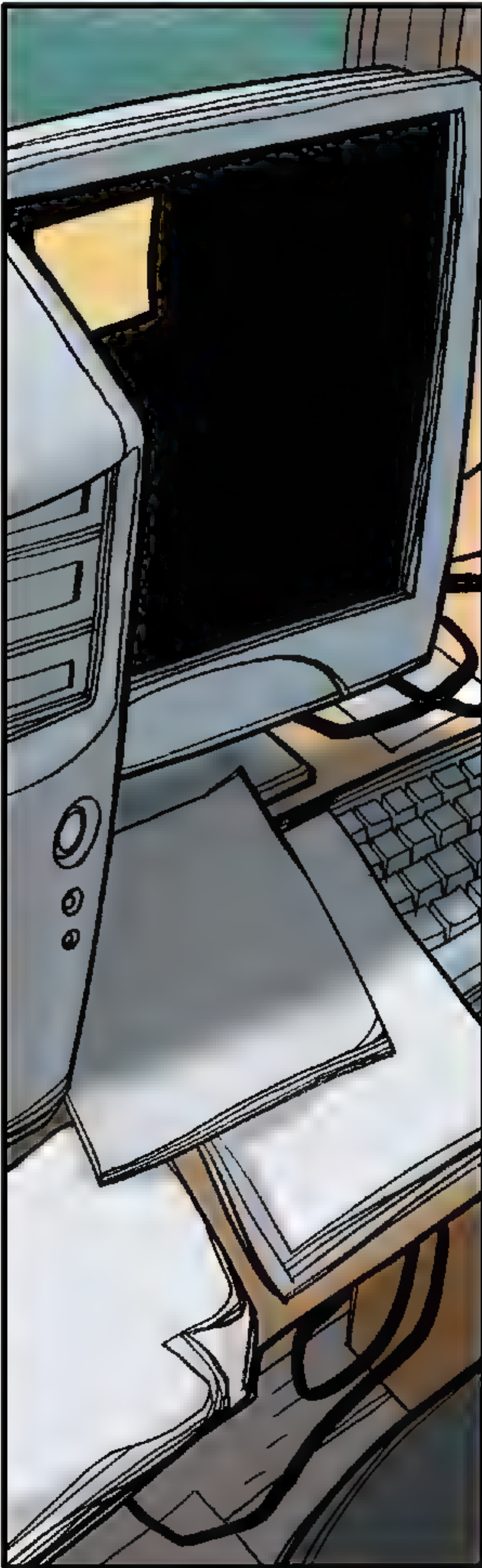
Costumes?

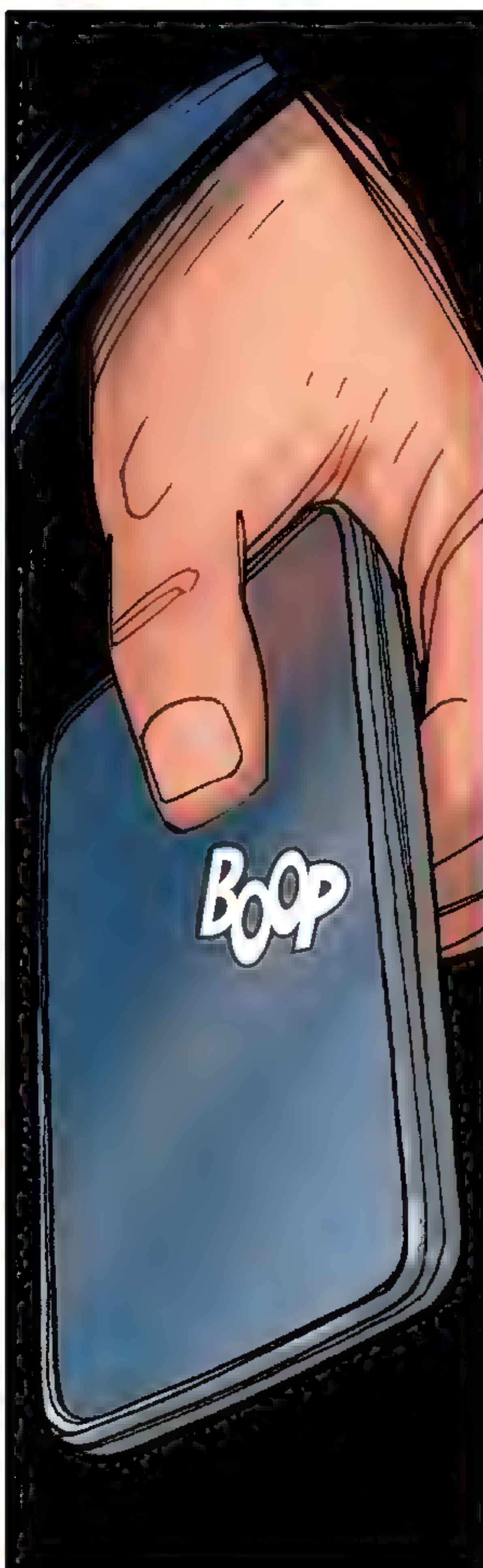
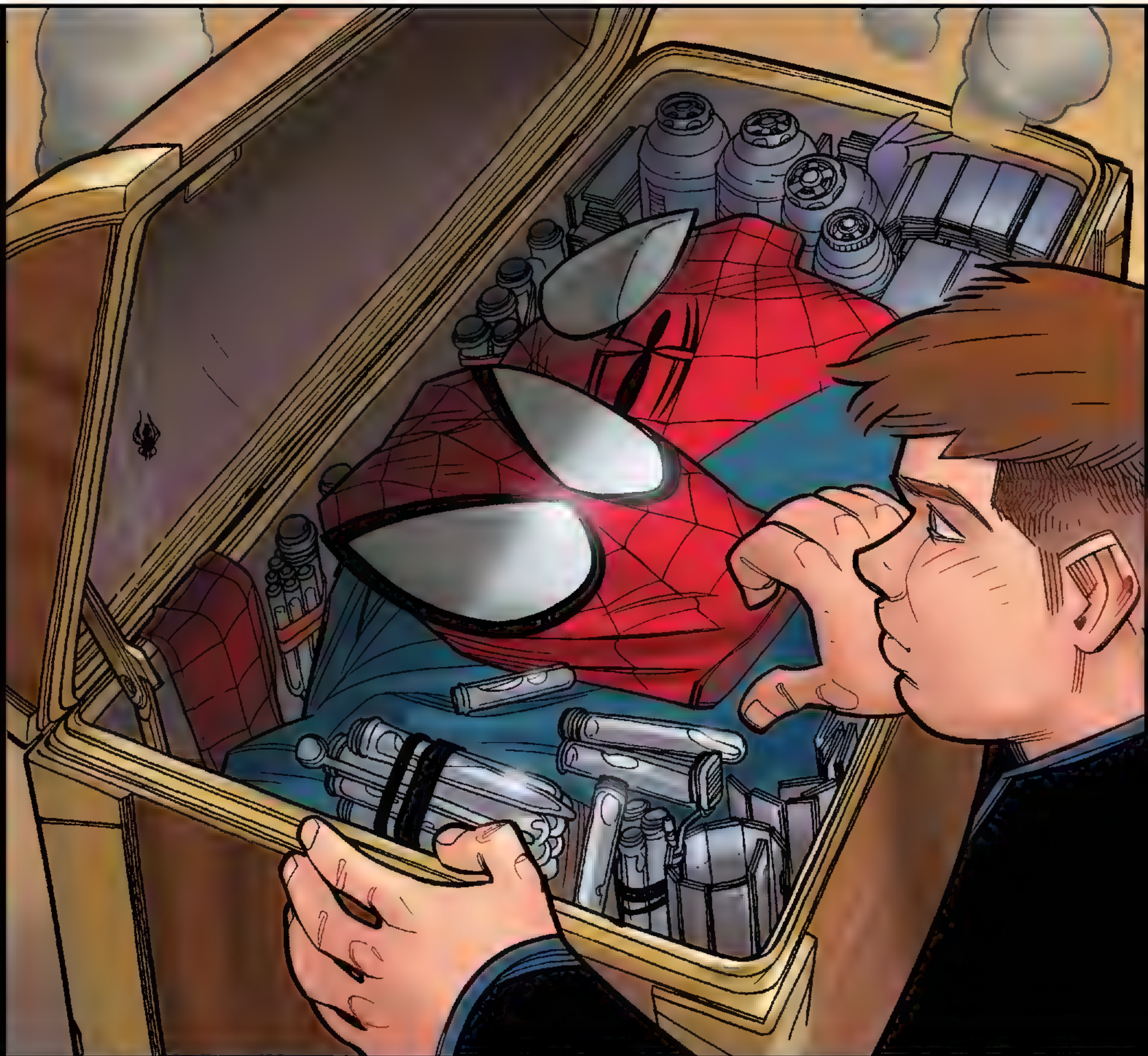


Excuse me!!



I'M NOT DONE TALKING!!

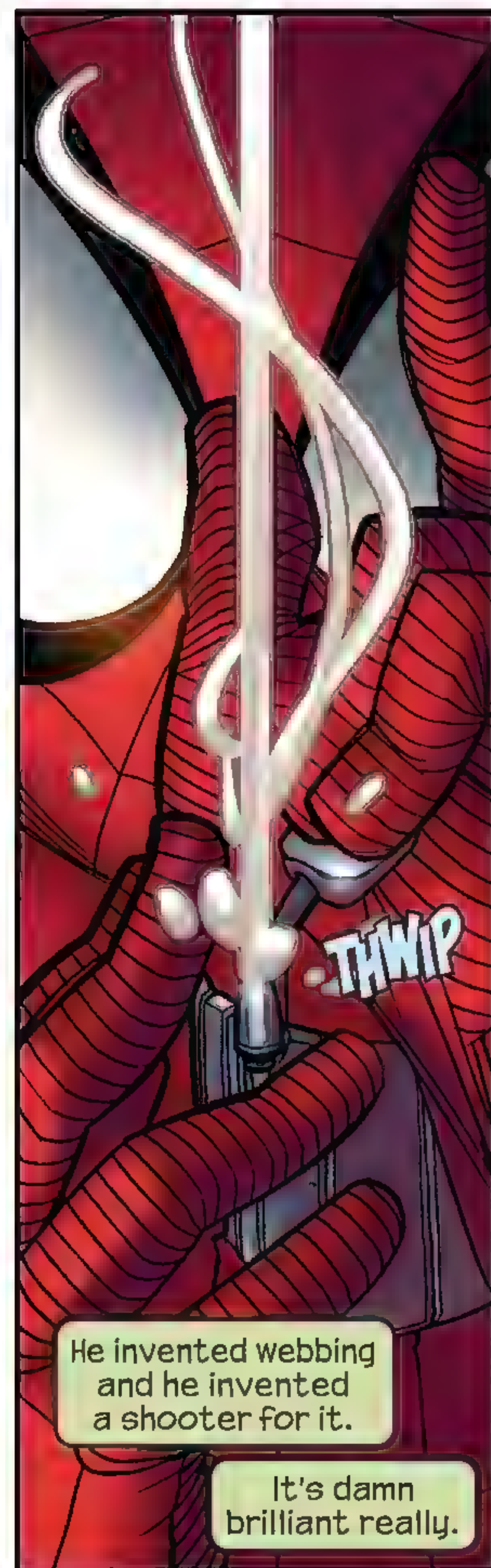
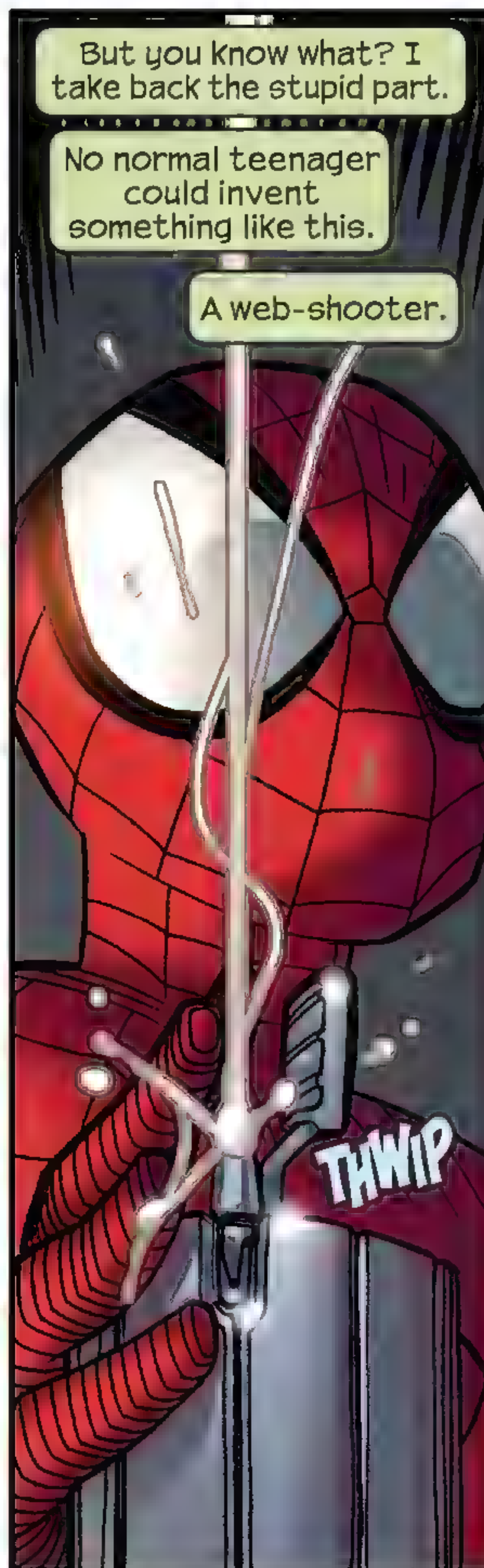


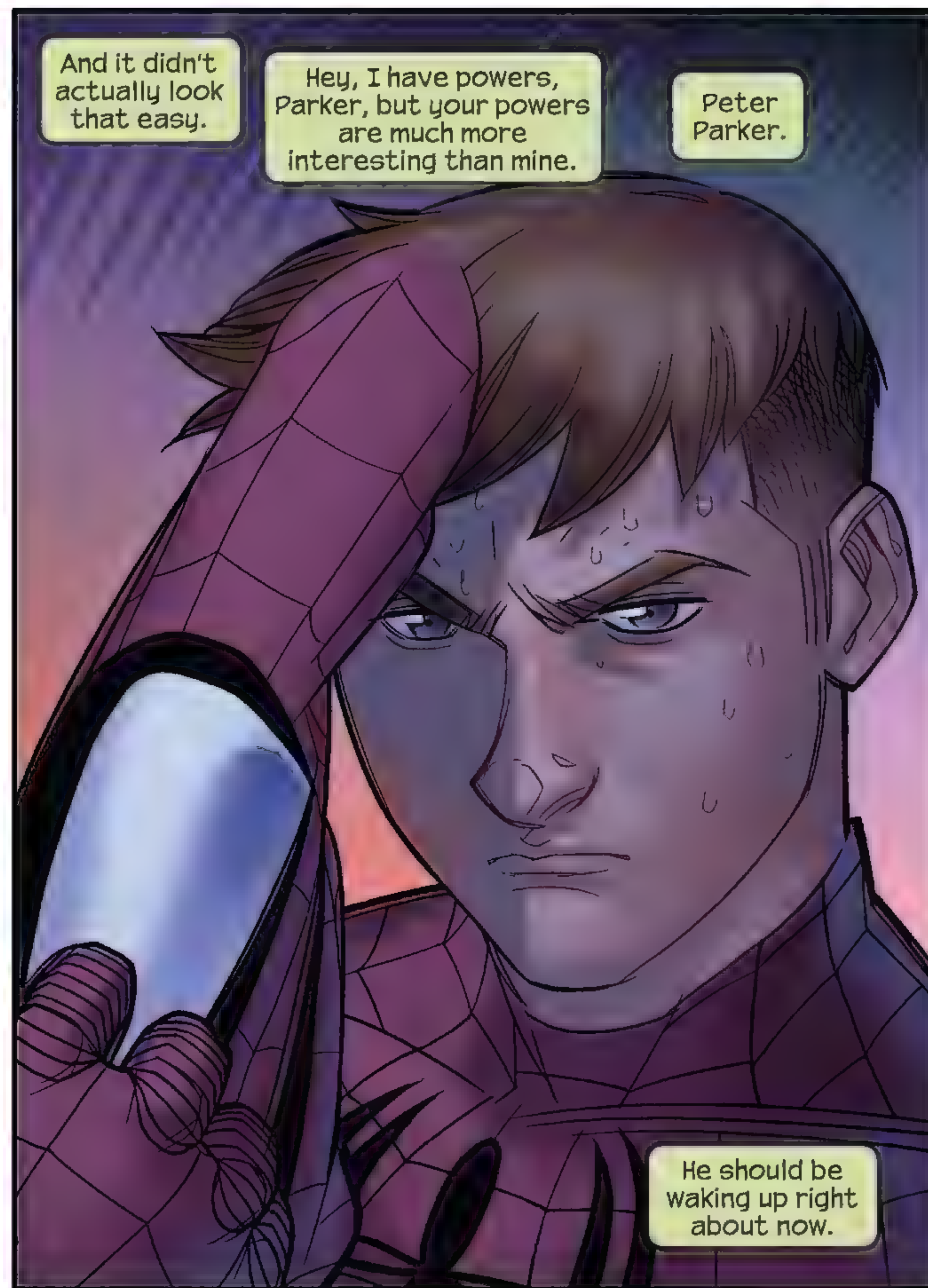
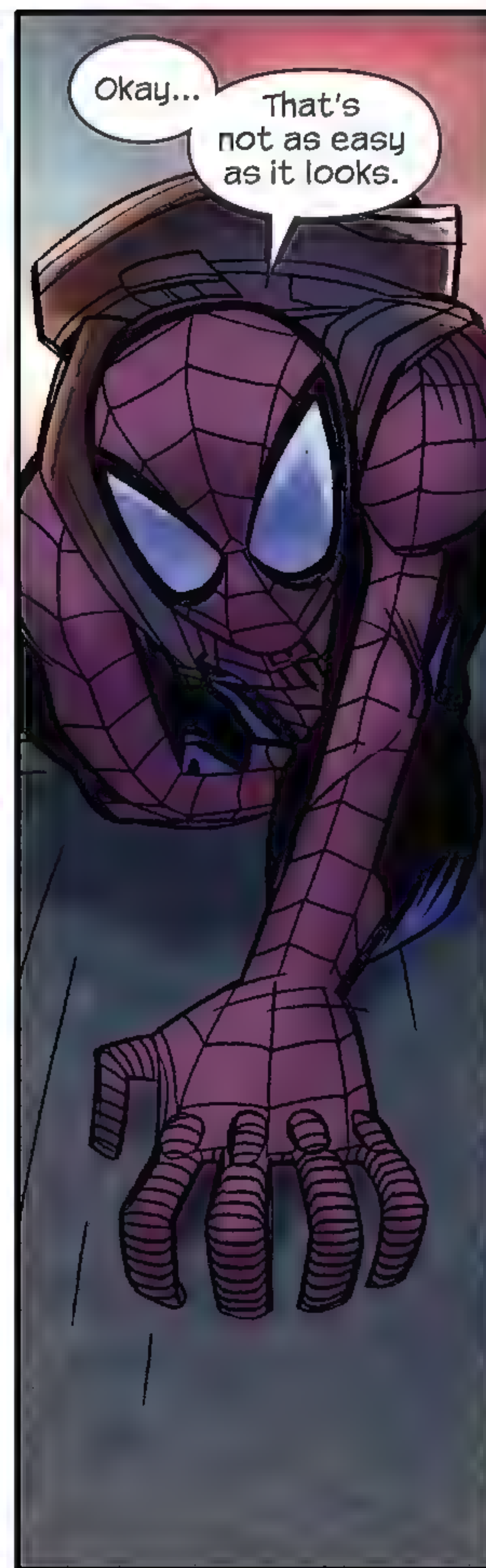
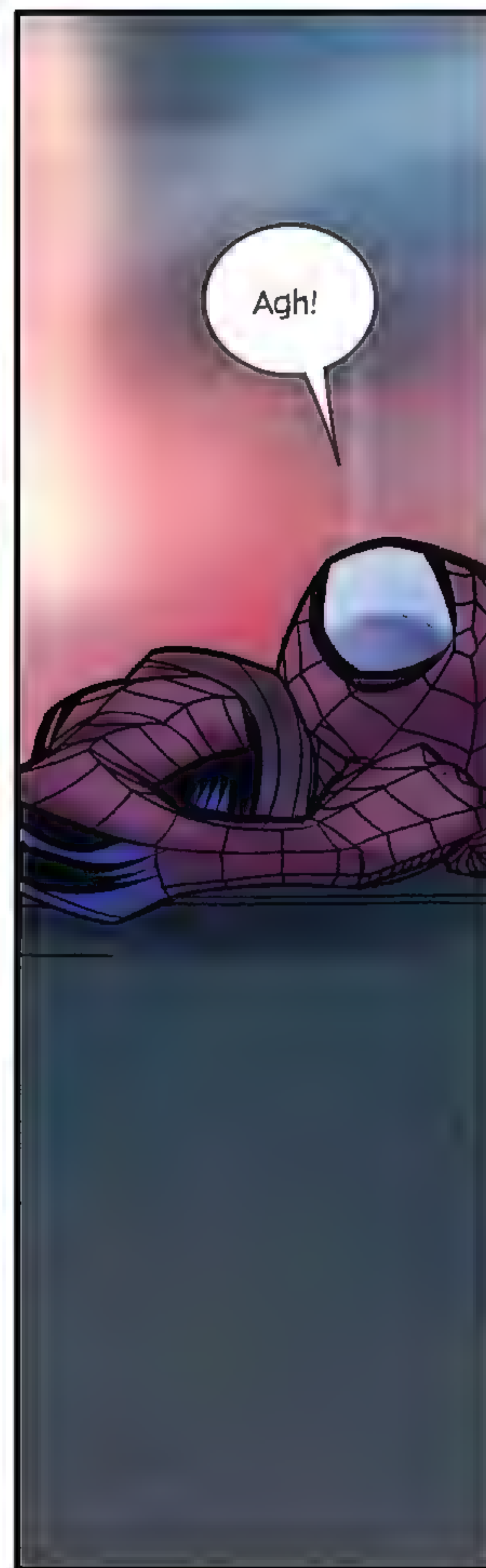
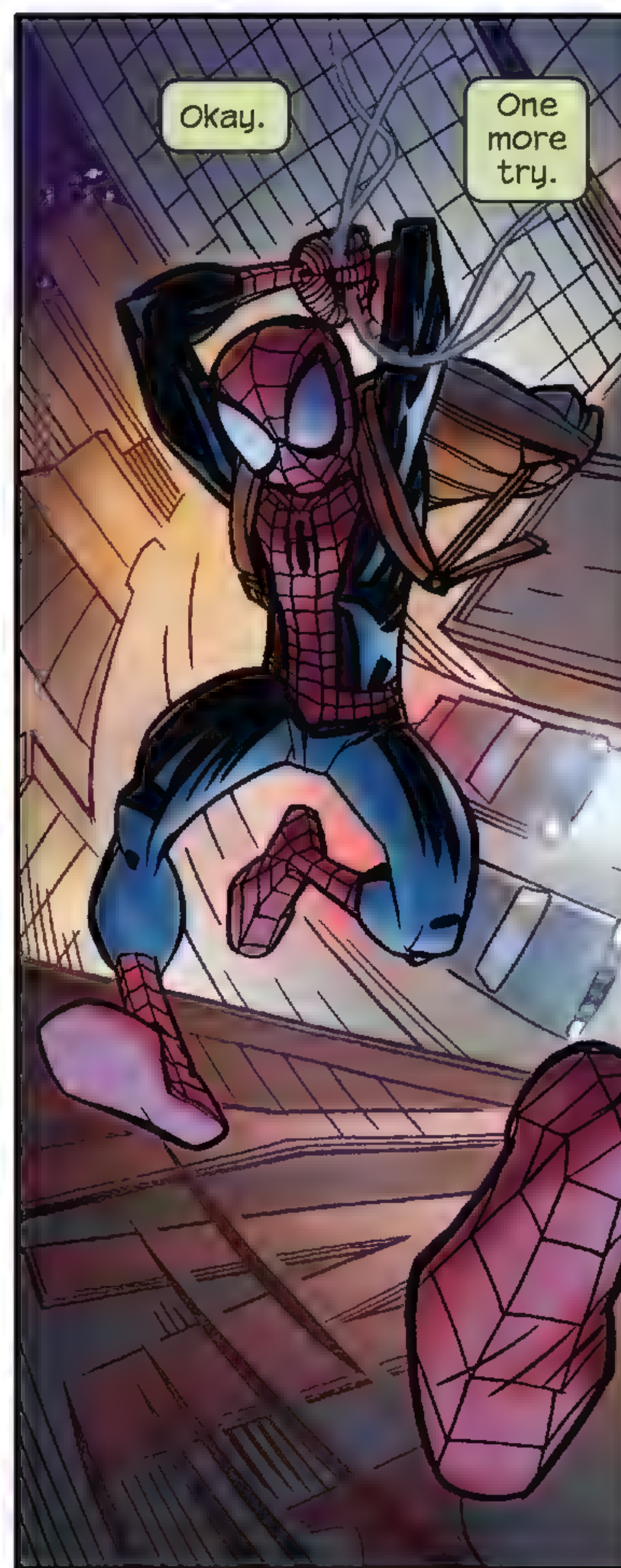
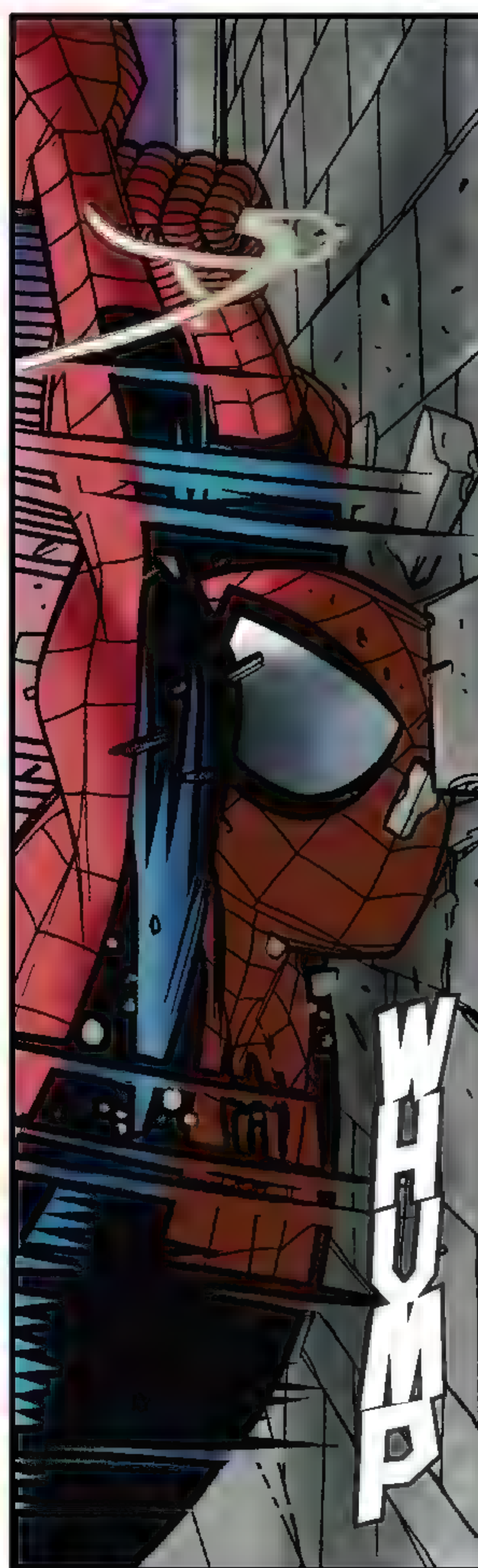


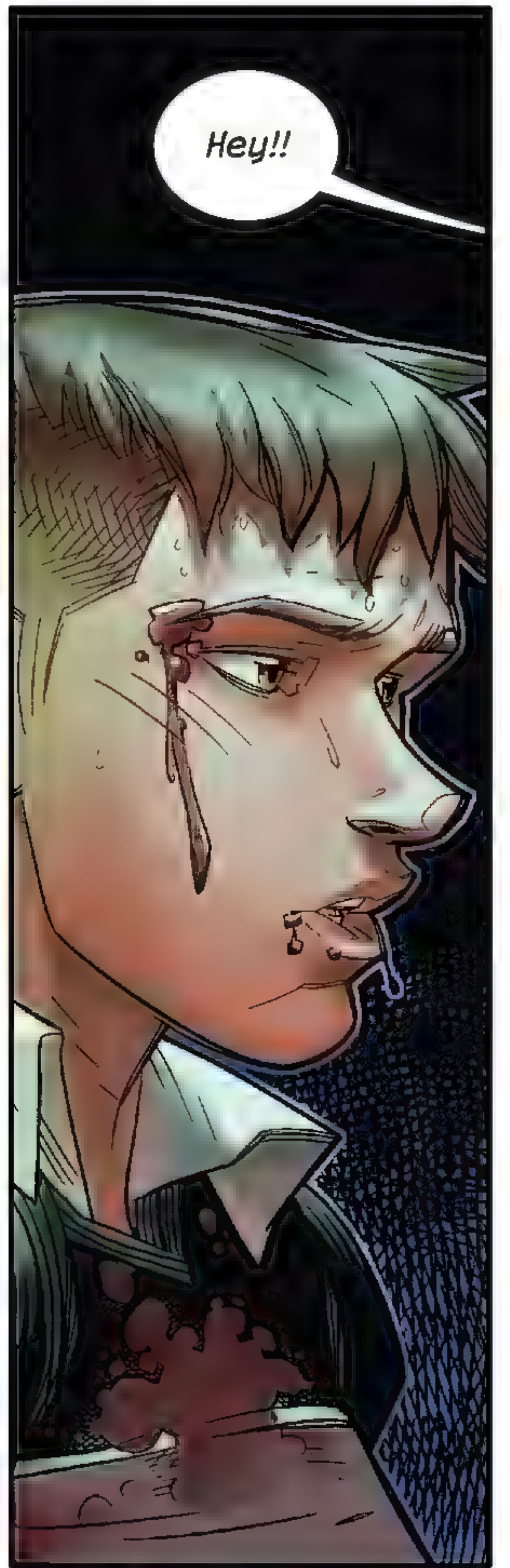


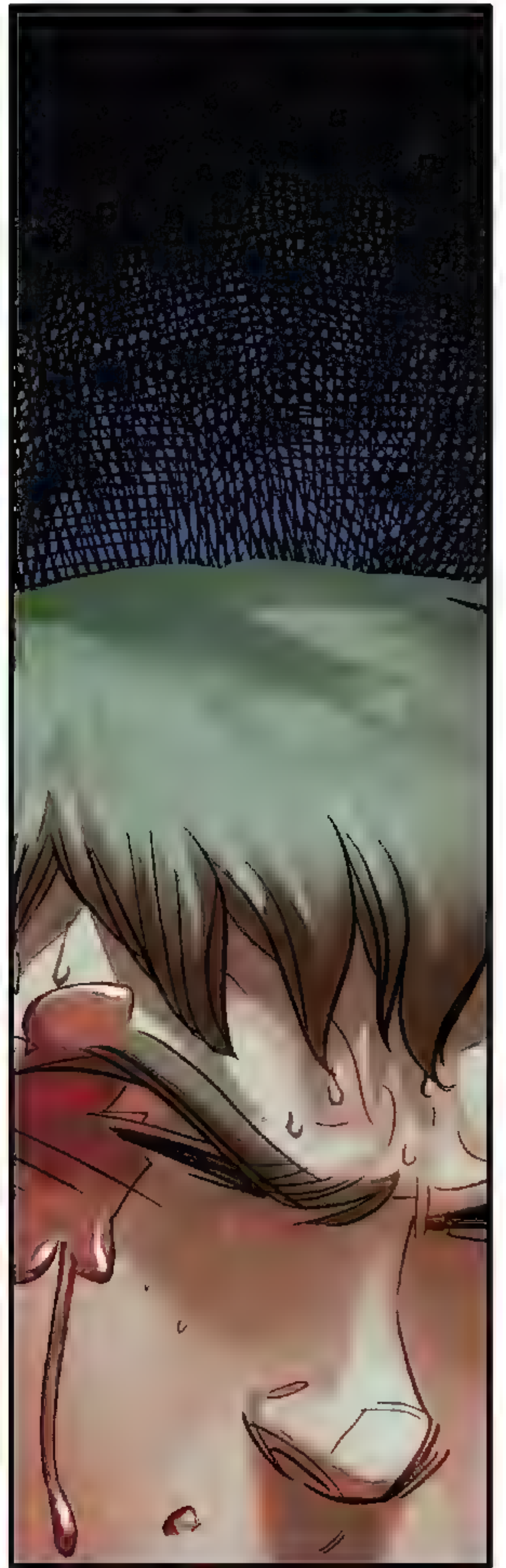
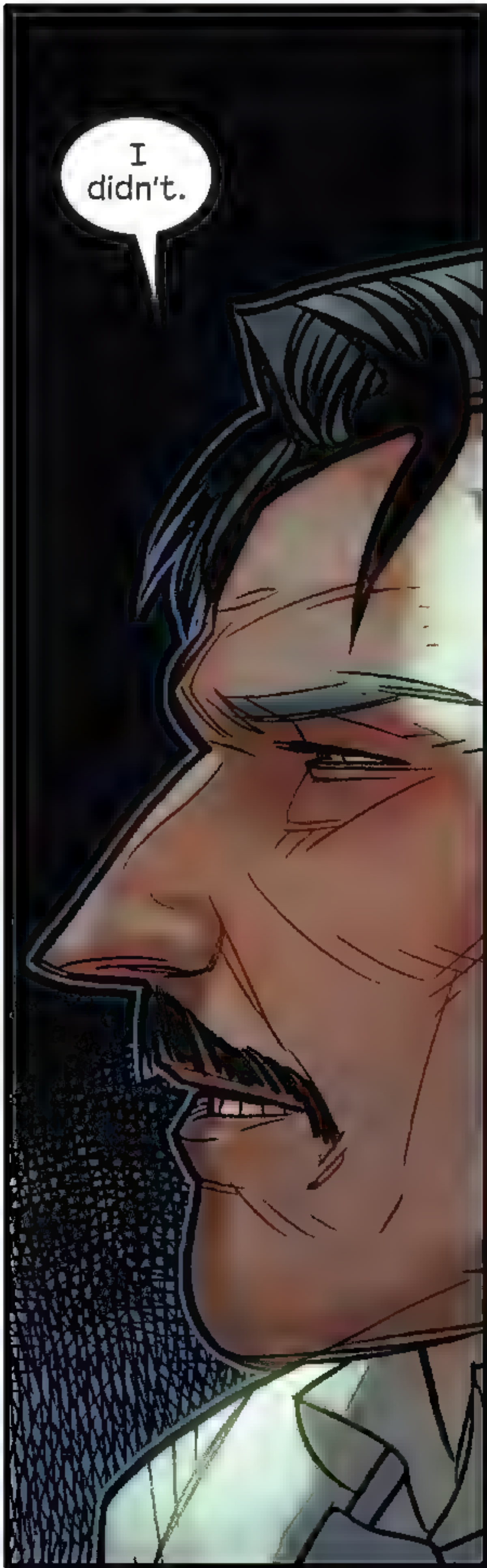
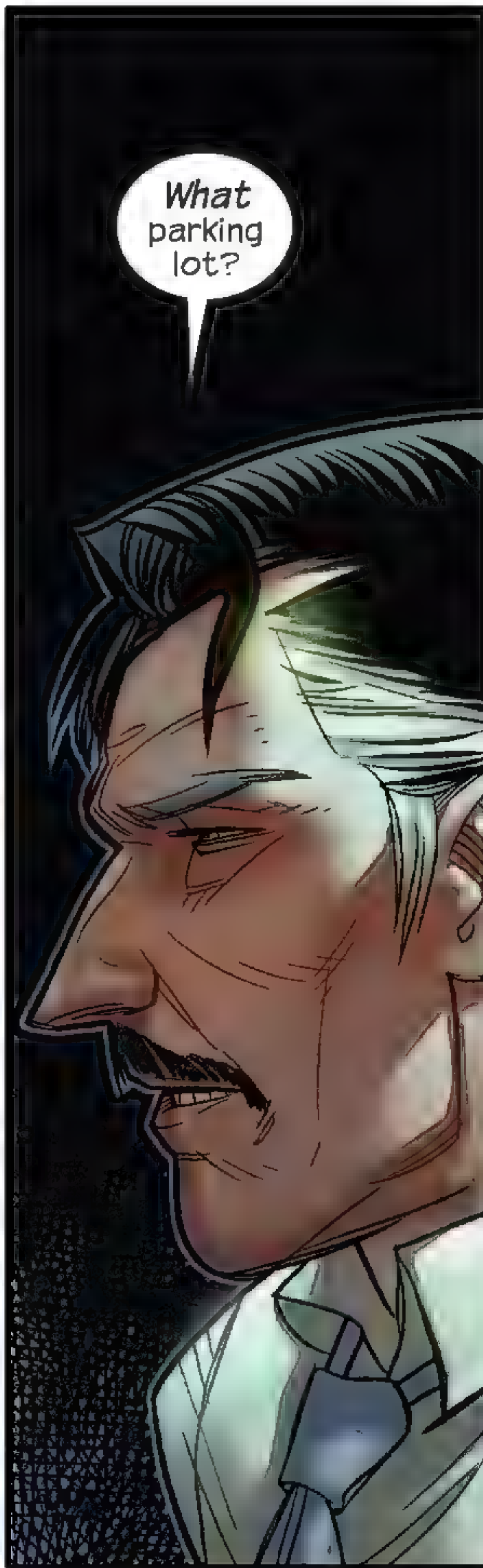
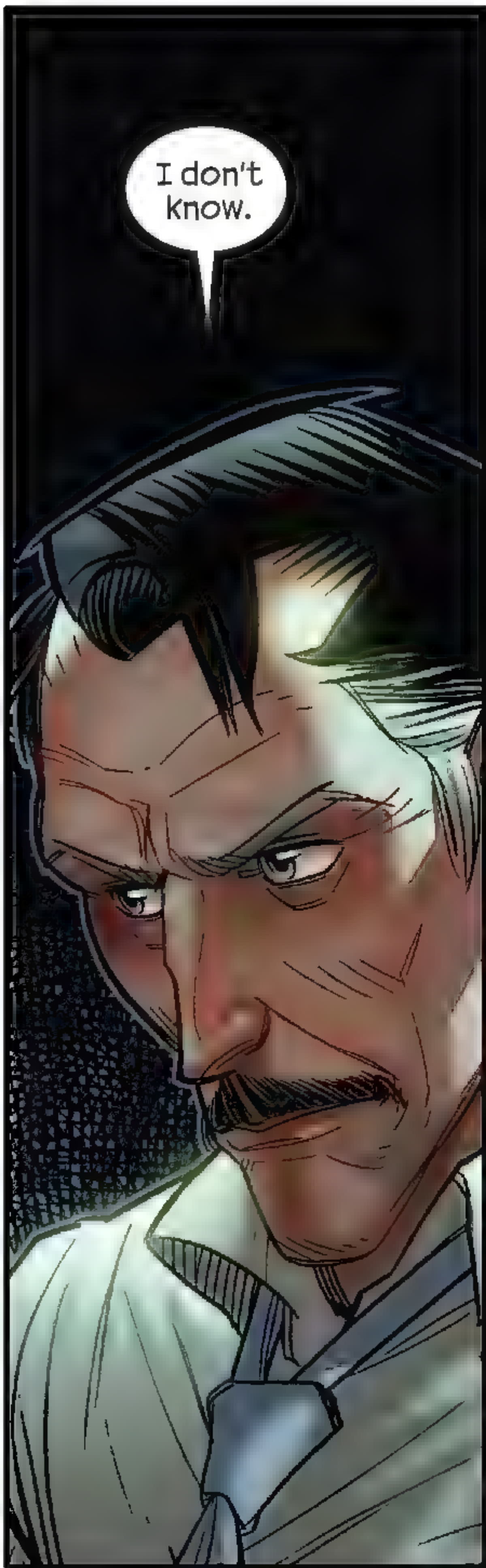
I am not
Spider-Man.

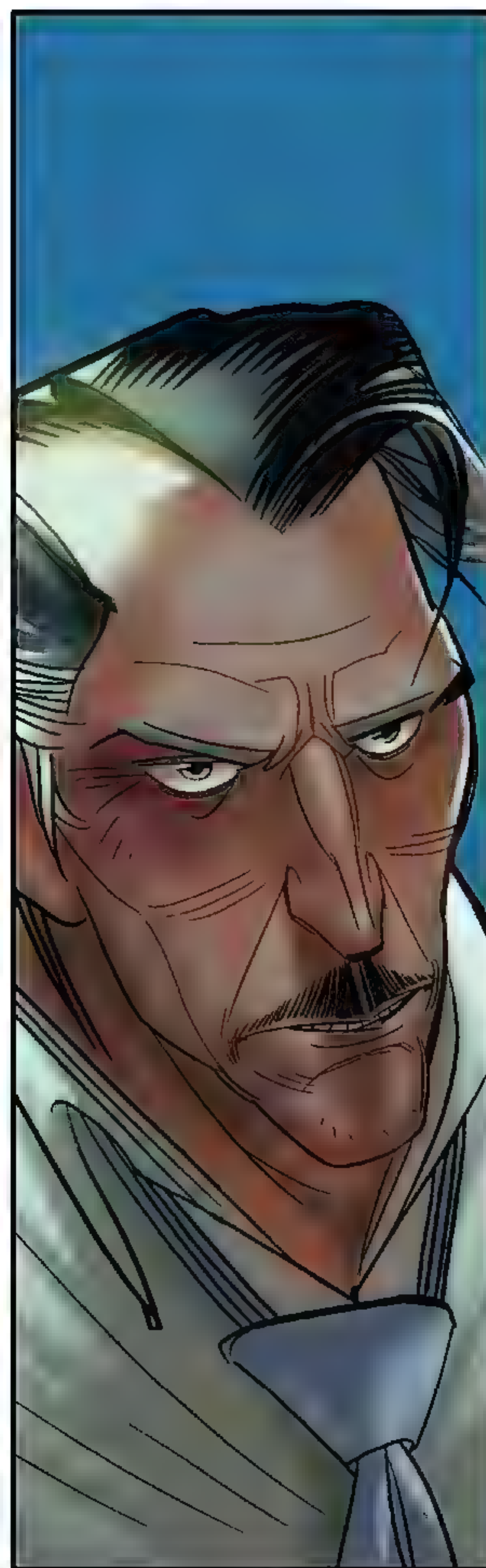
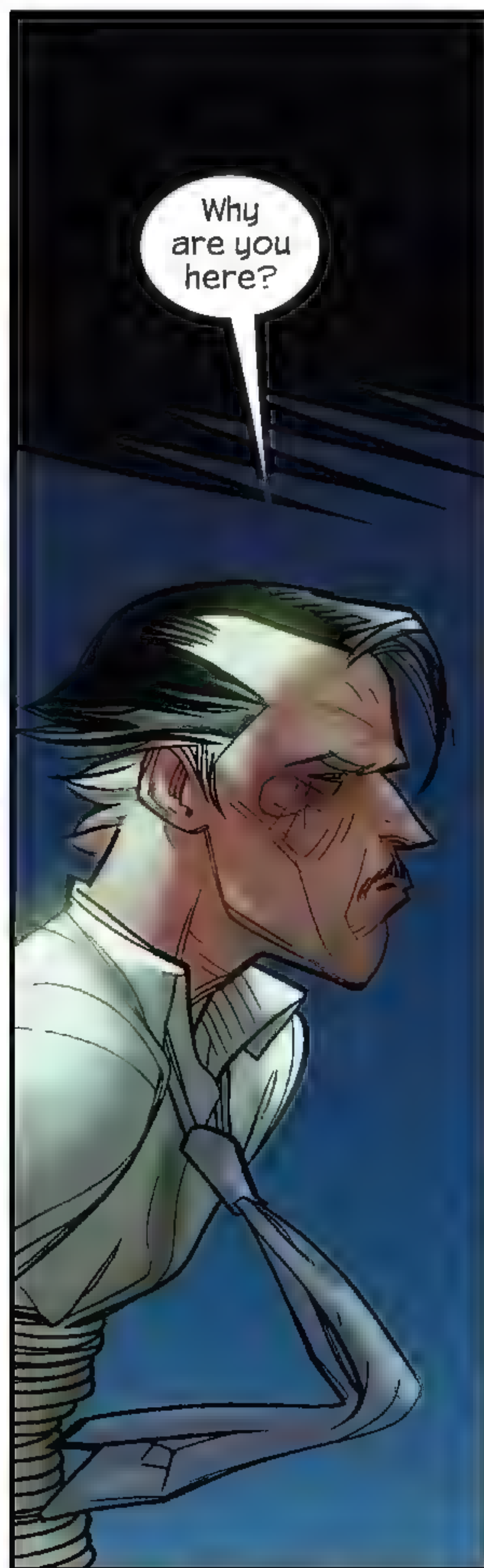
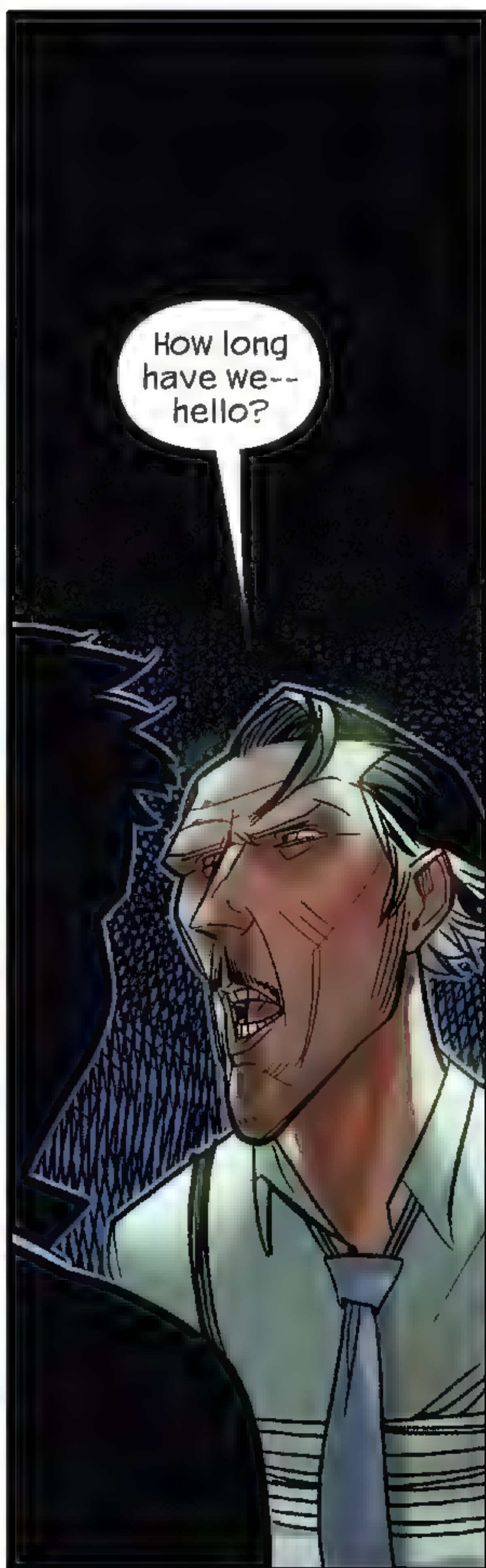
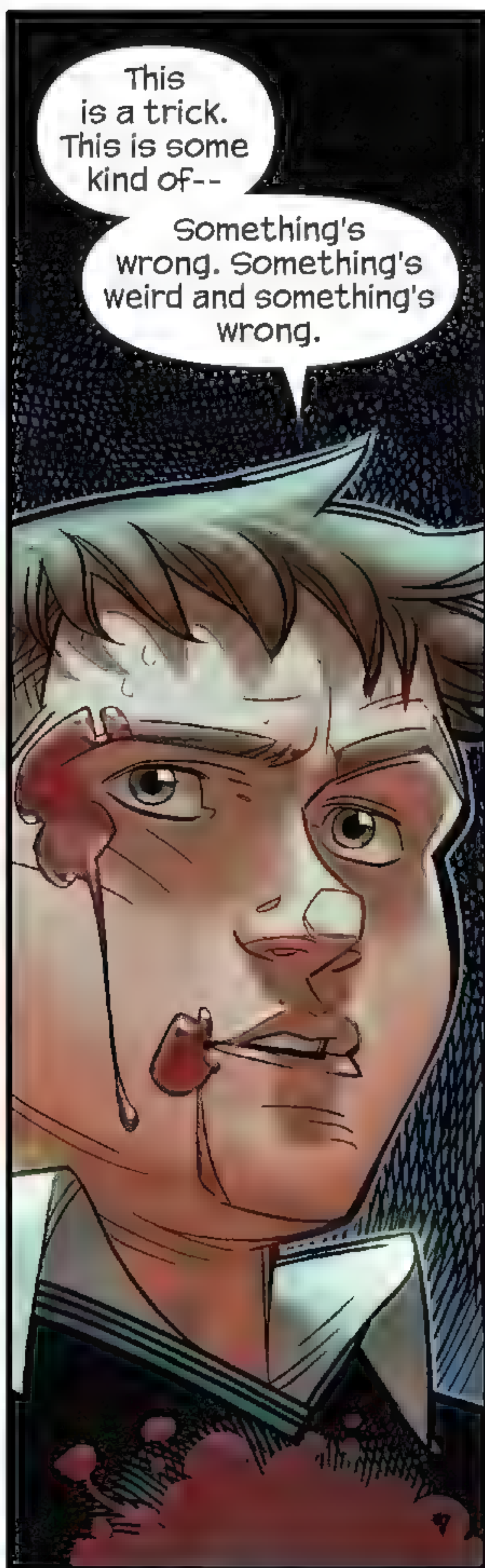


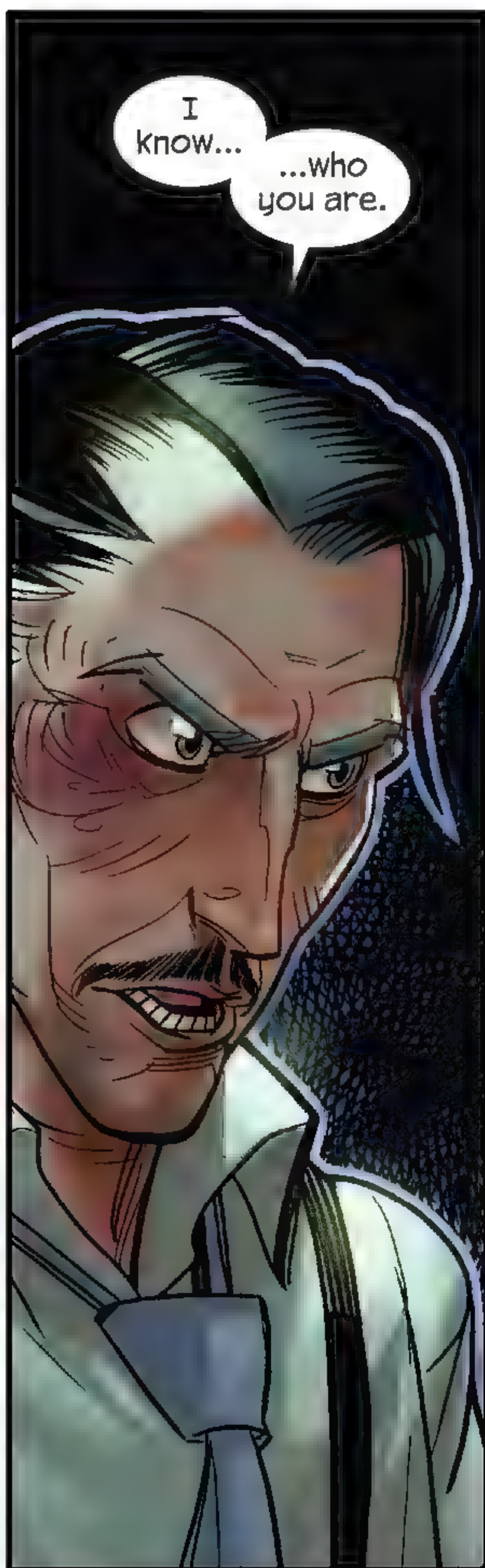




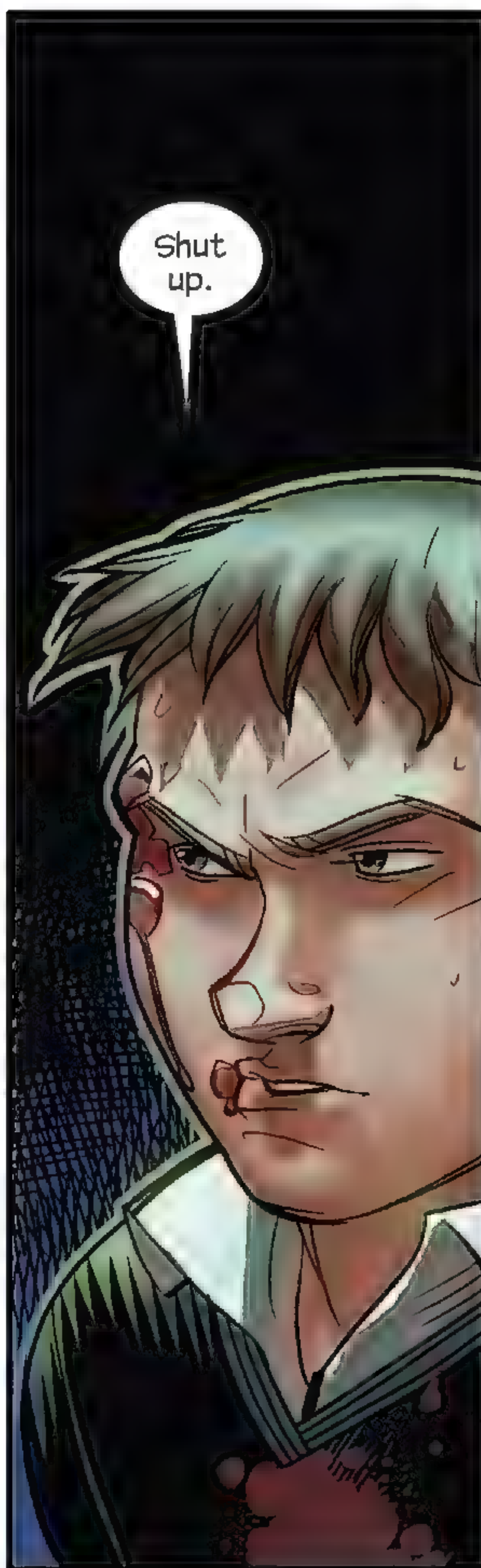








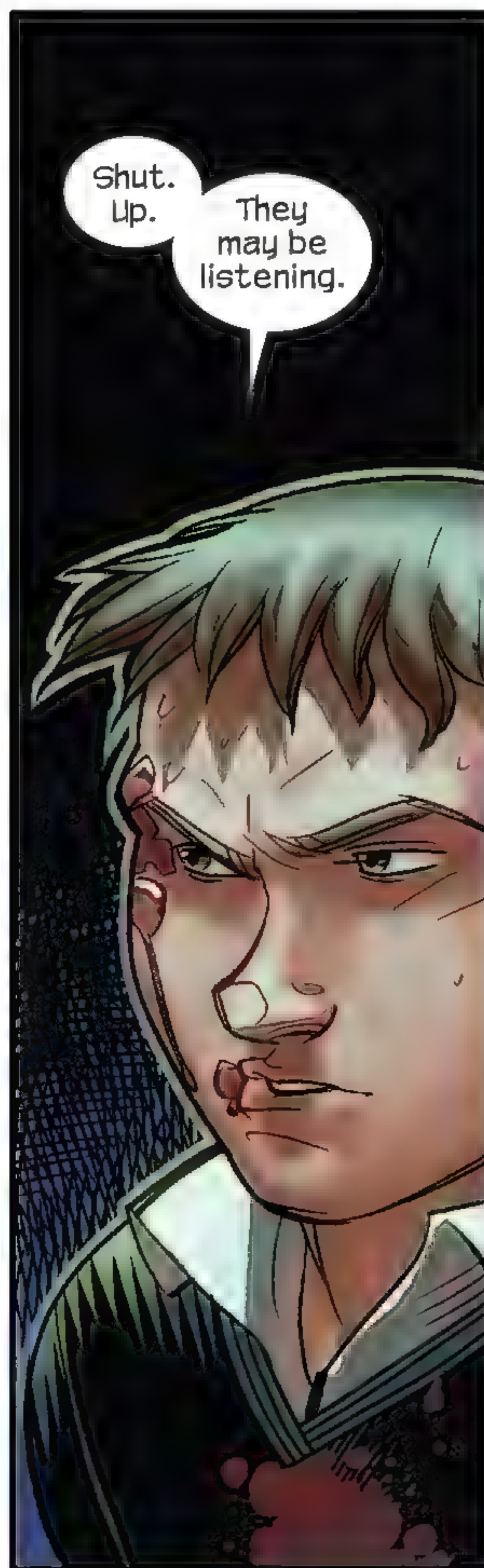
I know...
...who you are.



Shut up.



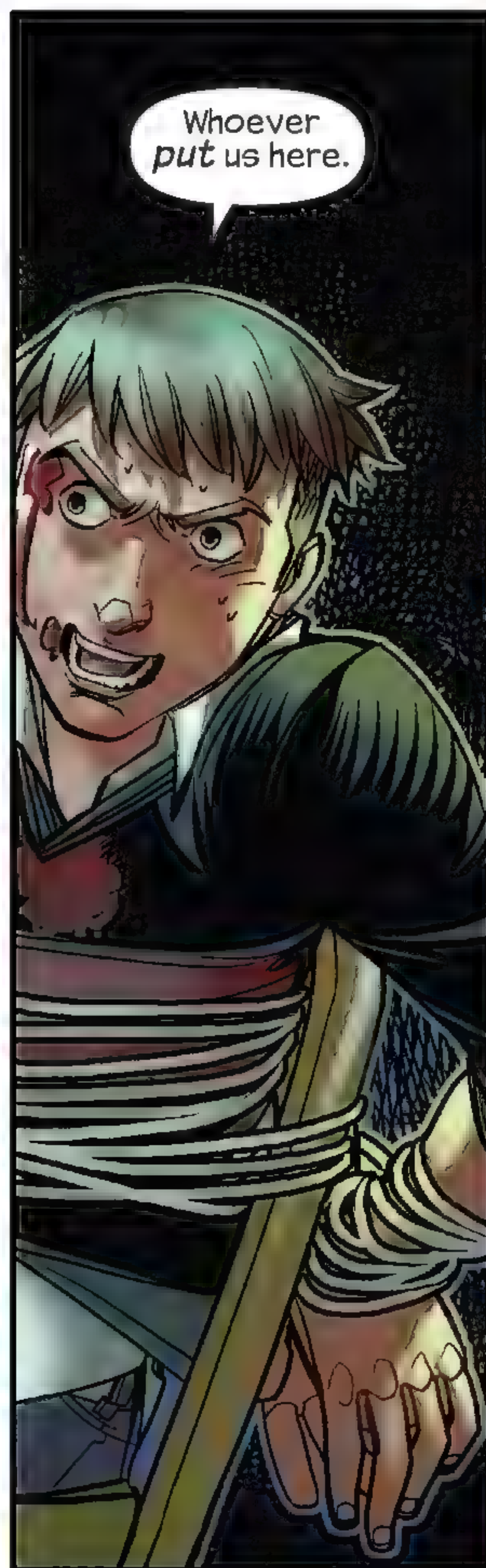
I know who you--



Shut up.
They may be listening.



Who may be listening?



Whoever put us here.



Okay. Okay.

Do it. Power up. Do whatever it is you do and get us out of here.

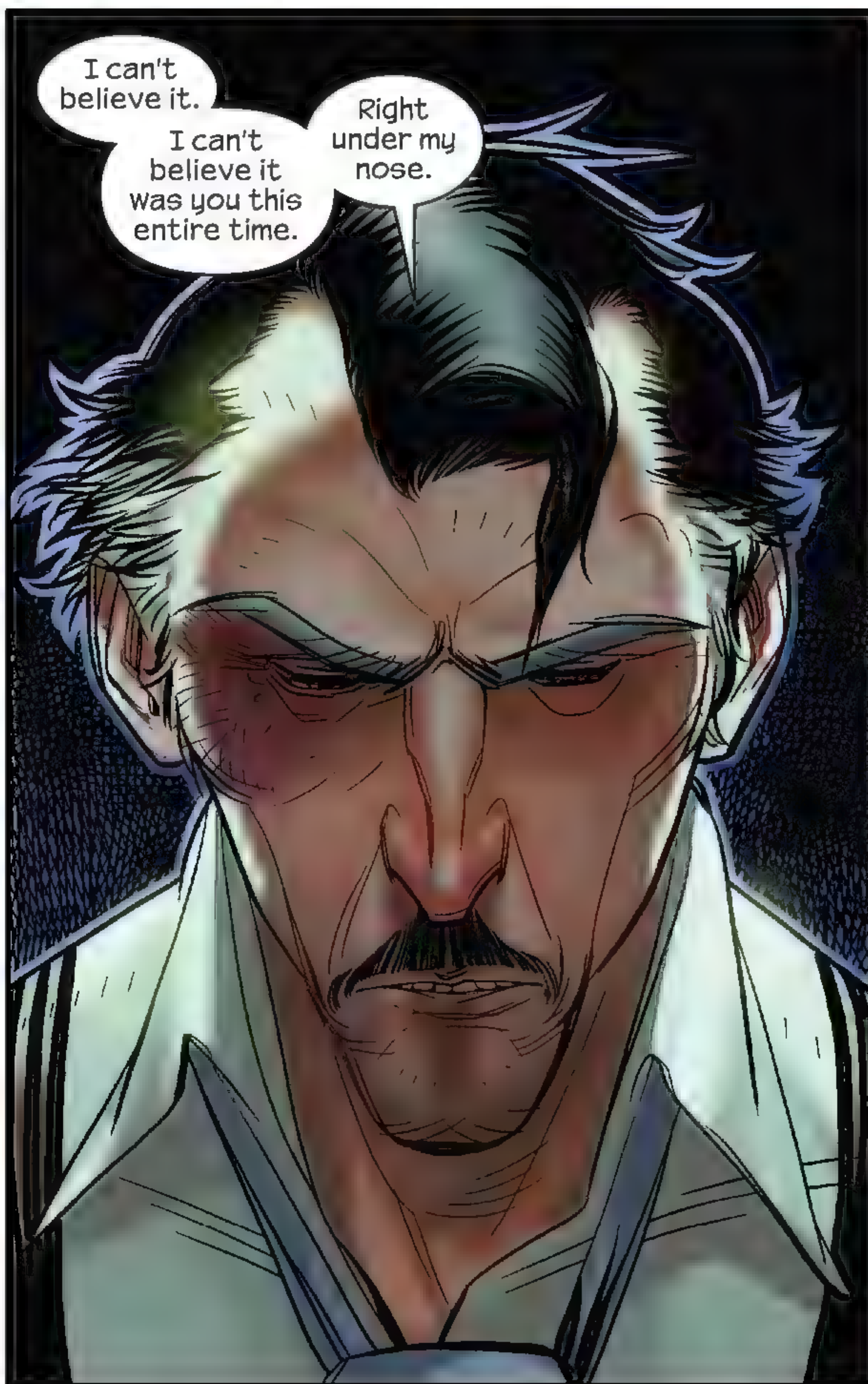
I'm trying!!

I'm having trouble.

I think they drugged us. I feel drugged.

Fuzzy.

I do too.



I can't believe it.
I can't believe it was you this entire time.

Right under my nose.

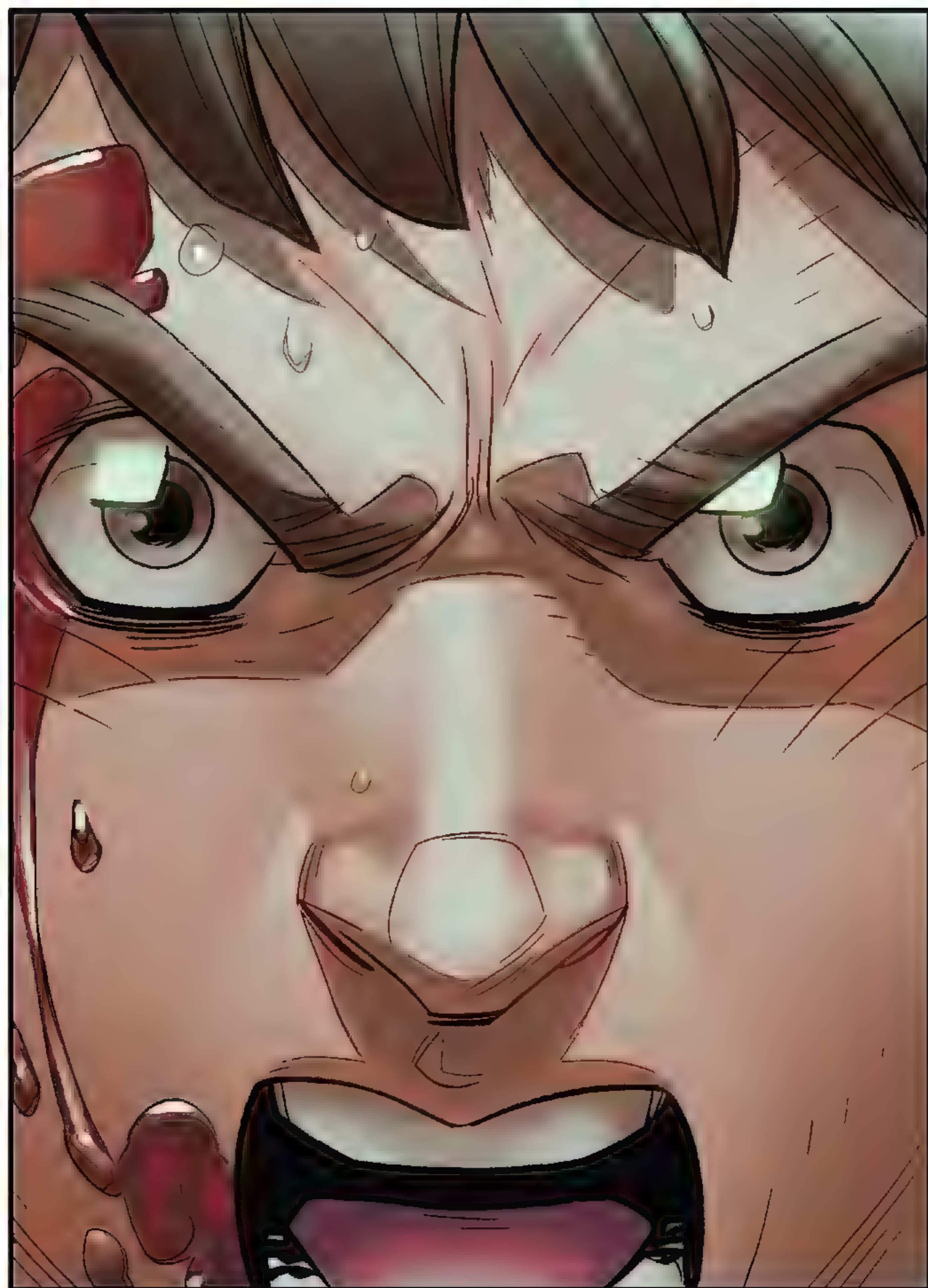


Shut up!



This is the story of the decade.

Right under my nose.



WEEEOOOOEEEEEOOOOEEEEEOOWWWWEEEEEE

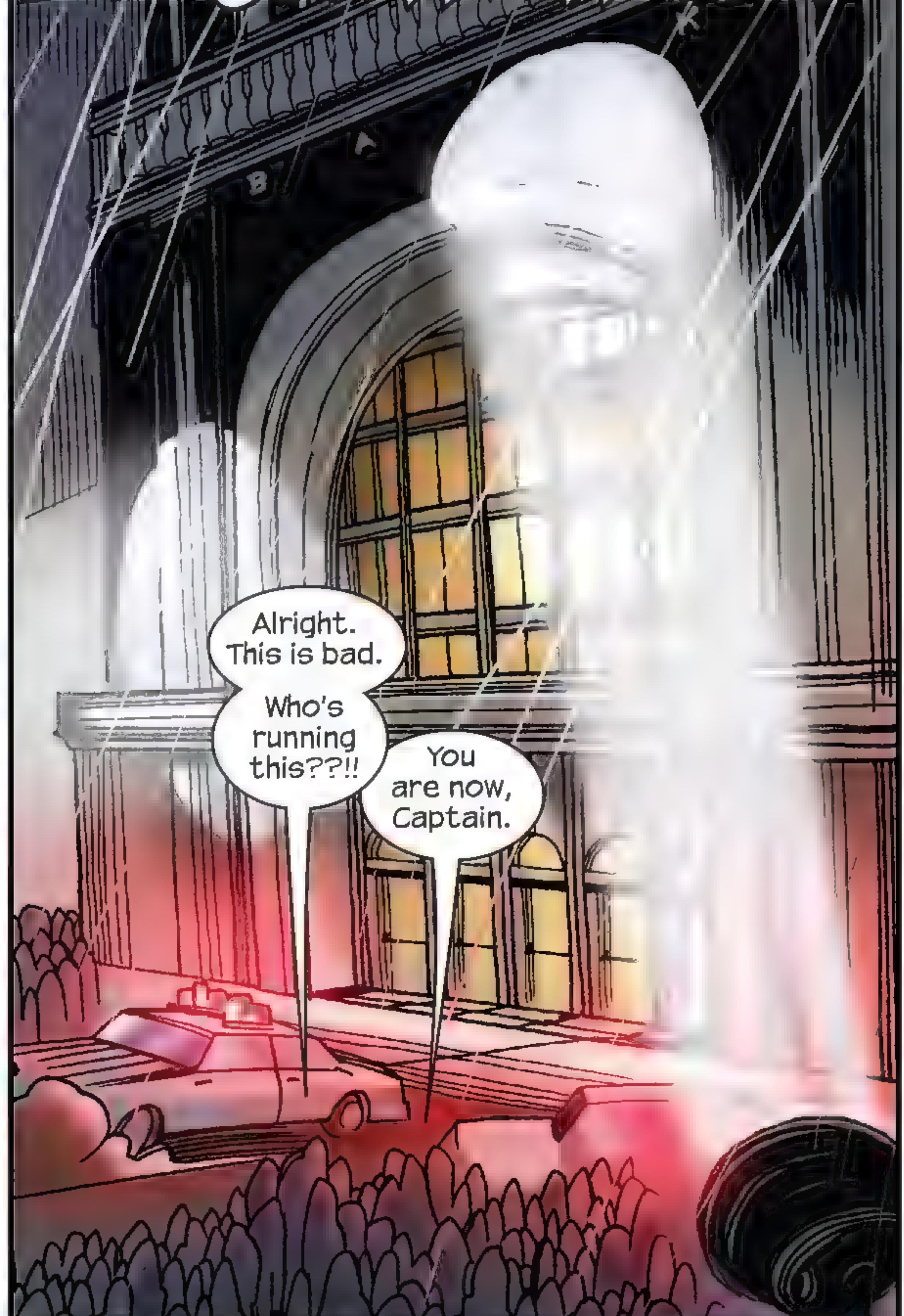


This is Captain Frank Quaid. We are en route.

We have another call from a hostage. He has left his phone open. Over.

And we're sure it's really him??

I can only tell you what I've been told. Over.

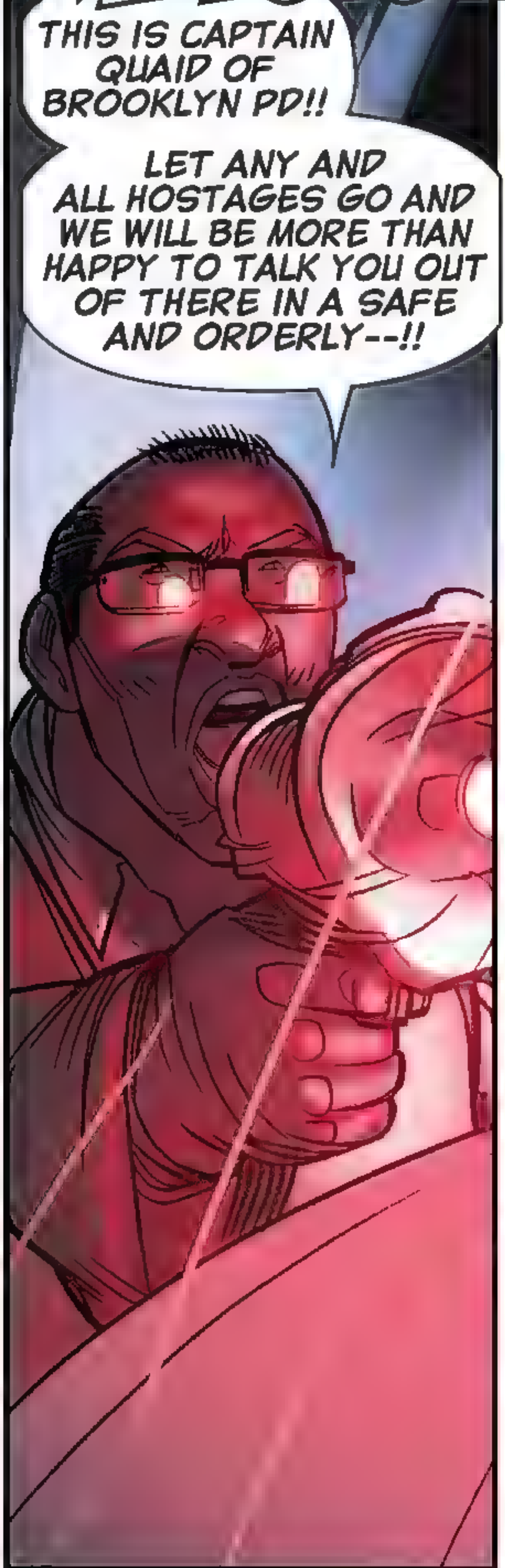


Alright. This is bad.

Who's running this??!!

You are now, Captain.

WEEEOOOOEEEEEOOOOEEEEEOOWWWWEEEEEE



THIS IS CAPTAIN QUAID OF BROOKLYN PD!!

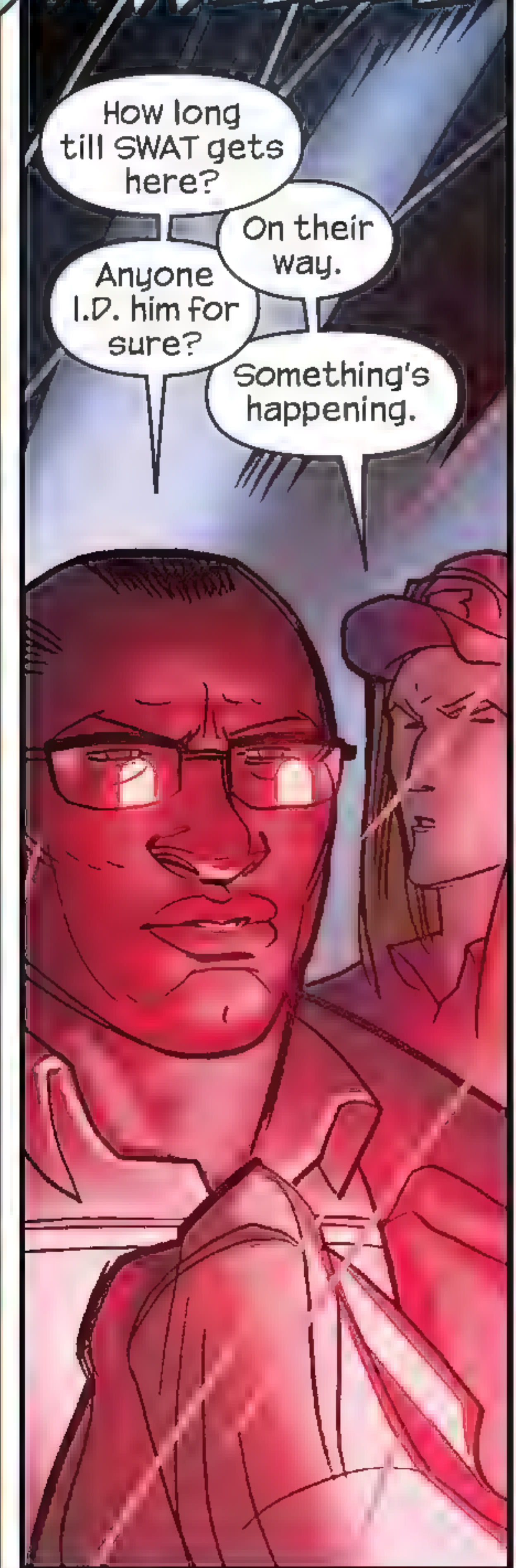
LET ANY AND ALL HOSTAGES GO AND WE WILL BE MORE THAN HAPPY TO TALK YOU OUT OF THERE IN A SAFE AND ORDERLY--!!



You hear that, everyone?

He thinks I should let you go.

Let's take a vote. See if that works.



How long till SWAT gets here?

On their way.

Anyone I.D. him for sure?

Something's happening.



Heads
up!

Big time
super hero
comin'
through!



That
was him.

For
sure.

Say
it ain't
so, kid.

Aw,
that kills
me.



That's how
you do what
you do.

Hey,
it's me.

How's your
little social
experiment
going?



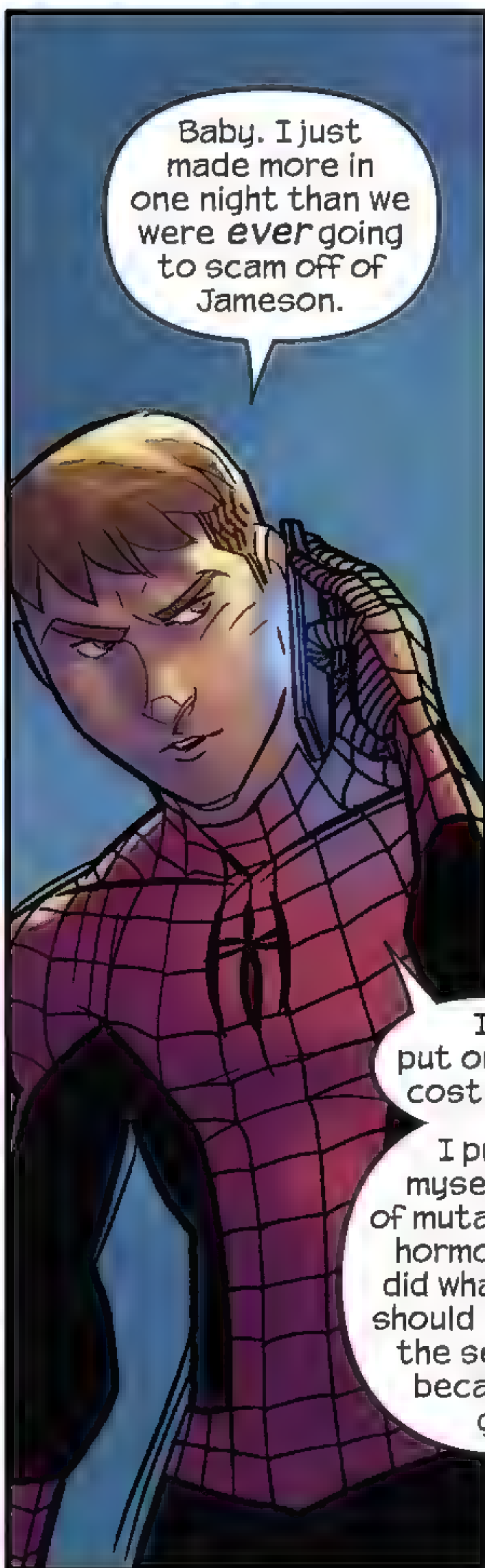
It's interesting.

I know who you are.

But I'm not sure we're going to learn anything about this kid you haven't already figured out.

Jameson *just* figured out the kid's secret.

And the old man's becoming less valuable to us by the second.



Baby. I just made more in one night than we were *ever* going to scam off of Jameson.

I put on the costume.

I pumped myself up full of mutant growth hormone and I did what this kid should have done the second he became this guy.



How much? How?

People saw you?



People saw him.

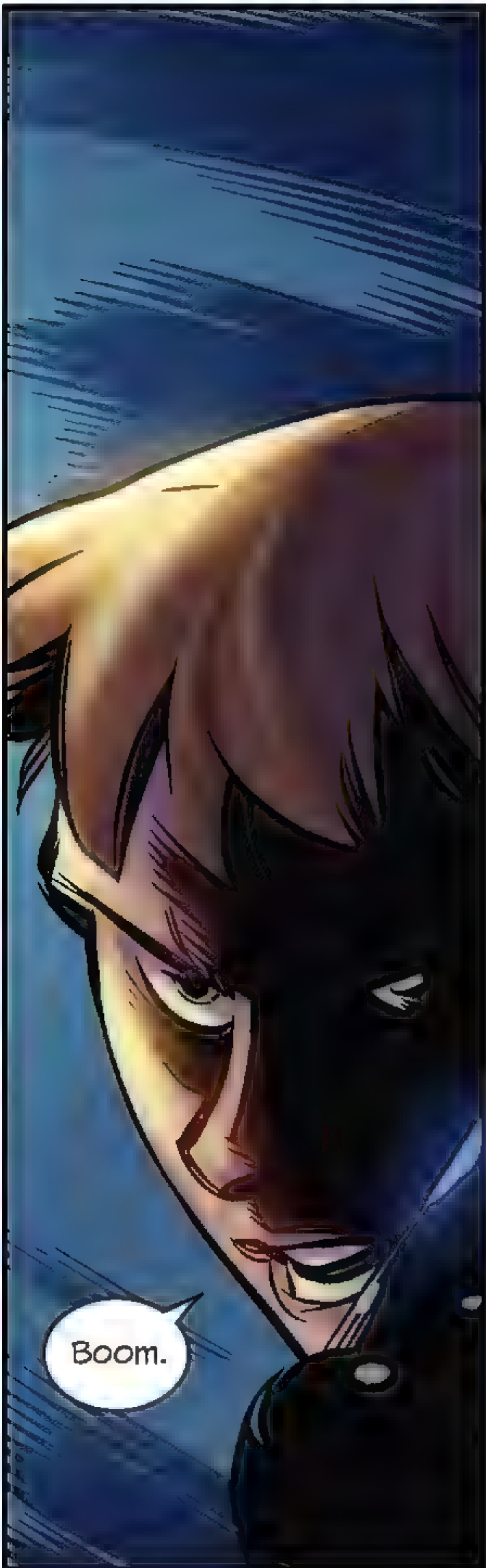
Him.

Pretty sure this is the worst day in Spider-Man's life.

I guarantee it's the lead story already.



--day few thought would ever come, but the young hero known as Spider-Man has apparently started a one-man crime wave and no one in the five boroughs seems safe.



Boom.



Did you--?

I heard it. That's hilarious.

What's the matter? You sound weird.

I'm crashing. I'll be okay. I just need another hit.

I told you to lay off that MGH stuff.



When you see what I'm bringing you...

What do I do with Jameson and the kid?

The kid, keep around. The kid is useful.

The kid is dangerous.



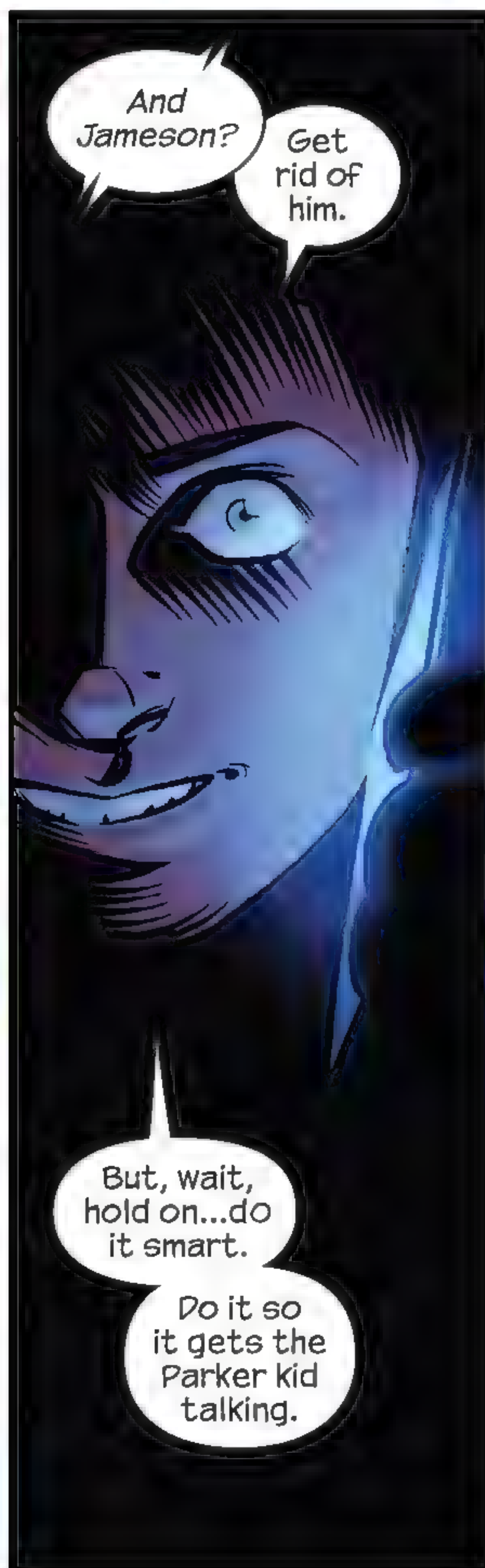
We have to find out more of what he knows that we don't.

There's more gold in that there hill.

You're pushing your luck.



Our luck. I'm pushing *our* luck.

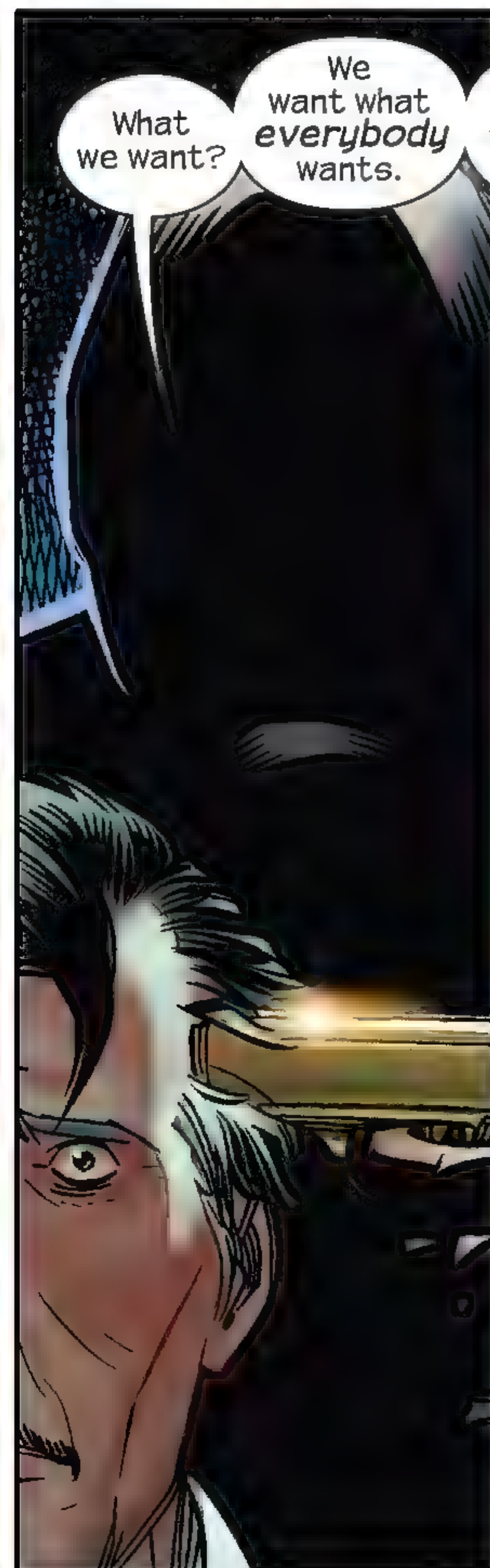
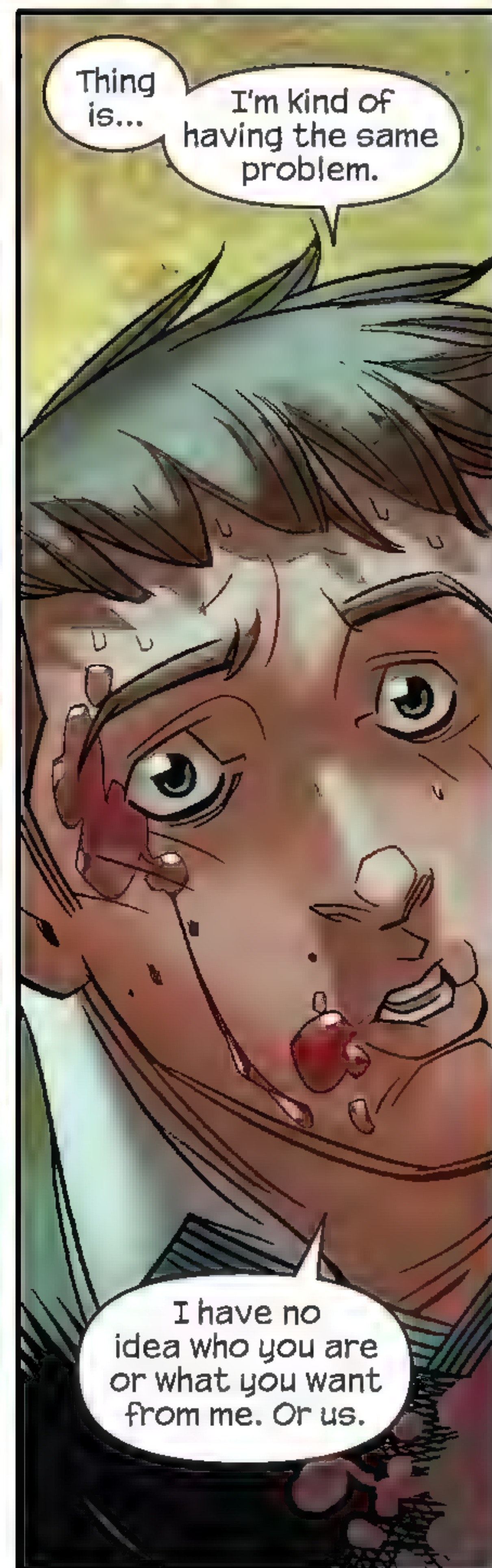
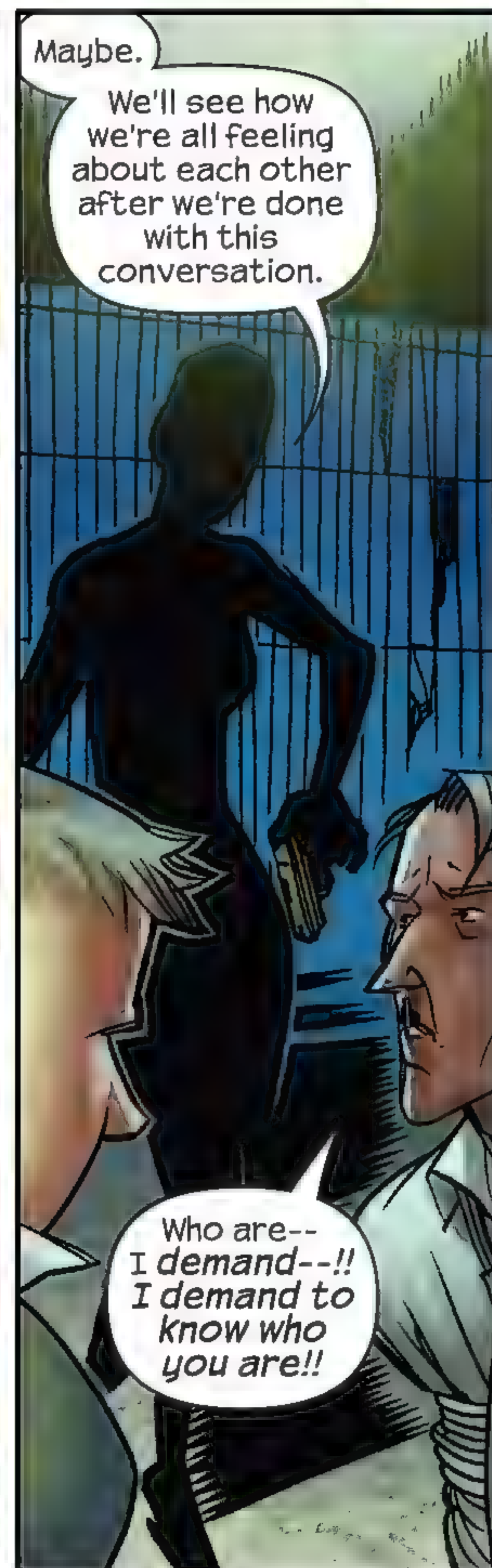
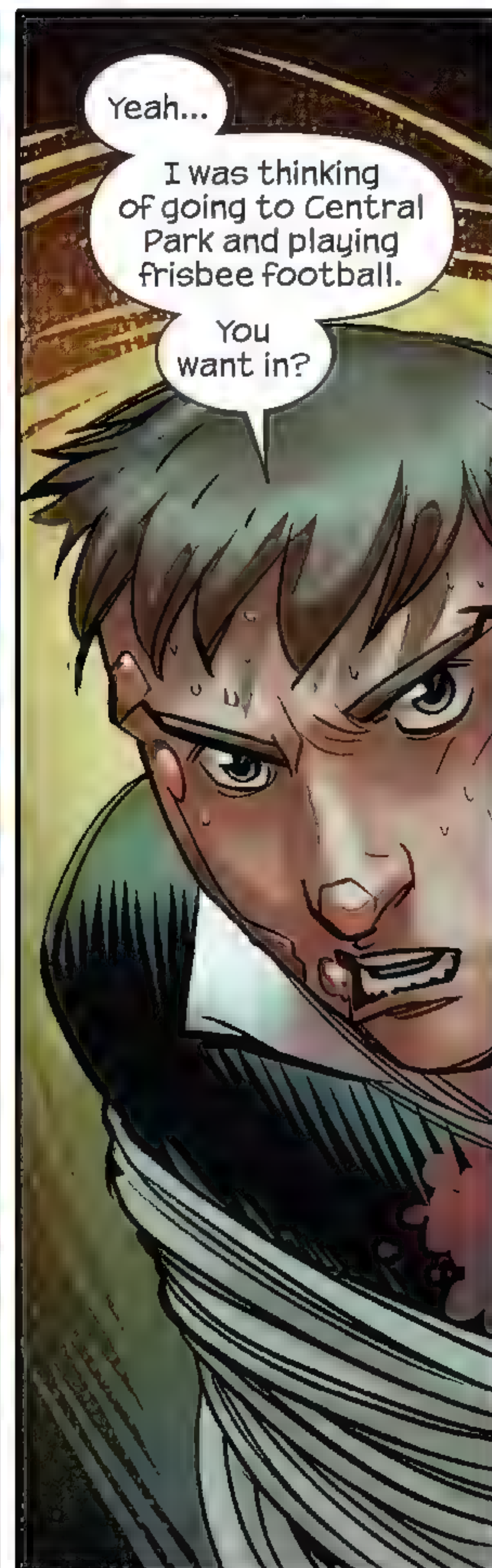
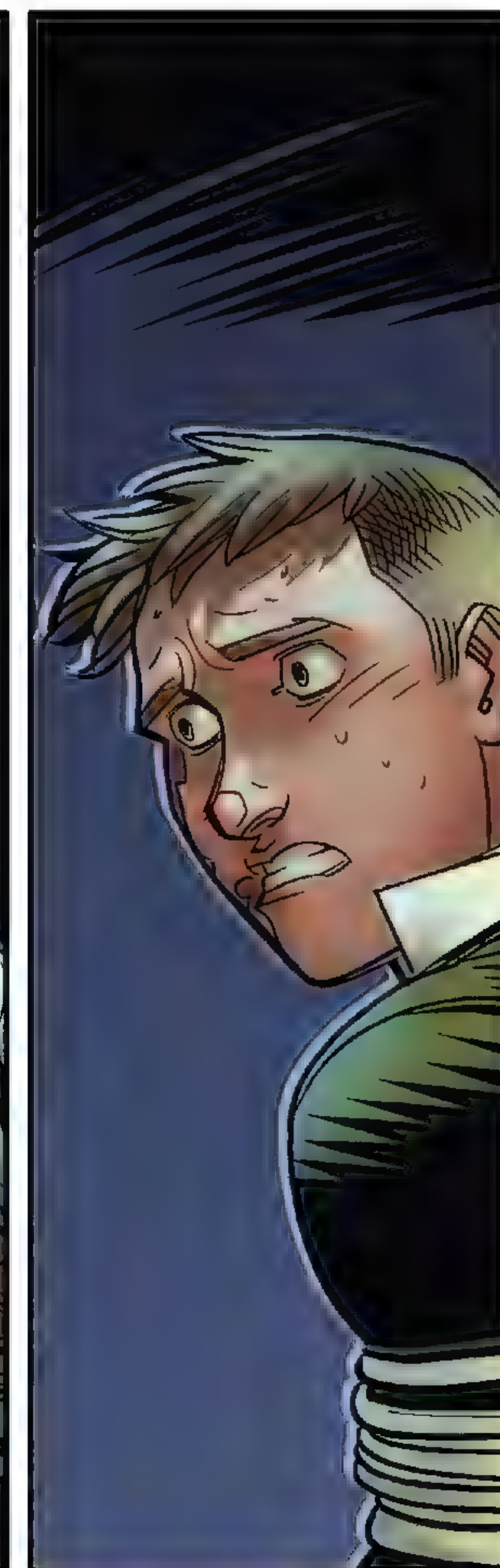
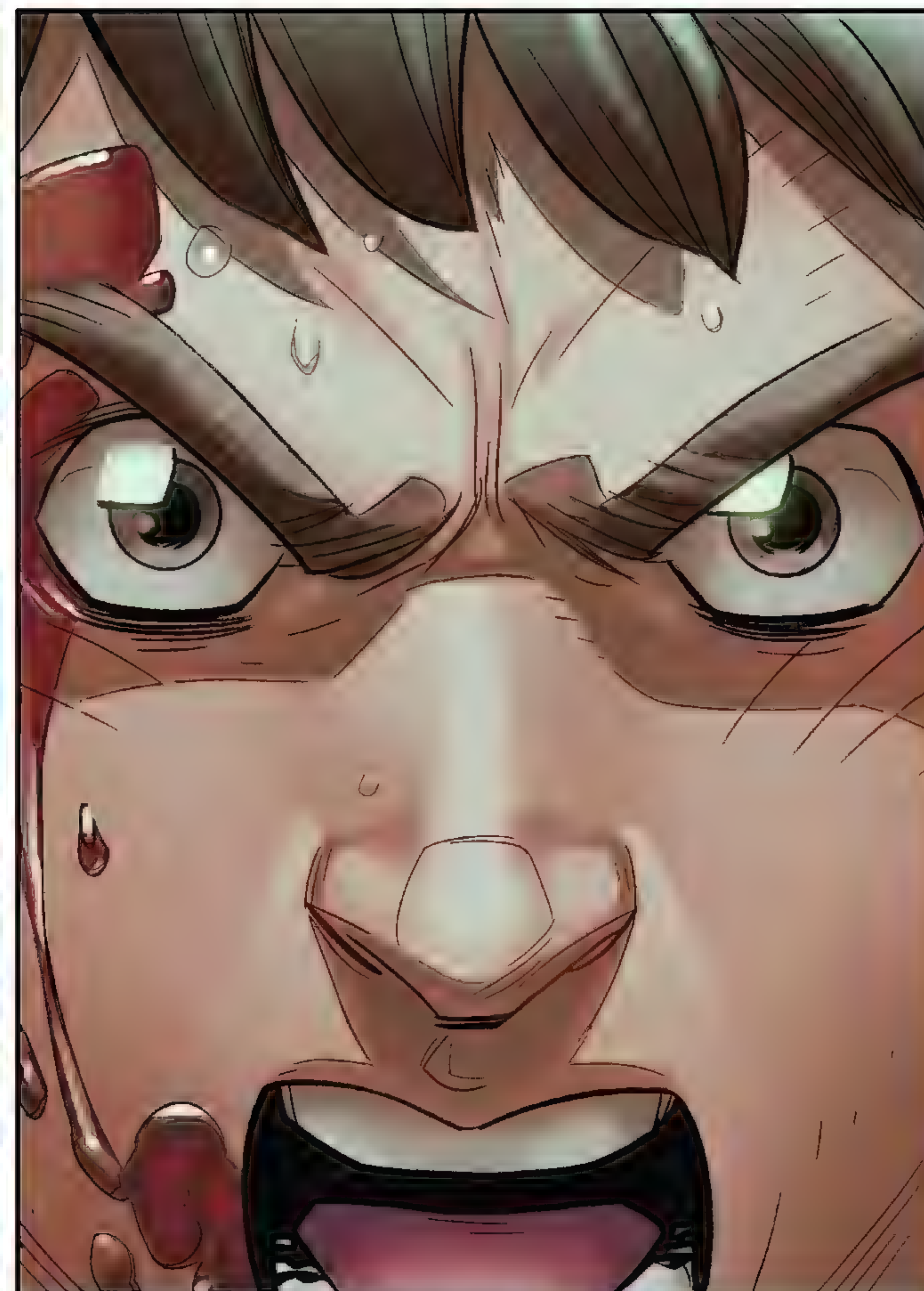


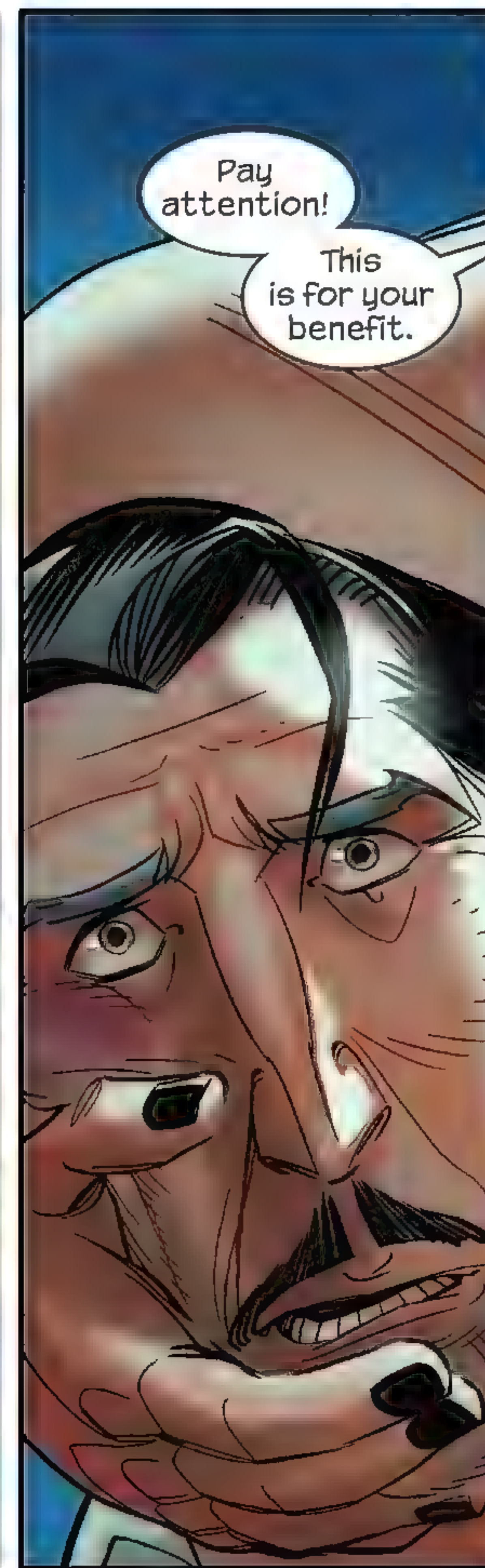
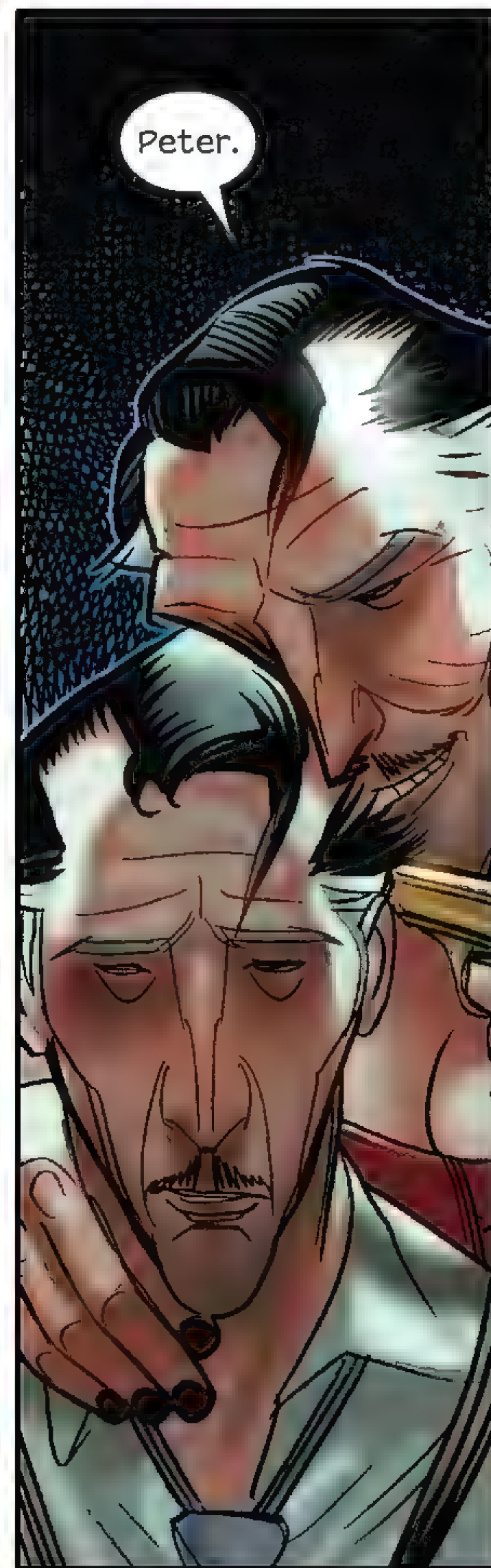
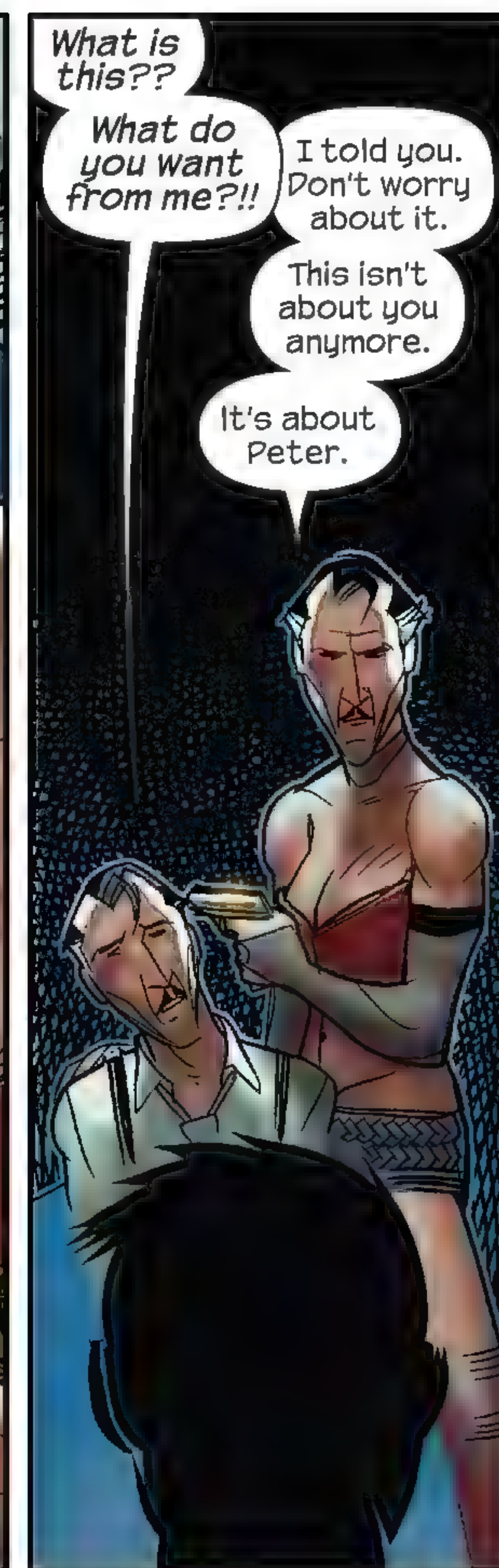
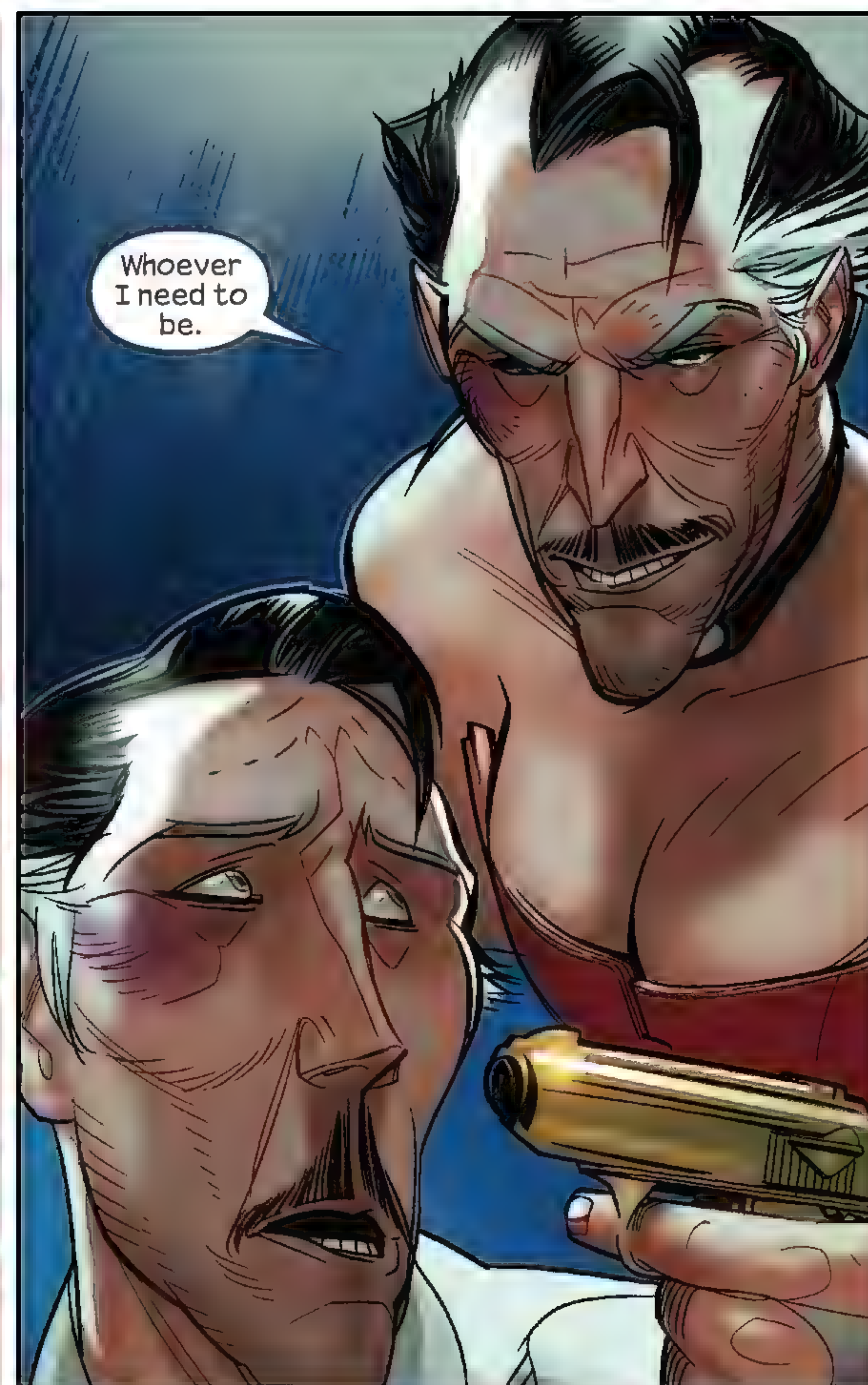
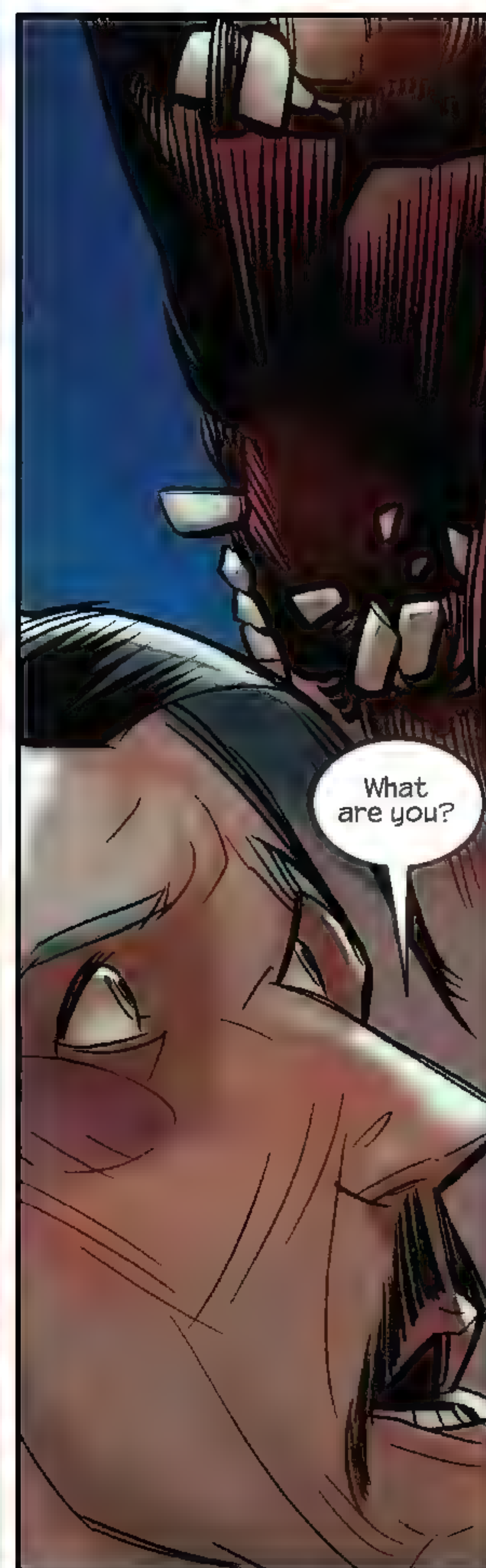
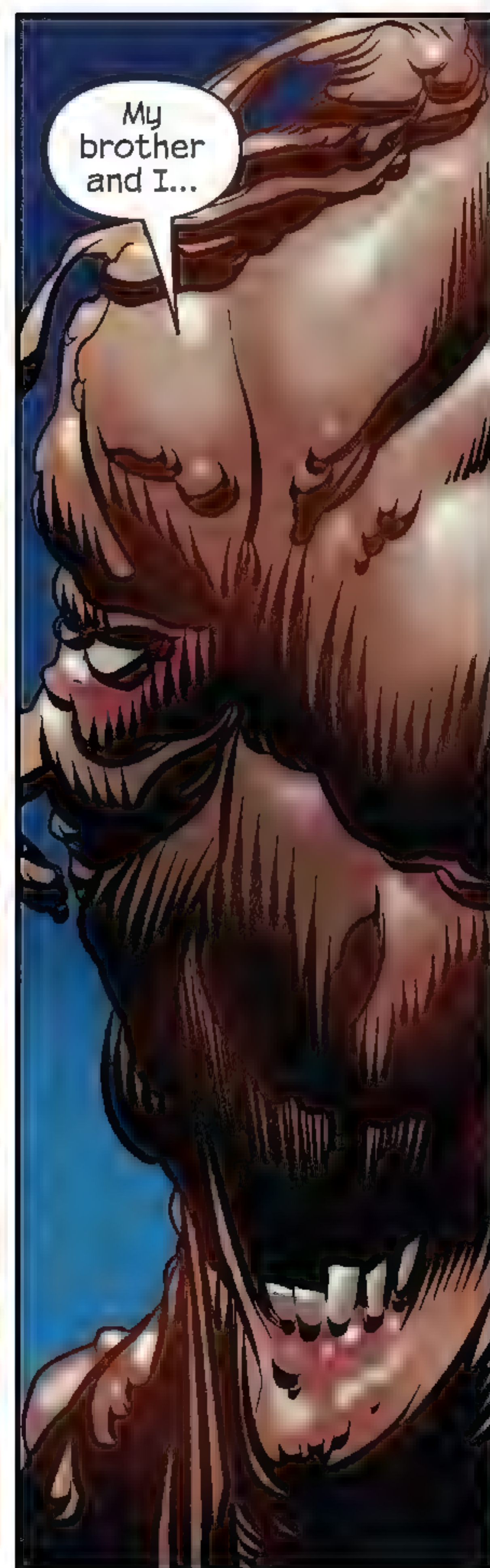
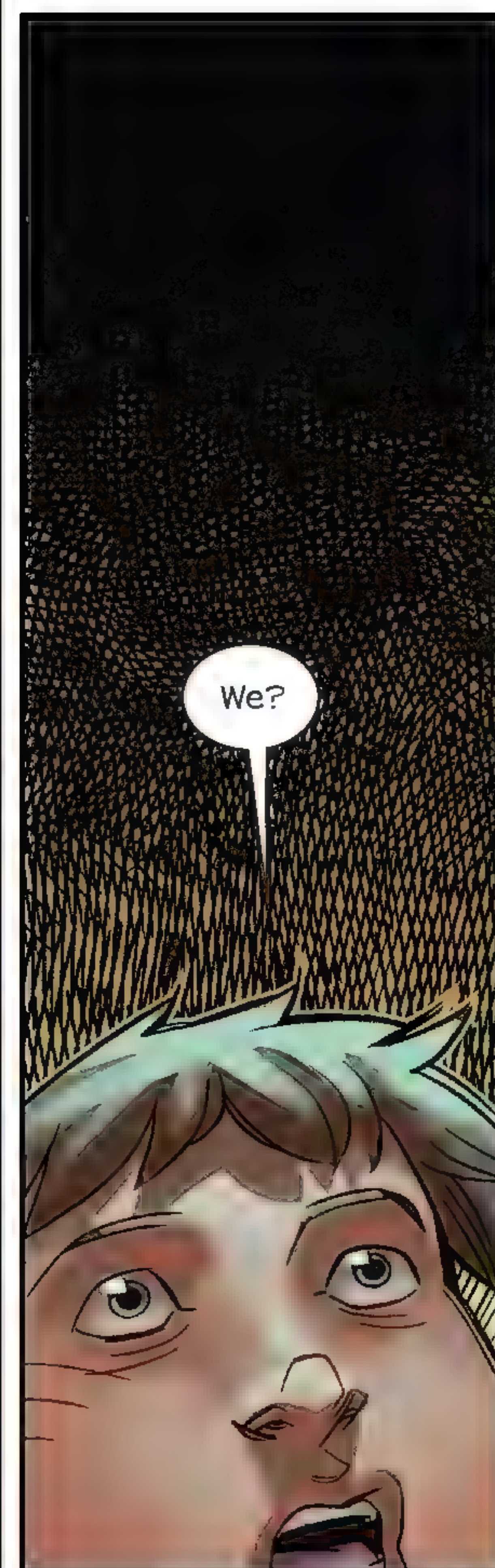
And Jameson?

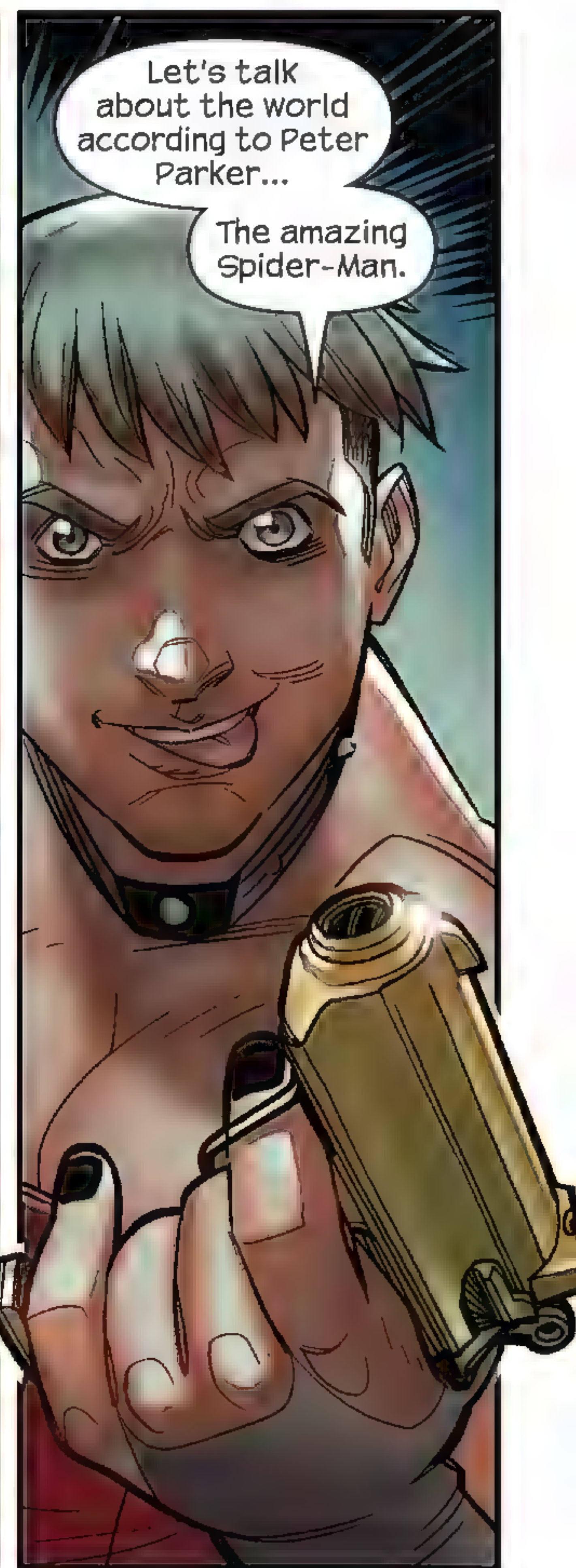
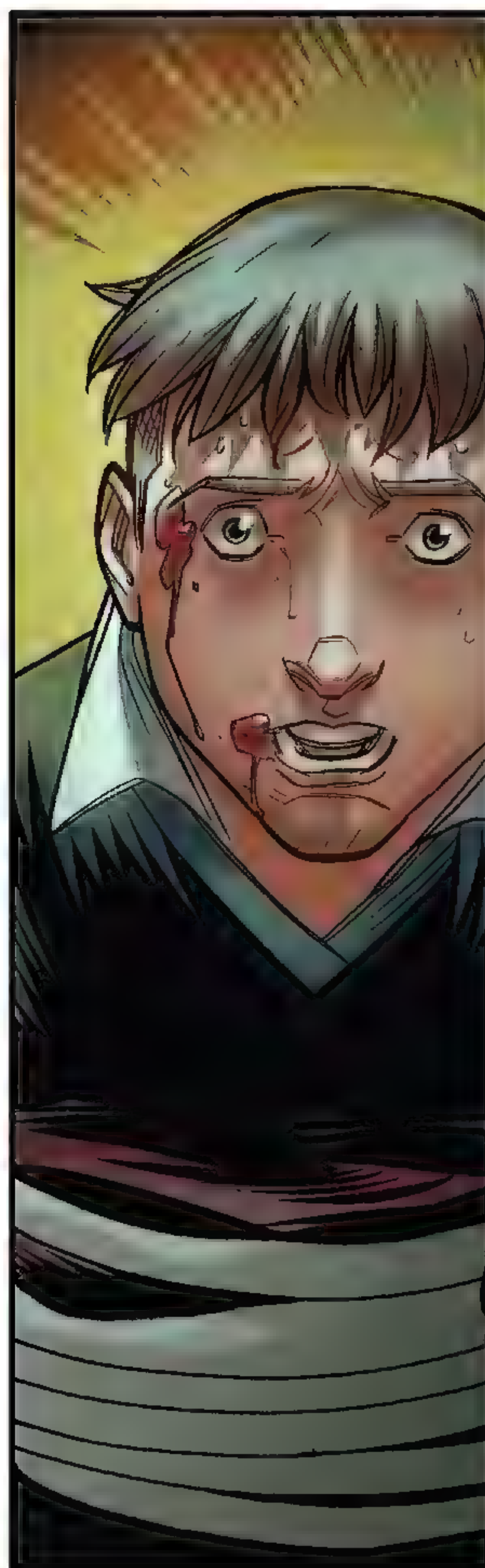
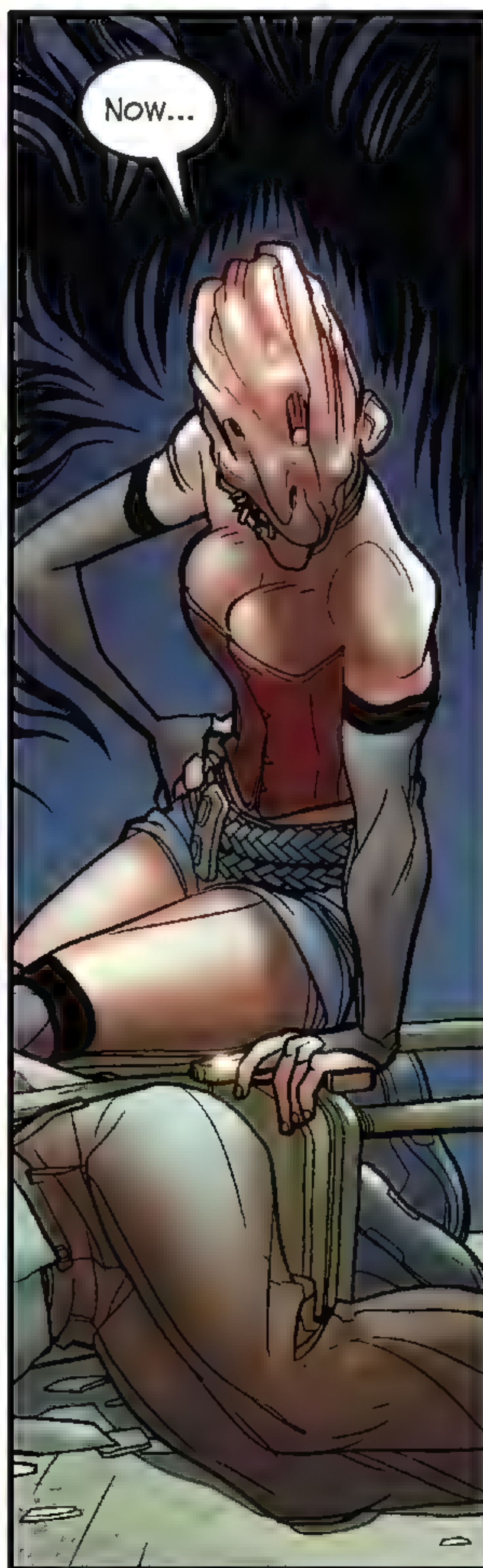
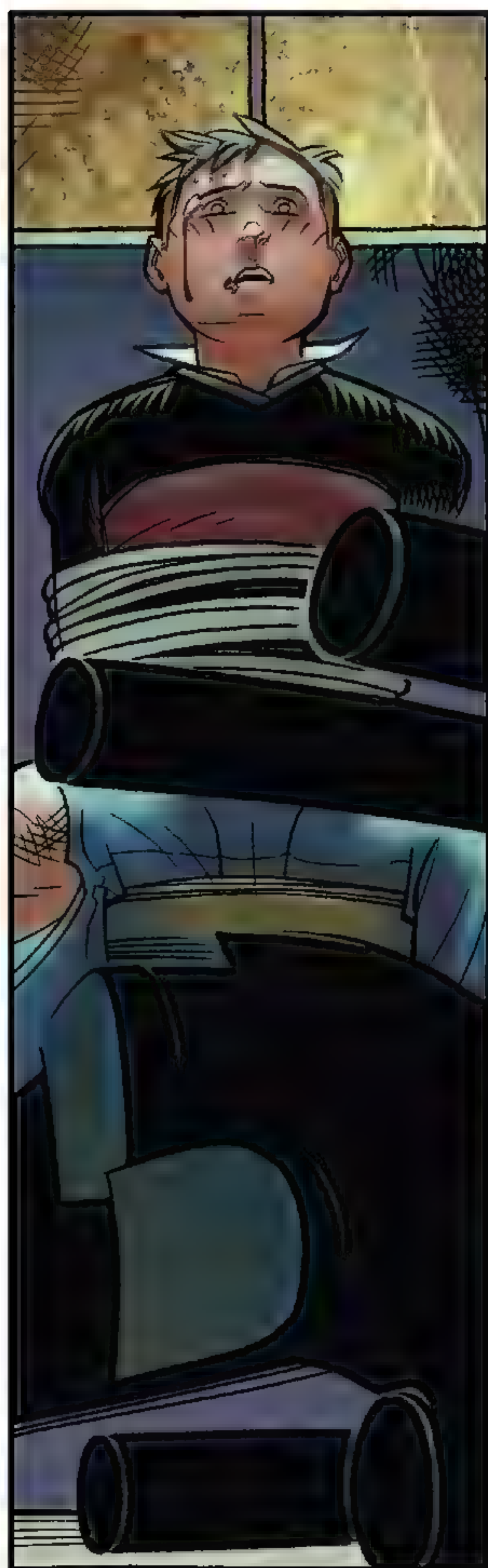
Get rid of him.

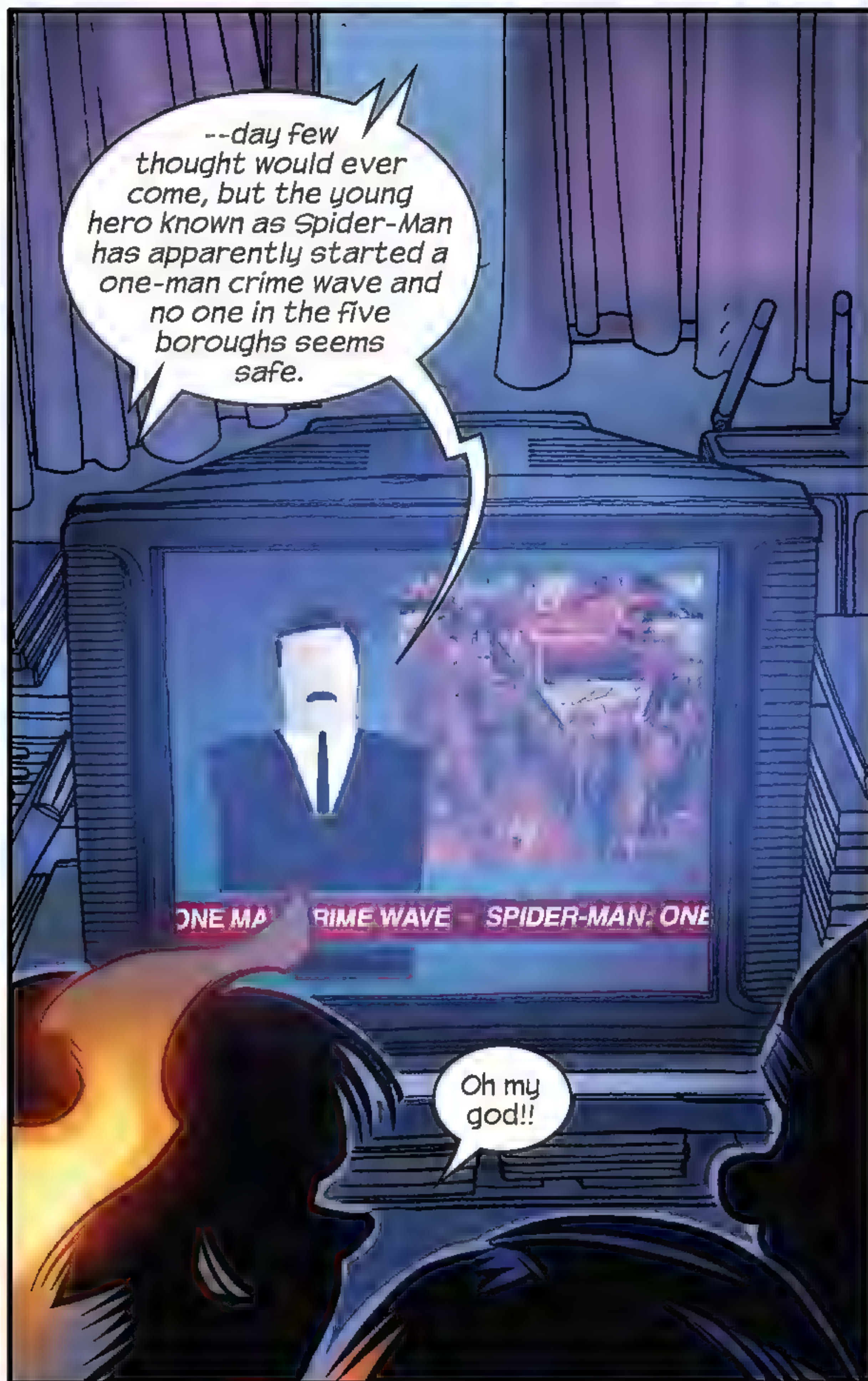
But, wait, hold on...do it smart.

Do it so it gets the Parker kid talking.









--day few thought would ever come, but the young hero known as Spider-Man has apparently started a one-man crime wave and no one in the five boroughs seems safe.

ONE MAN CRIME WAVE - SPIDER-MAN: ONE

Oh my god!!



I told you something was wrong with him.

Oh my god!! He's gone nuts.

Maybe he's just had it and is taking a little for himself.

I'm just saying--

Shut up, Bobby.

Uh, he just did.

Aunt May!

He wouldn't do that, Bobby.

Both of you, stop it.



That's not my Peter.

Bobby, Johnny...forget what I said about no more powers.

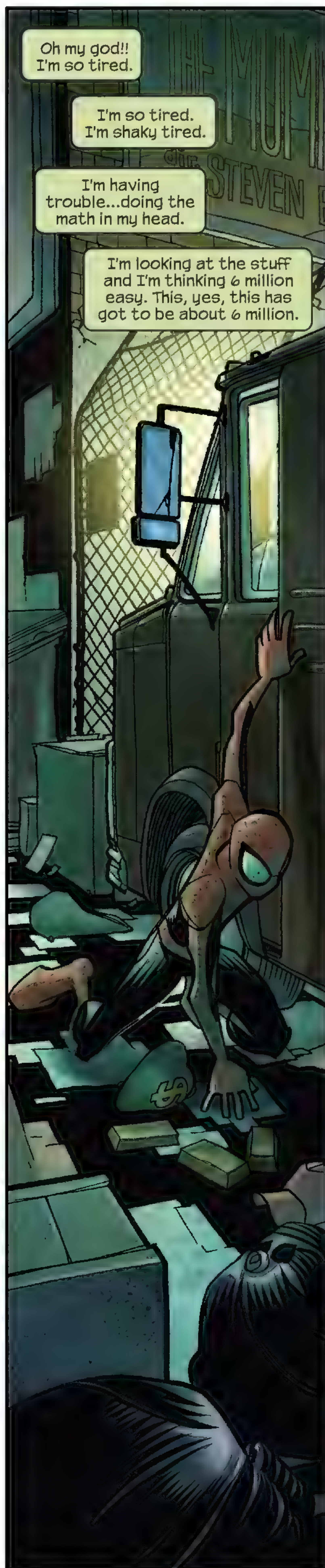
You suit up and you go find whoever this person is who's doing this to my family, and you go find Peter and you bring him home to me.

Now.

Yes ma'am.

4/Fonte





Oh my god!!
I'm so tired.

I'm so tired.
I'm shaky tired.

I'm having
trouble...doing the
math in my head.

I'm looking at the stuff
and I'm thinking 6 million
easy. This, yes, this has
got to be about 6 million.



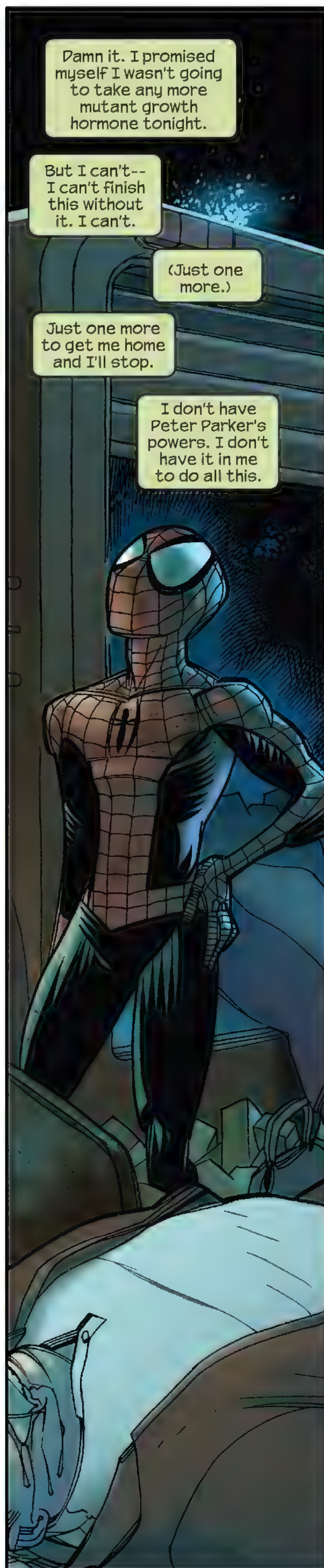
Which is about 4 million more
than we thought we were
going to get from taking over
J. Jonah Jameson's life.

And that's
if everything
went well.

Taking over Spider-Man's life
and tearing into the city for all
she's got--posing as Spider-Man
without having to worry about
Spider-Man coming after us?

This is 50 times a better
plan than anything we
would have ever thought of
on our--oh man, I'm dizzy.

I'm shaky.



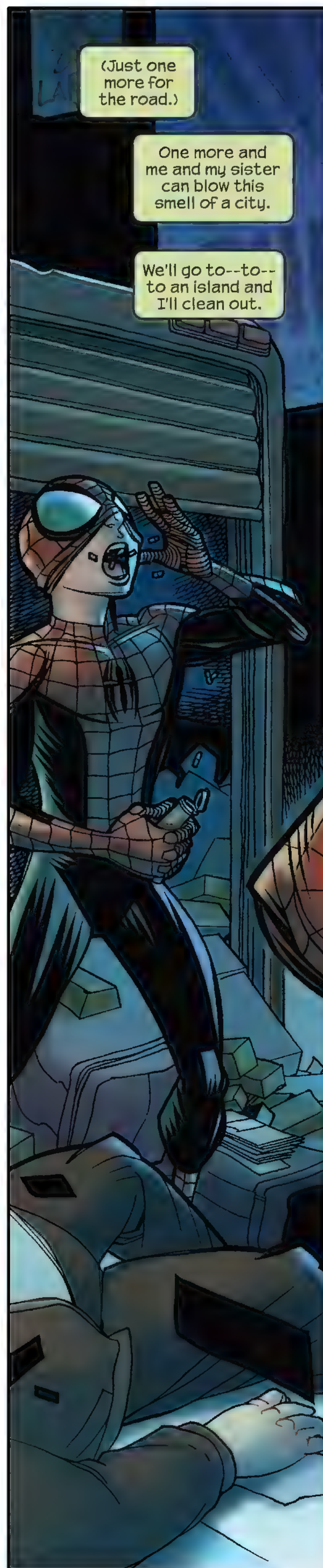
Damn it. I promised
myself I wasn't going
to take any more
mutant growth
hormone tonight.

But I can't--
I can't finish
this without
it. I can't.

(Just one
more.)

Just one more
to get me home
and I'll stop.

I don't have
Peter Parker's
powers. I don't
have it in me
to do all this.



(Just one
more for
the road.)

One more and
me and my sister
can blow this
smell of a city.

We'll go to--to--
to an island and
I'll clean out.

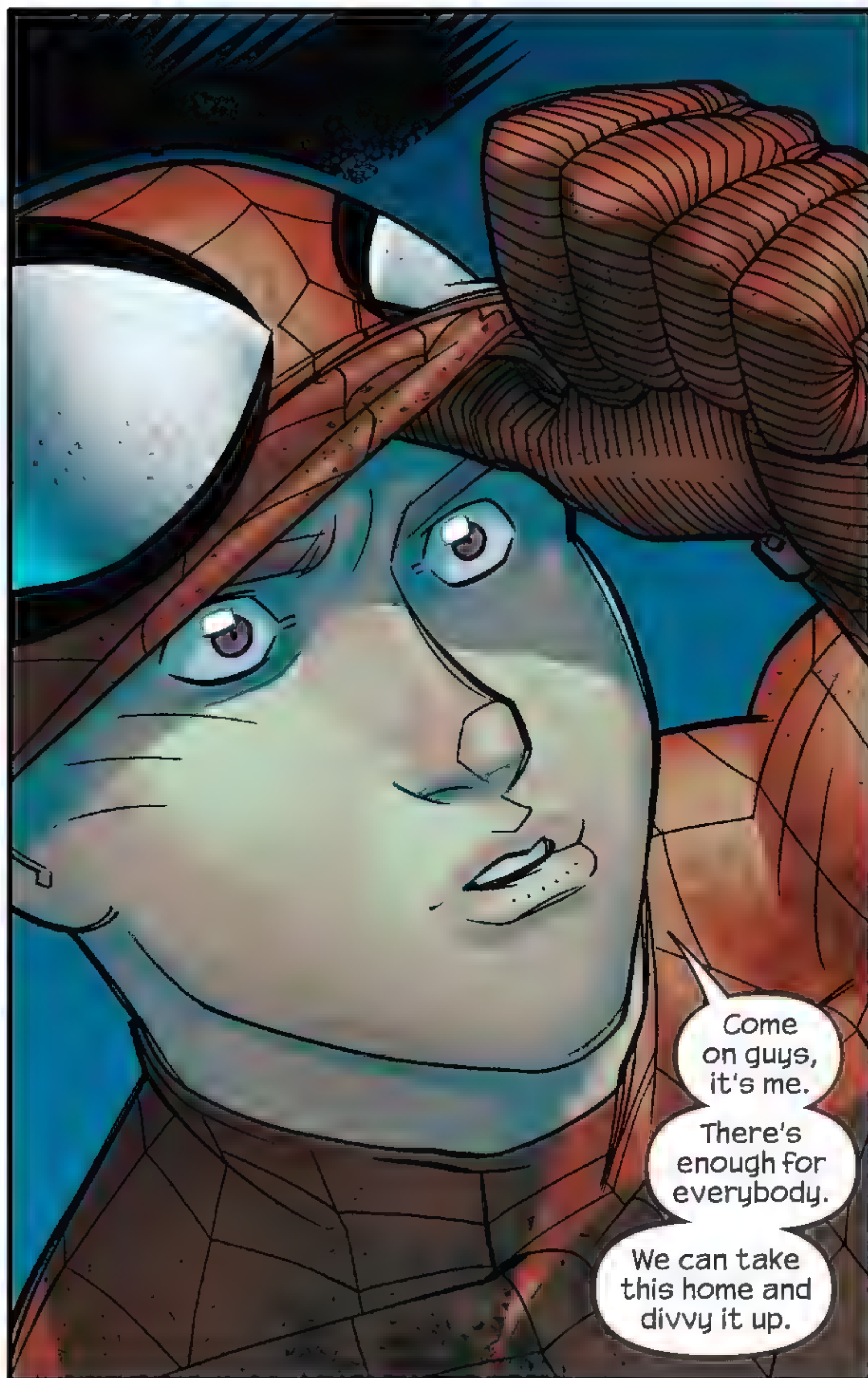


I'll clean myself out
and that's the promise
I'm making to--rrrggh!!

RRGGH!!
Hot mama!!

Take
off that
mask!!





Come on guys, it's me.

There's enough for everybody.

We can take this home and divvy it up.

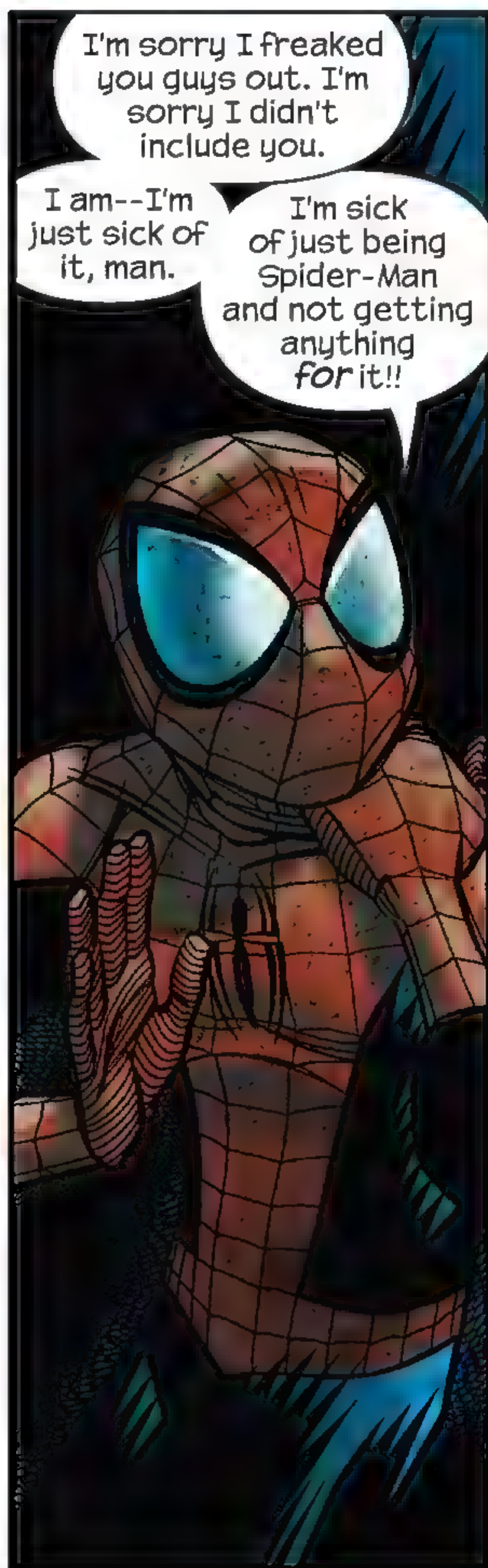


Who are you really?!

Dude, it's him.

That is *not* Peter Parker!!

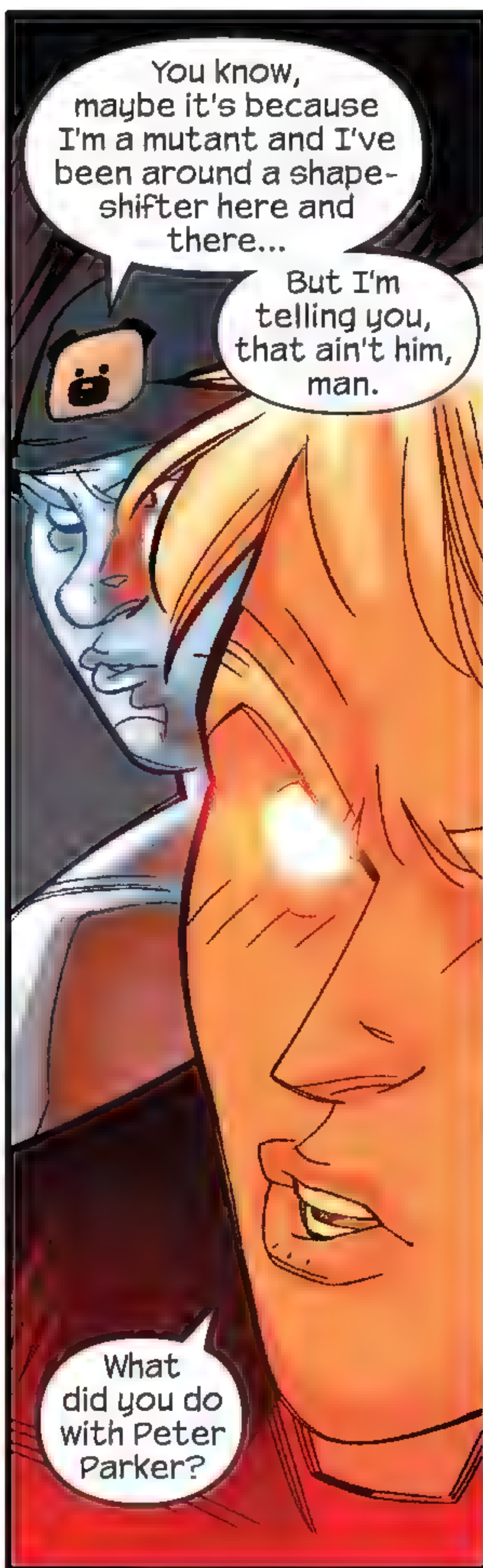
I'm looking right at him!



I'm sorry I freaked you guys out. I'm sorry I didn't include you.

I am--I'm just sick of it, man.

I'm sick of just being Spider-Man and not getting anything *for* it!!



You know, maybe it's because I'm a mutant and I've been around a shape-shifter here and there...

But I'm telling you, that ain't him, man.

What did you do with Peter Parker?



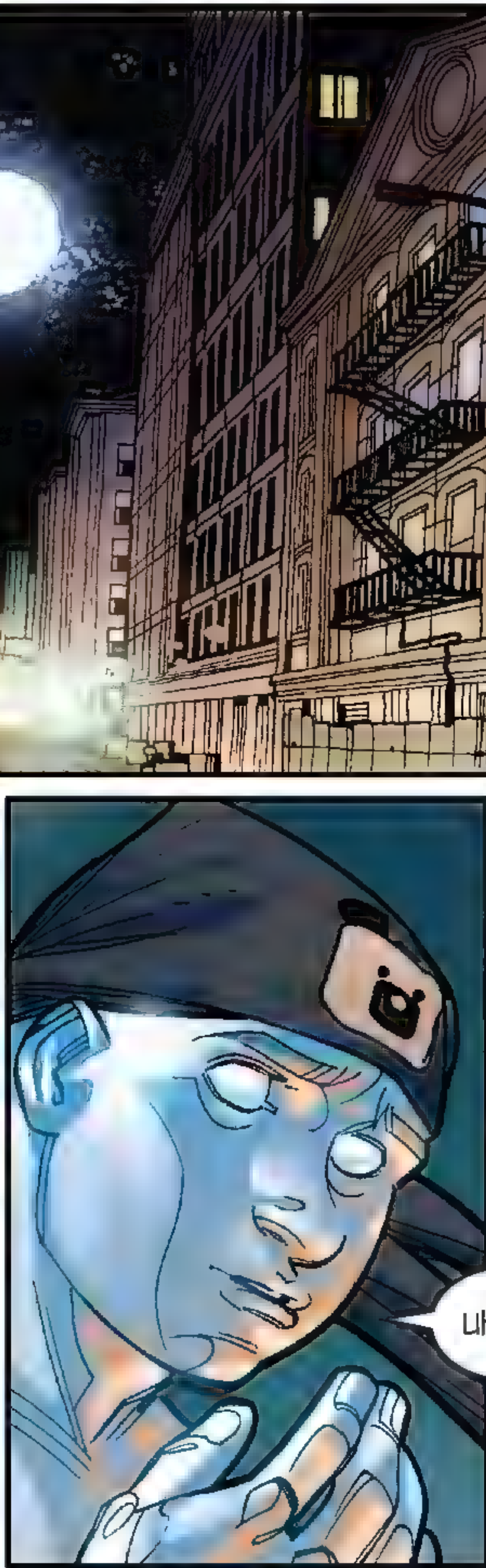
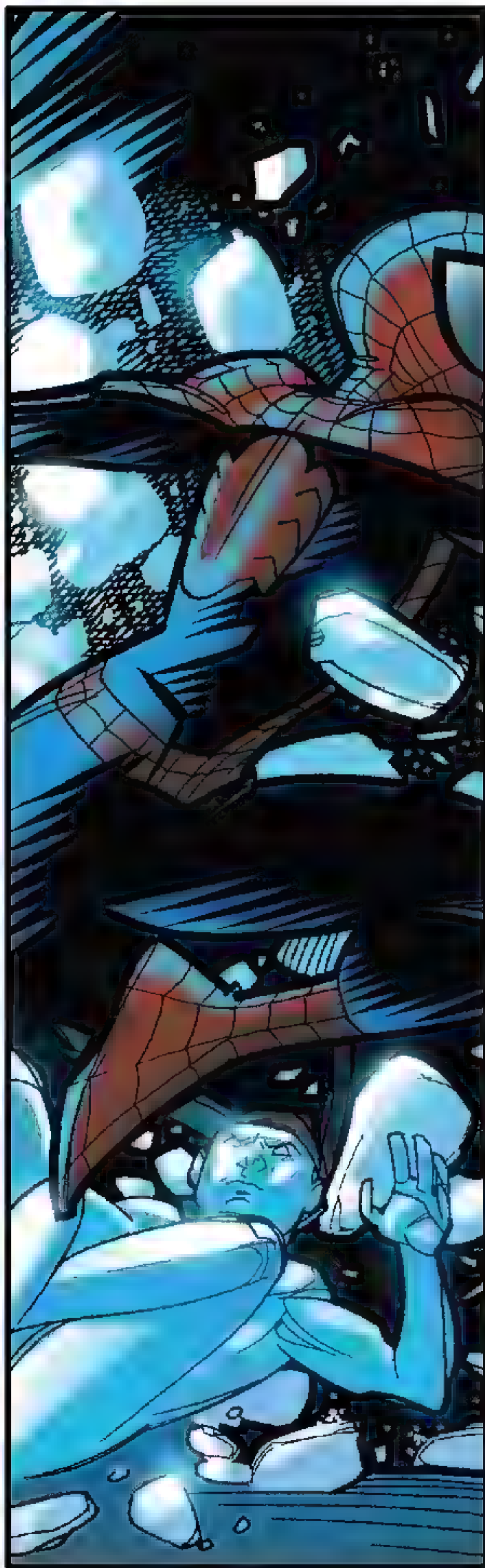
Okay, okay... just everybody *calm down*!!

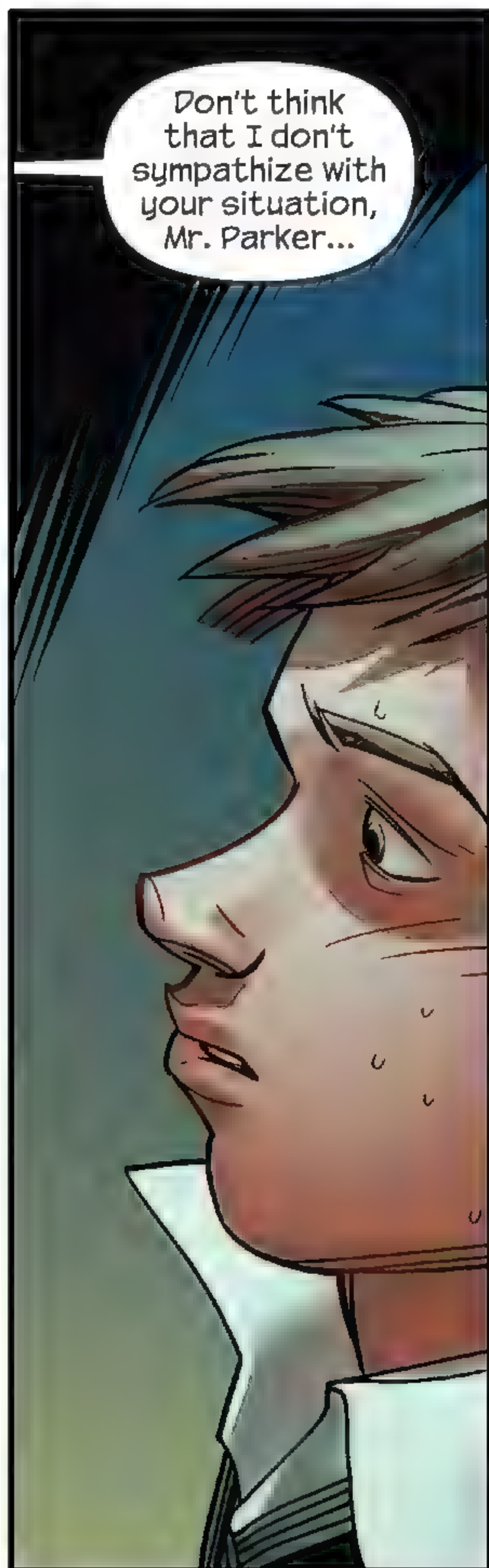
This doesn't have to turn into a thing.

I'll give you your friend and you let me go!!

SHOW US!!

Okay, okay, I said okay!!





Don't think that I don't sympathize with your situation, Mr. Parker...



I do.

In my opinion you are way too young to be dealing with such adult situations as this.

I can't even imagine how someone as young as you has found yourself wrapped up in all these big boy games.

I mean, how old are you?

I'm guessing you're 16 or 17 years old, but you don't look more than 13.

The things you must've seen... the people you've met.

Truthfully, under different circumstances... I would love to take you out for coffee and pick your brain... and just find out all about you.

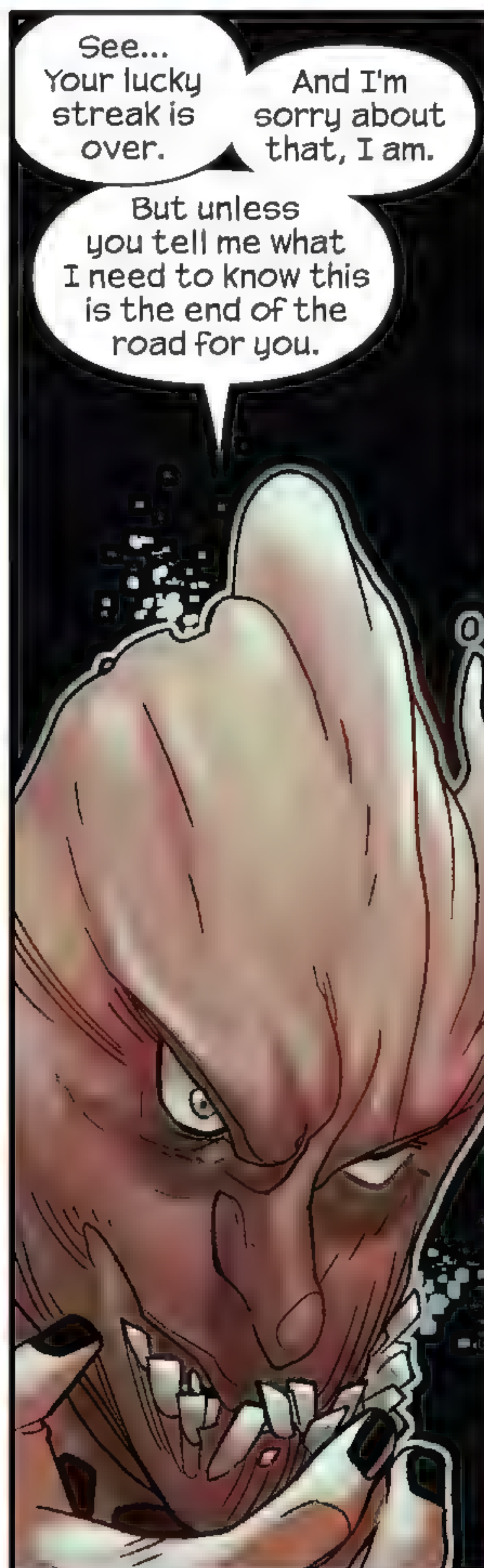
I would love to know how you became Spider-Man... Why you became Spider-Man...

I really would--now that I think about it, really, I'm probably a *fan* of yours.



But the problem, kid, is that you've put yourself in an impossible situation.

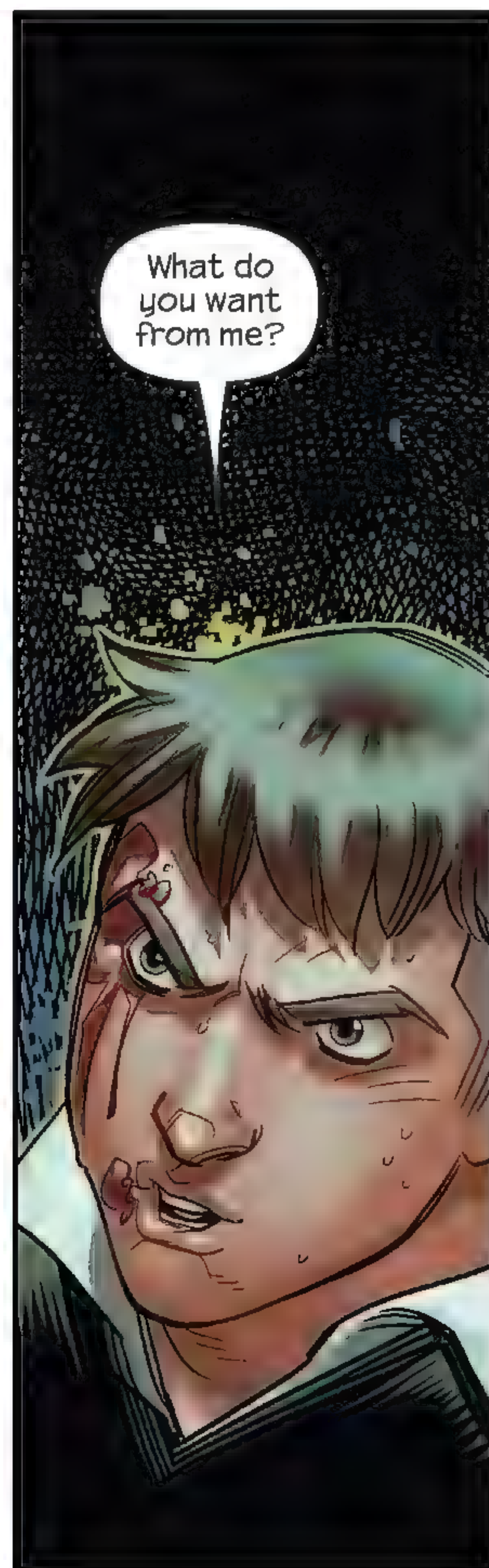
Or I should say one impossible situation too many.



See... Your lucky streak is over.

And I'm sorry about that, I am.

But unless you tell me what I need to know this is the end of the road for you.

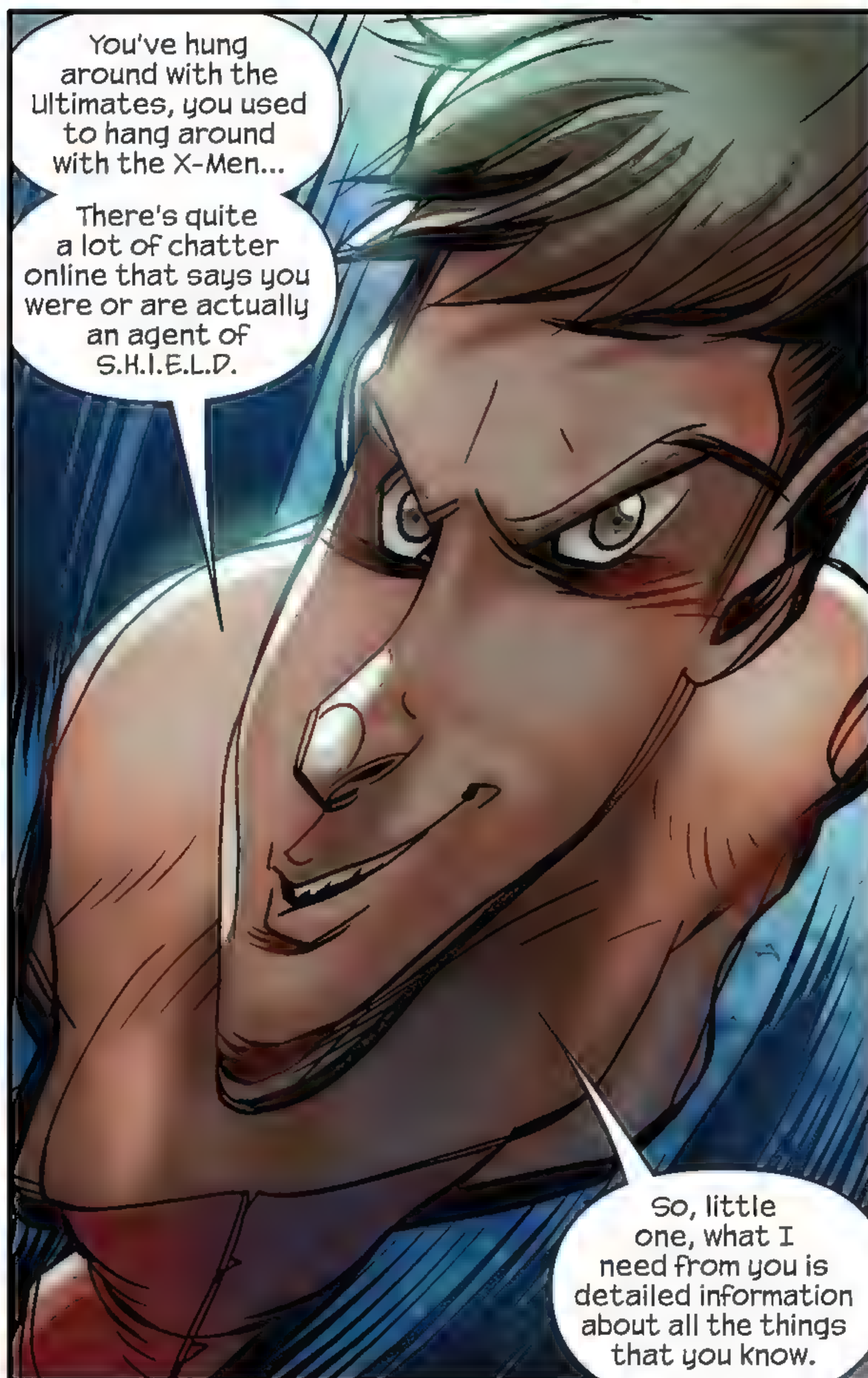


What do you want from me?



Well, while my brother runs around the city pretending to be you and trying to grab as much stuff as he can...I did a little research.

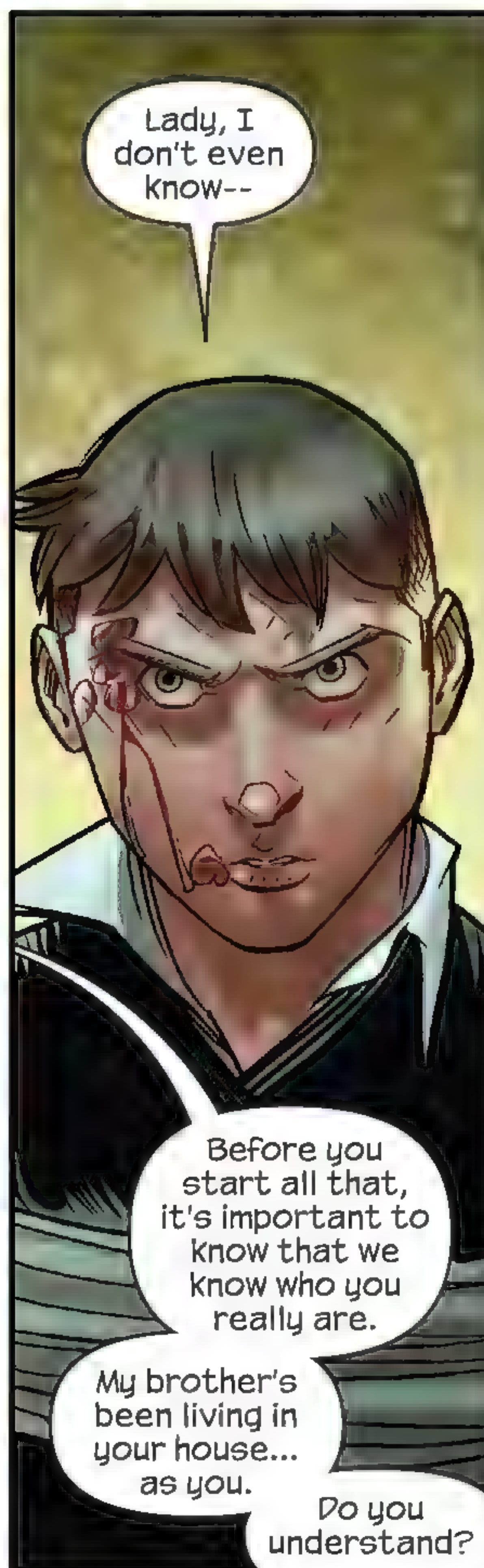
I looked online and I saw that you're surprisingly tight with a whole long slew of powerful people.



You've hung around with the Ultimates, you used to hang around with the X-Men...

There's quite a lot of chatter online that says you were or are actually an agent of S.H.I.E.L.D.

So, little one, what I need from you is detailed information about all the things that you know.

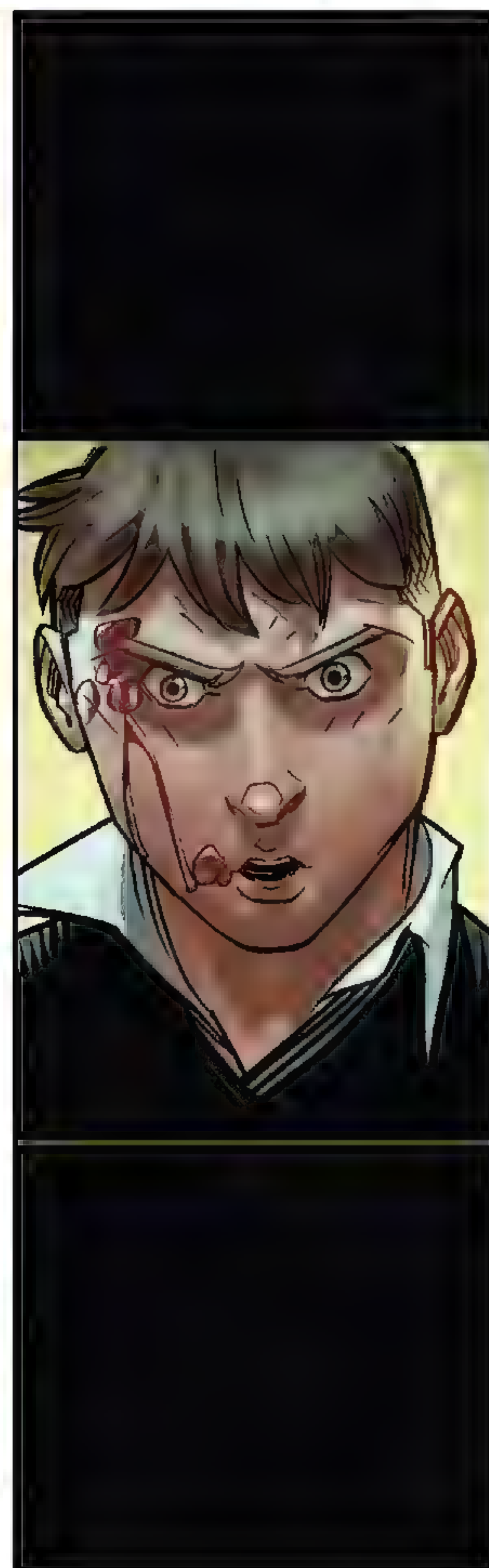


Lady, I don't even know--

Before you start all that, it's important to know that we know who you really are.

My brother's been living in your house... as you.

Do you understand?





"Do I have to come right out and say how much trouble---how much immediate *danger* your family is in??

"Your friends... your little girlfriends, your school...

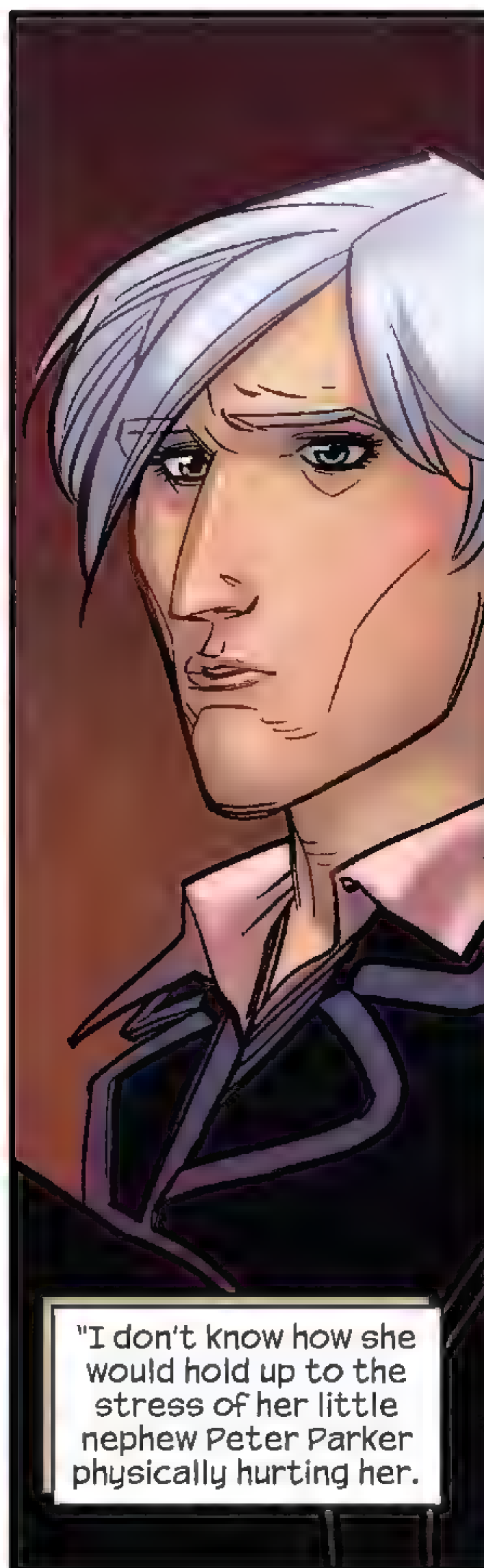
"Not only are they in a lot of danger...

"But when we *do* hurt them because you refuse to cooperate...



"They're going to think it's *you* who hurt them.

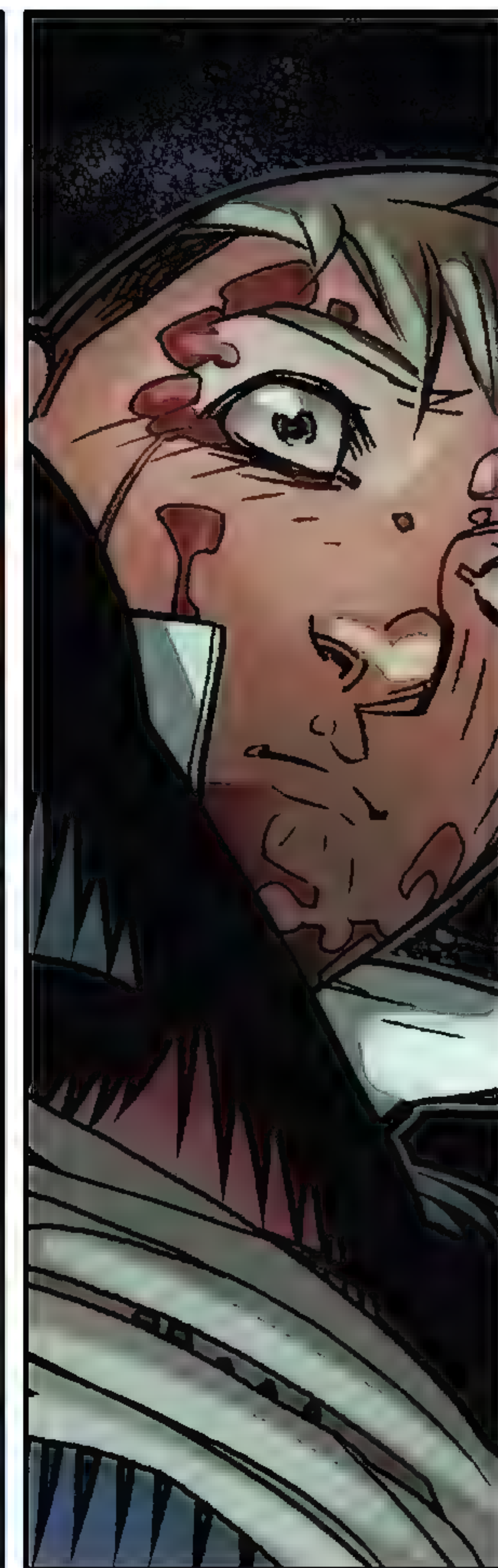
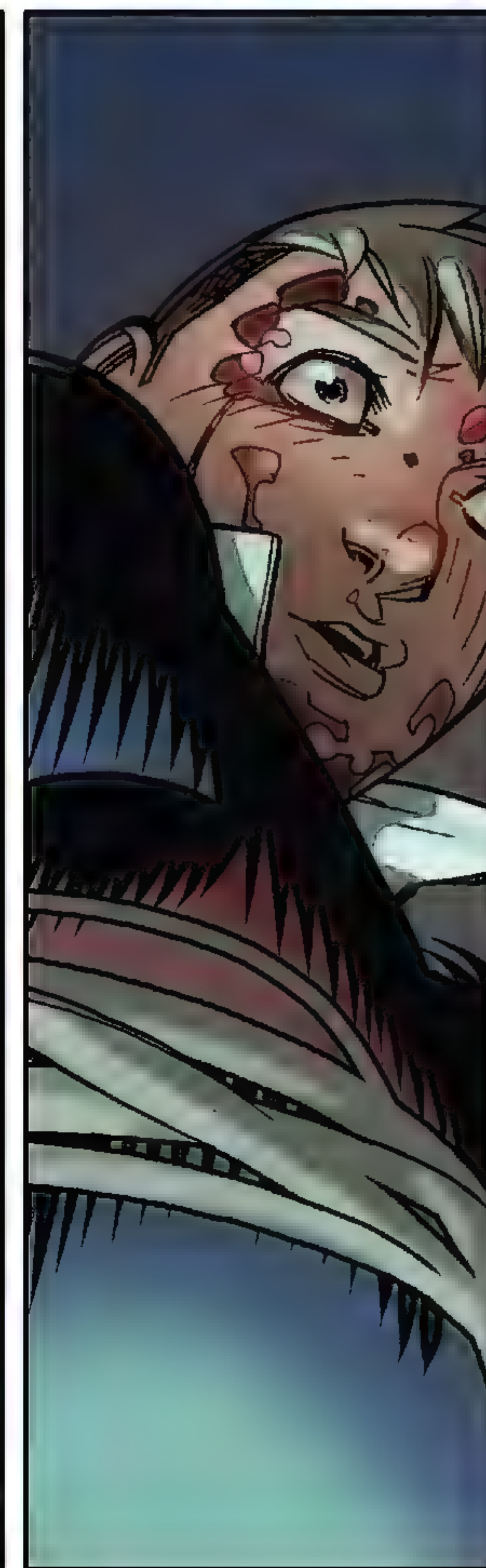
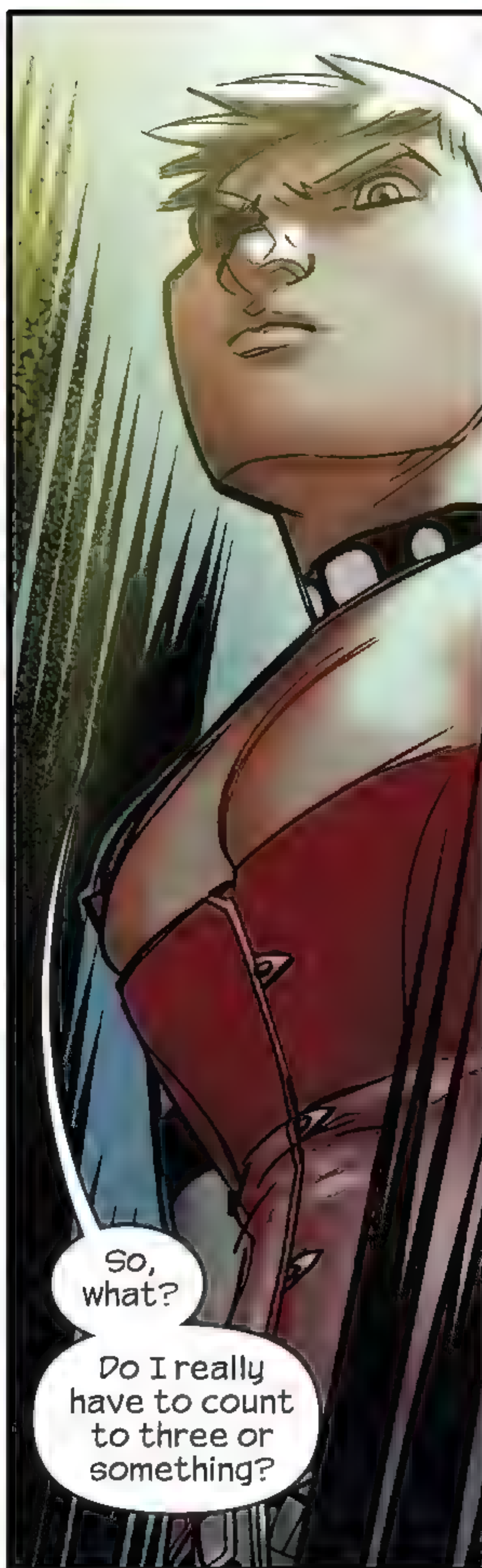
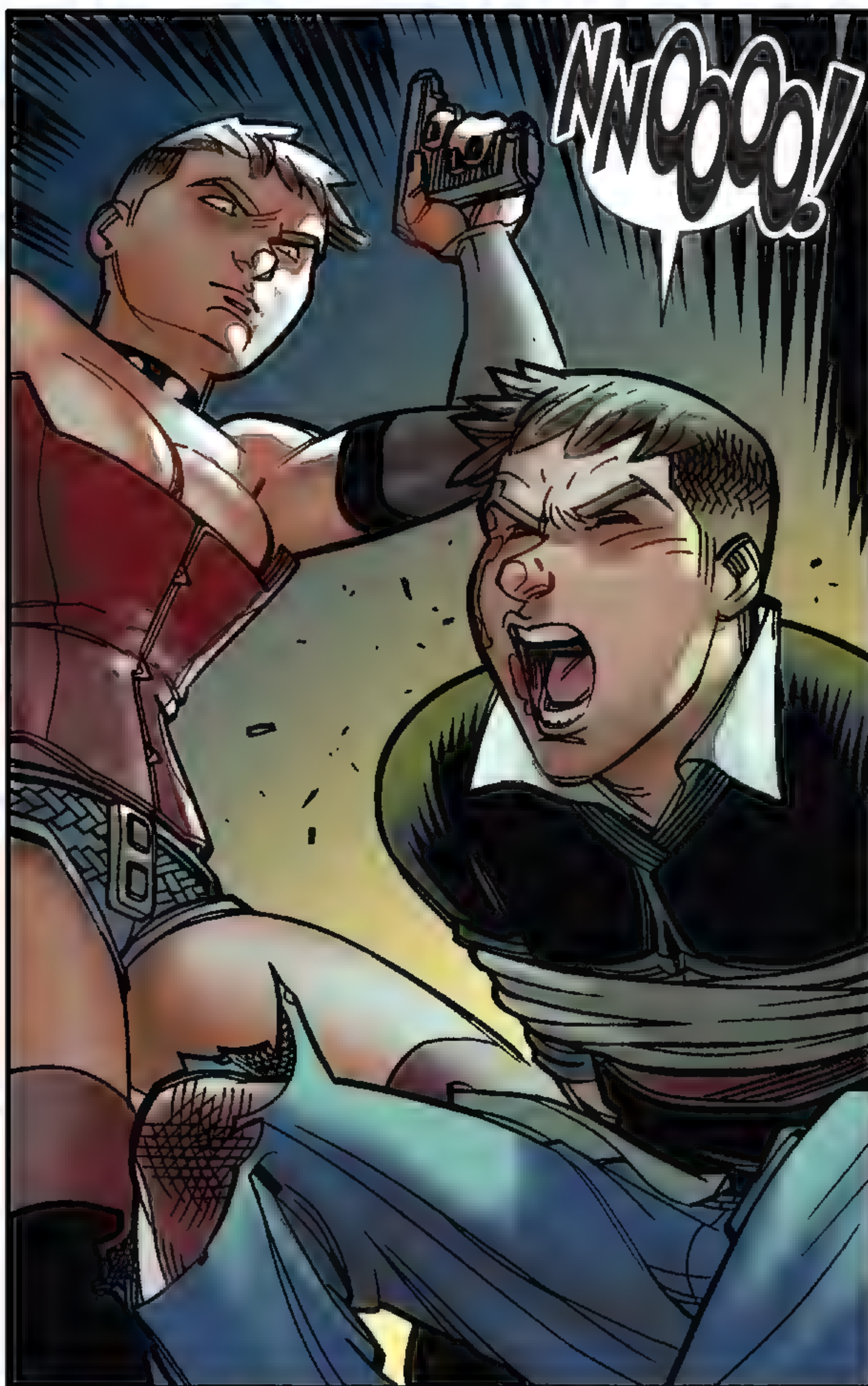
"Now I know your aunt is an older lady...

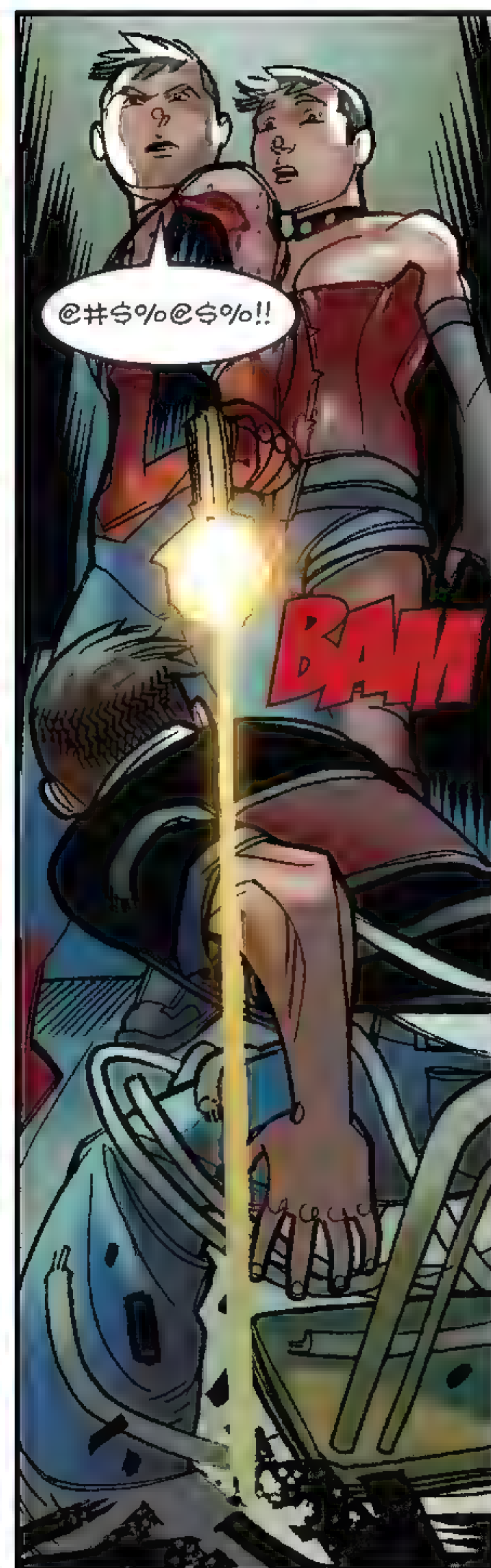
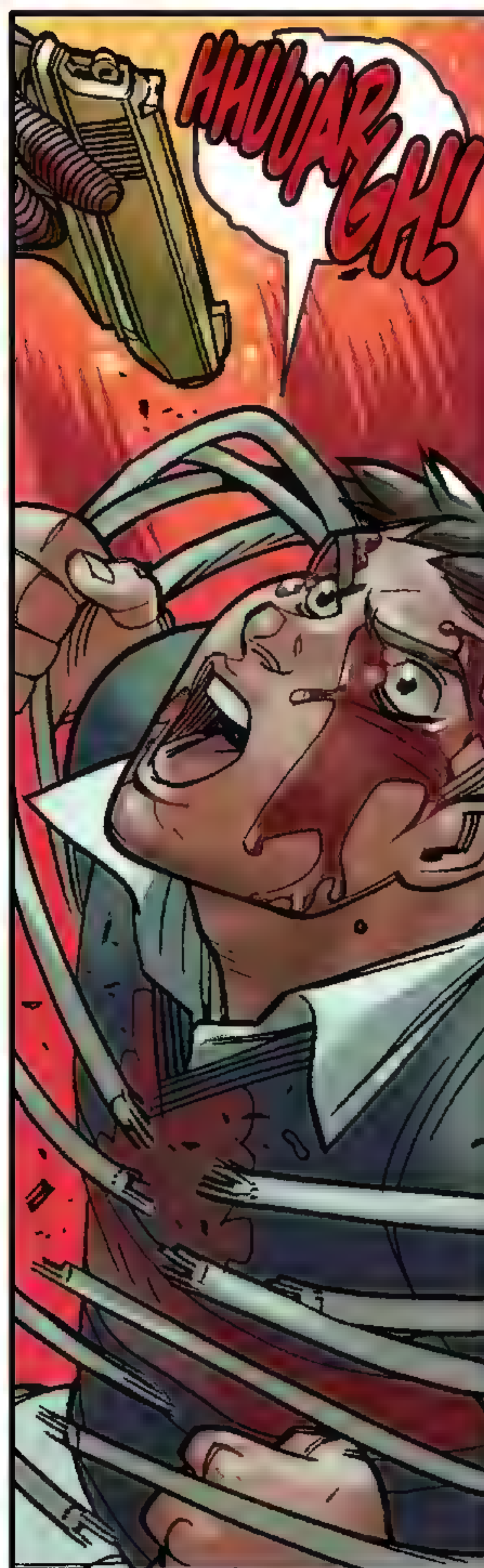
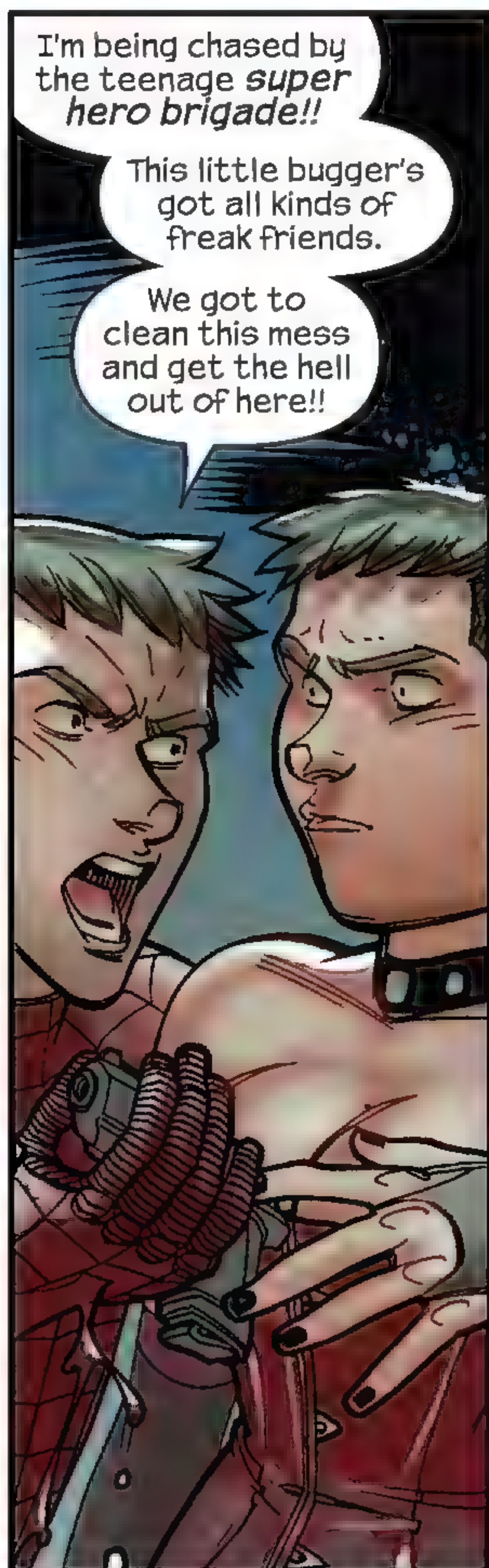


"I don't know how she would hold up to the stress of her little nephew Peter Parker physically hurting her.



"How do you think she'll take it?"









You brought them here??

I thought I lost them!!

You didn't!



Lets go!!
We go!!

We've gotta go!!

RRRRR!!

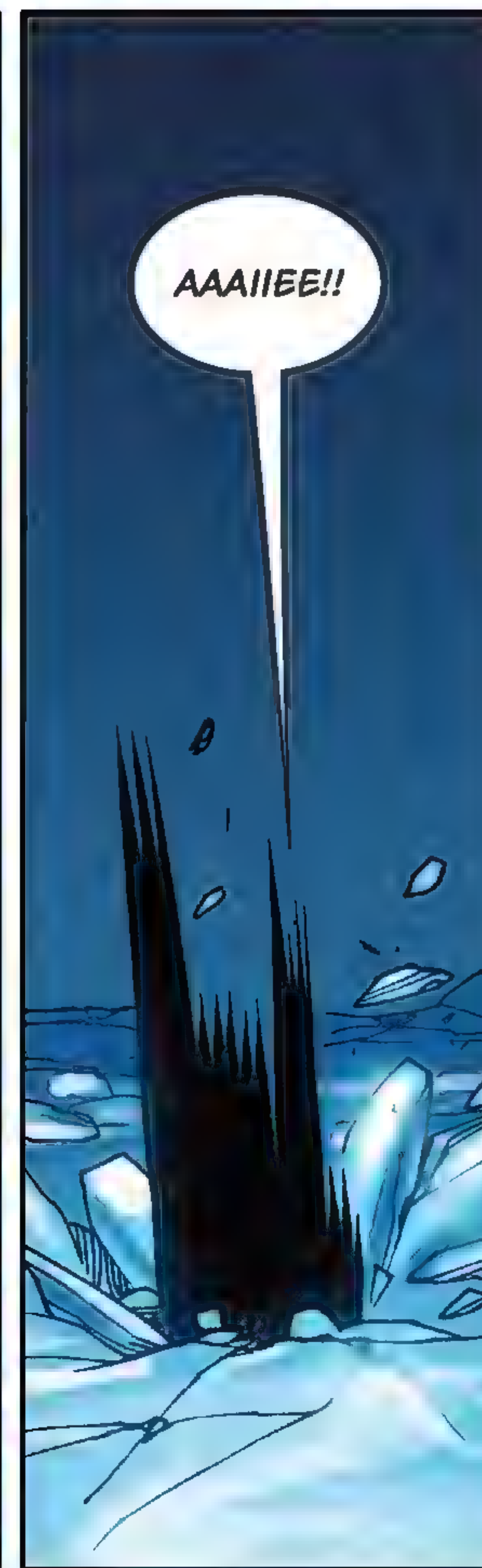


How did this happen?? How did this all go to hell so fast??

We had a plan!!

We should've stuck to the plan.

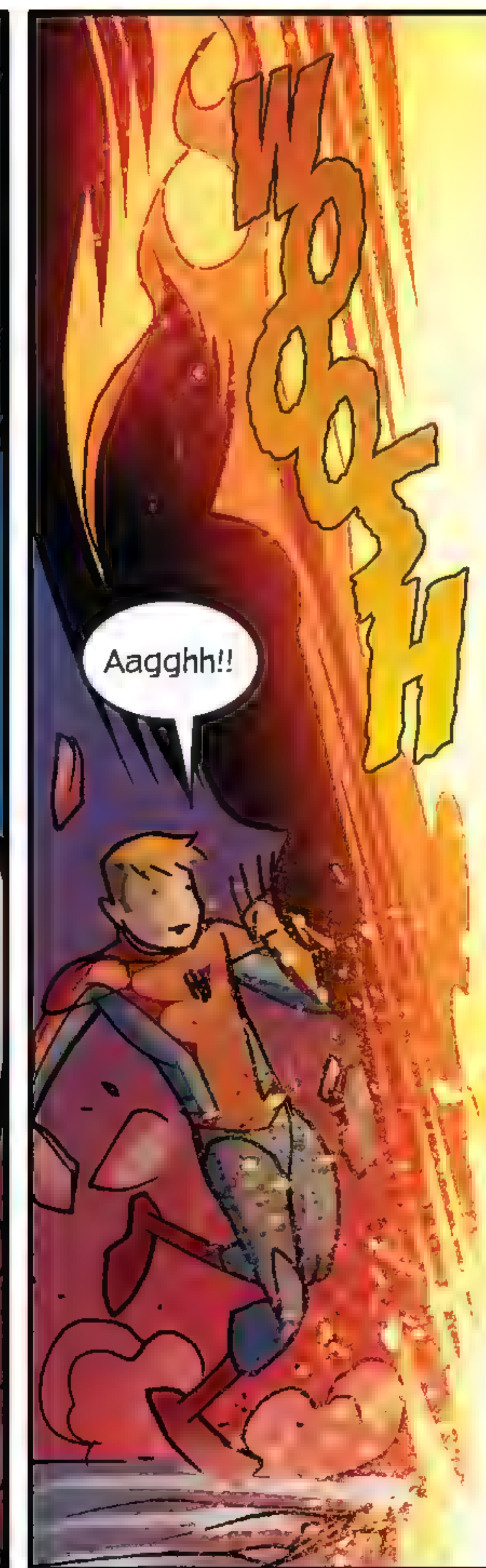
Because you got greedy!! That's how!!



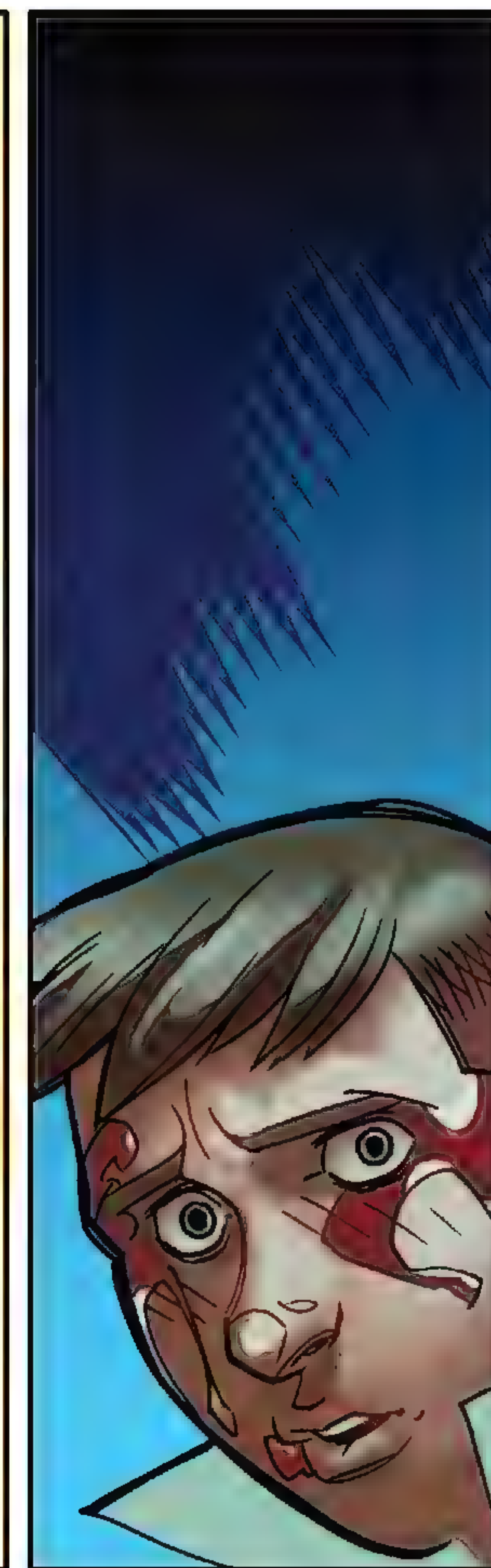
AAAIEEE!!



Camellia!!!

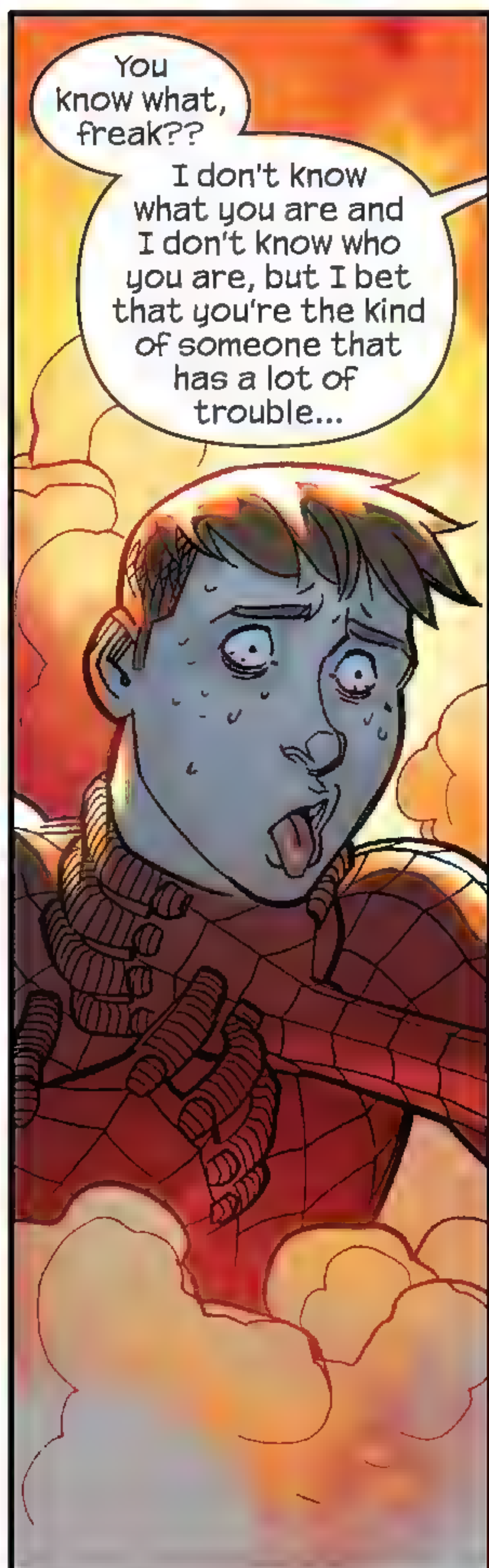


Aagghh!!



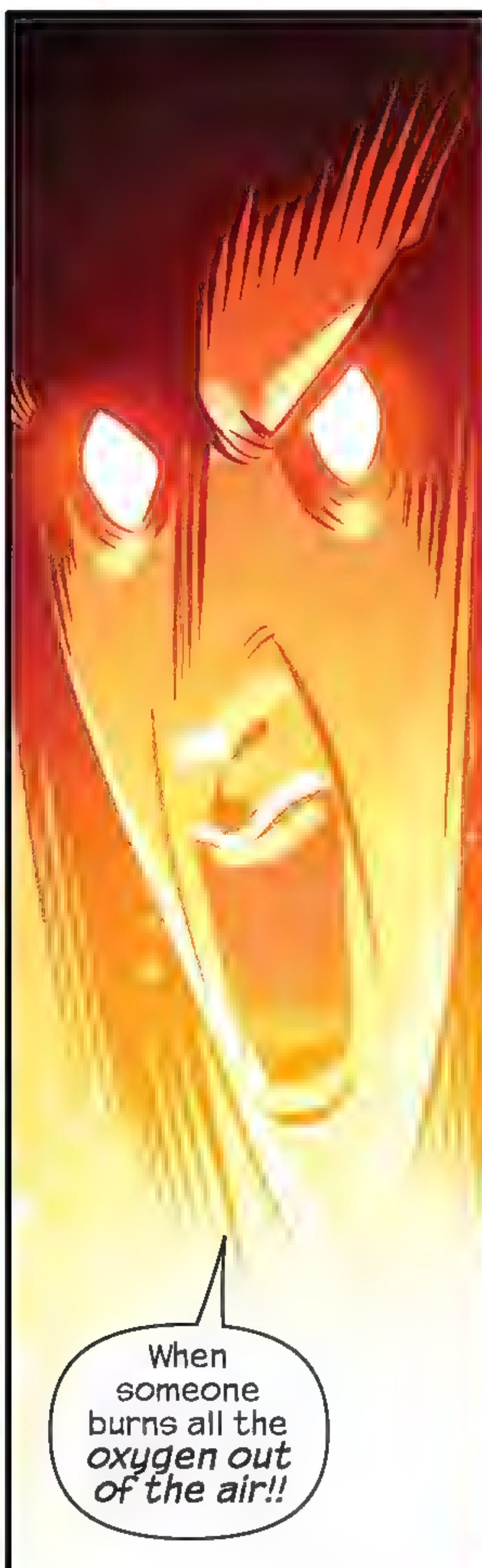


I have never wanted to burn someone more than I want to burn you!!



You know what, freak??

I don't know what you are and I don't know who you are, but I bet that you're the kind of someone that has a lot of trouble...



When someone burns all the oxygen out of the air!!

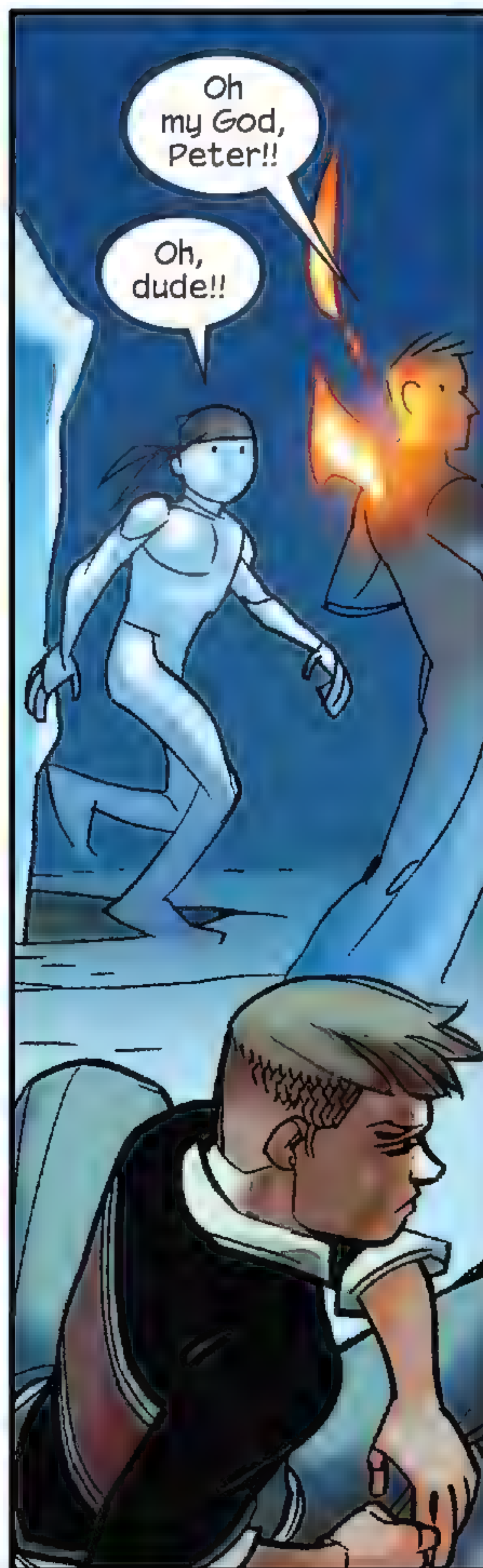


Hey, look what I got!!



I think we got 'em.

What are they, like, alien??!!



Oh my God, Peter!!

Oh, dude!!



How... long...??

Dude, we have to get you to a hospital.

H-how long have I been here??

I don't know.

How much damage did he do?



Dude, we didn't know...

How could we know??



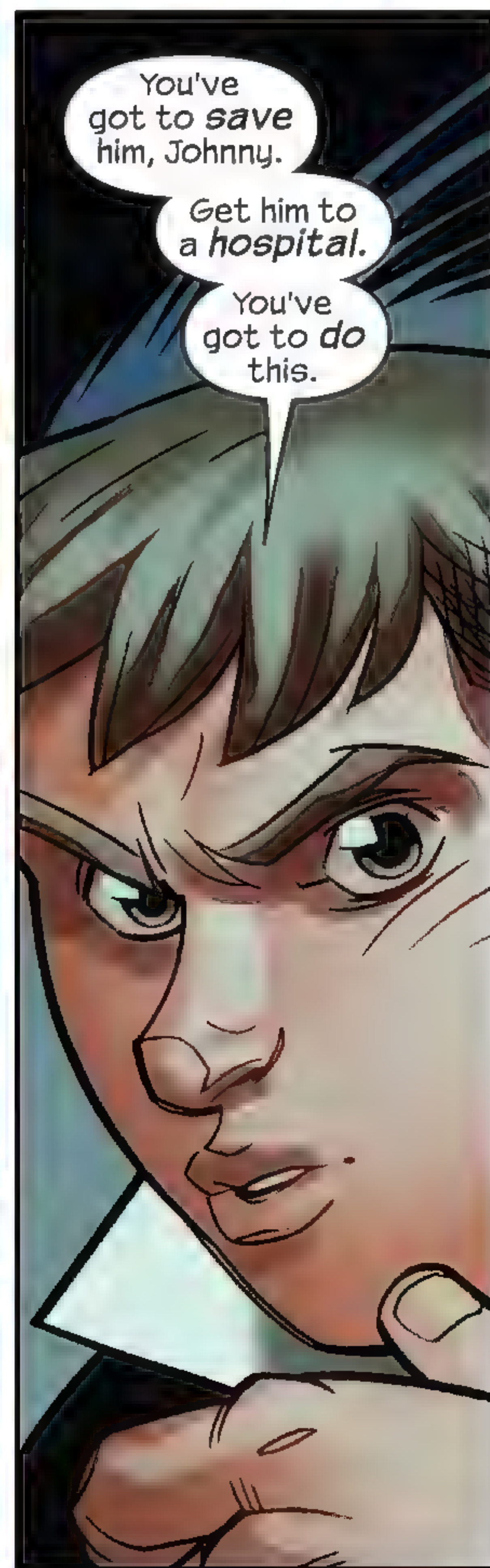
Who is this dude?

Jameson.

J. Jonah Jameson.

She *shot* him. She *shot* him...*right in front of me.*

Uh, dude, this dude's still alive.



You've got to *save* him, Johnny.

Get him to a *hospital.*

You've got to *do* this.



What *are* they??

I don't know.

Are they mutants?

They might be.

Or, like, aliens?

It's hard to imagine that an alien species...traveled to this planet... specifically...to pull a scam like this.



What do we do with them?

I don't know, Bobby.

They know who you are.

I know.

They know who we all are.

I know.

We can't just give them to the police.



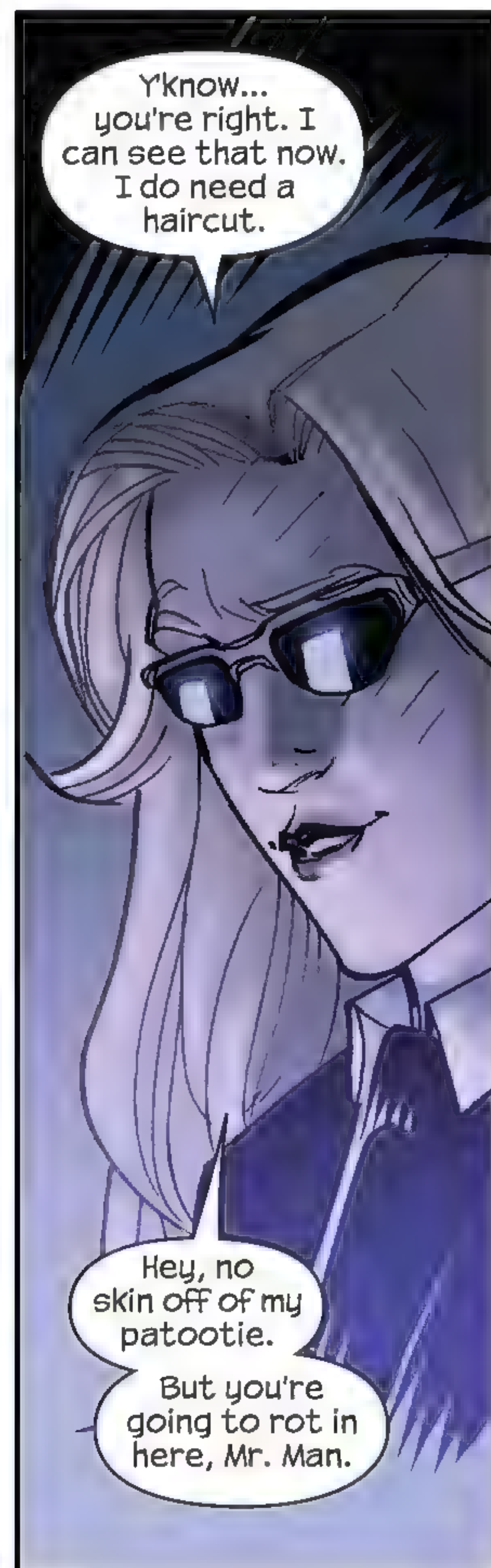
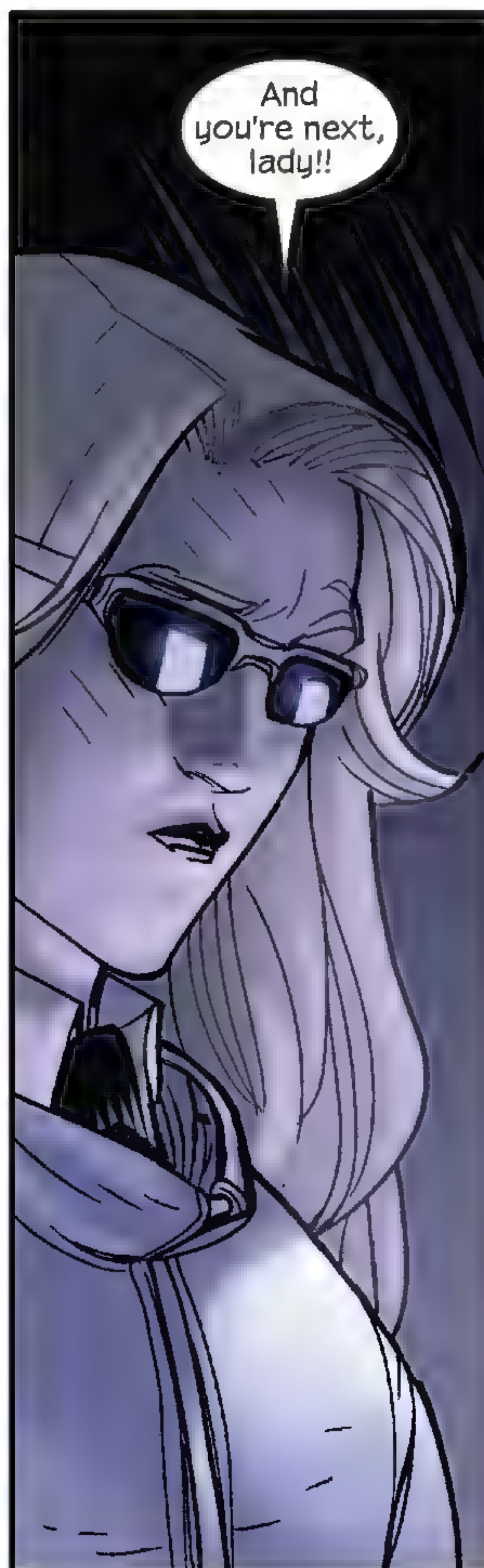
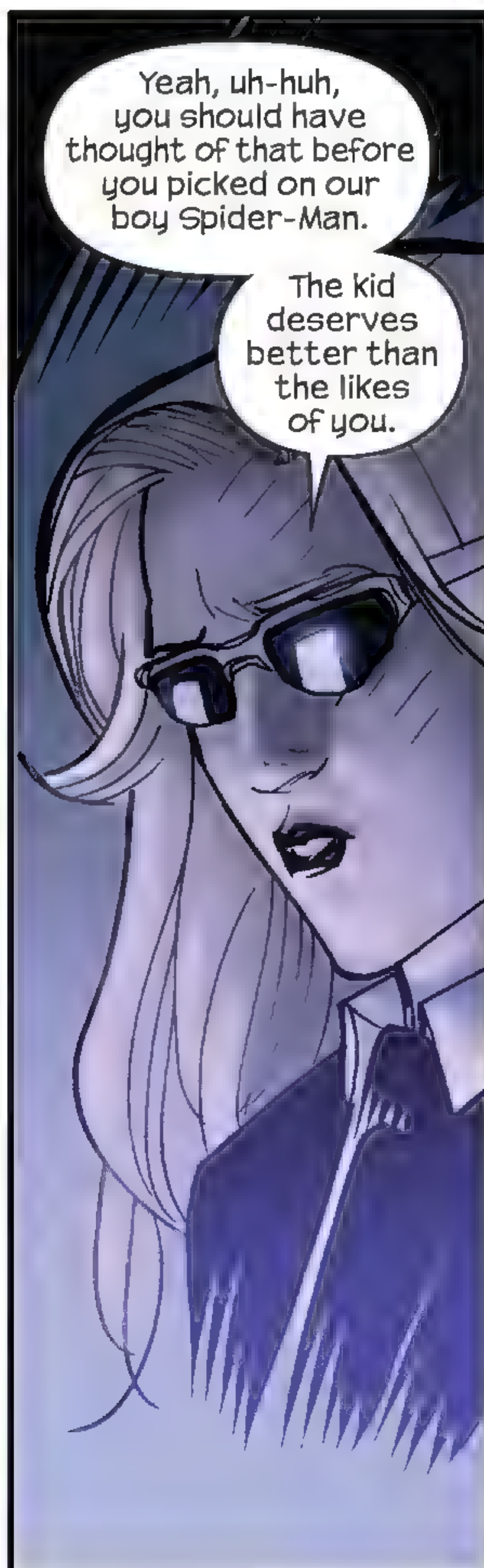
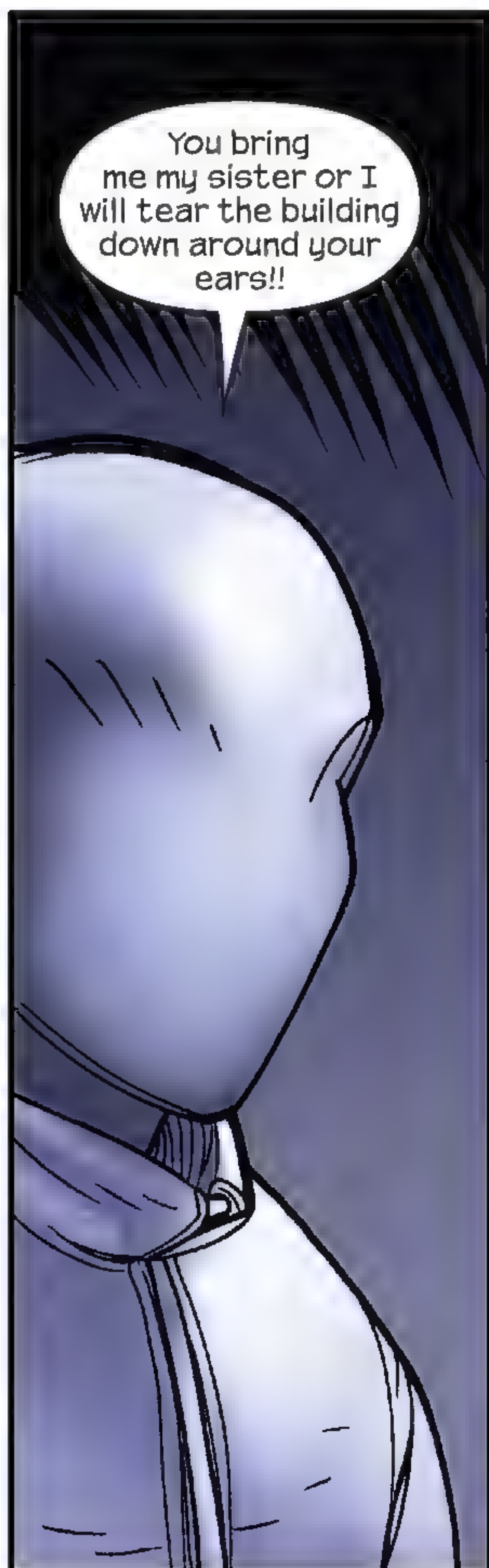
Well, we can't just kill them.

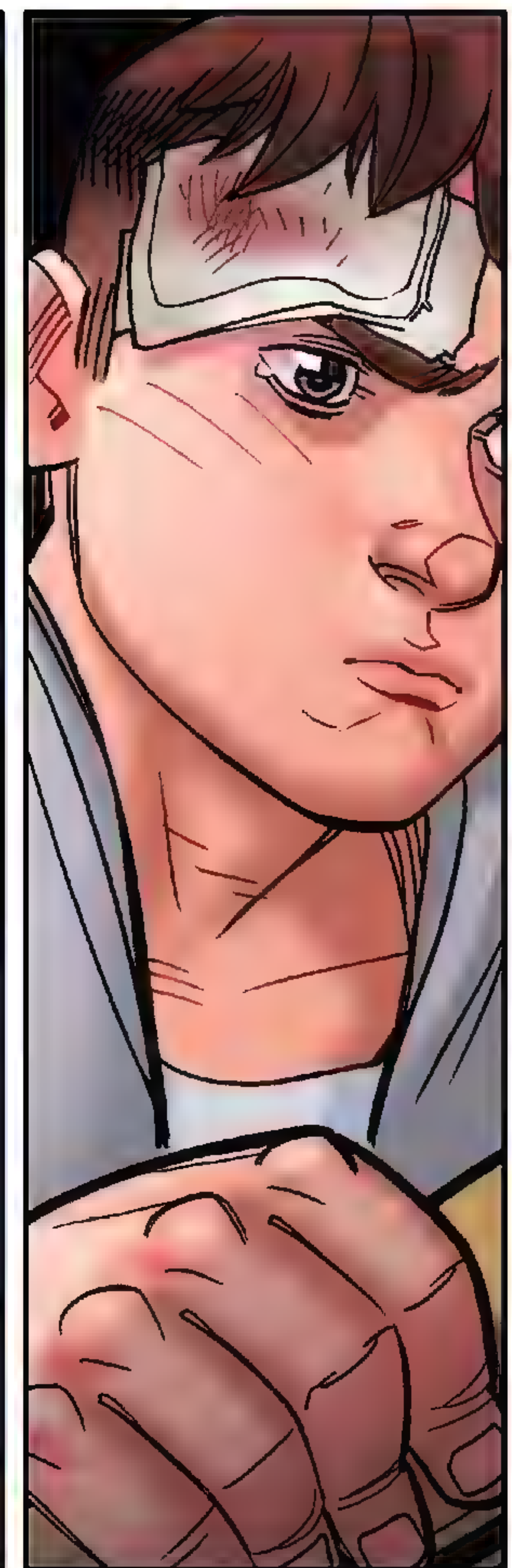
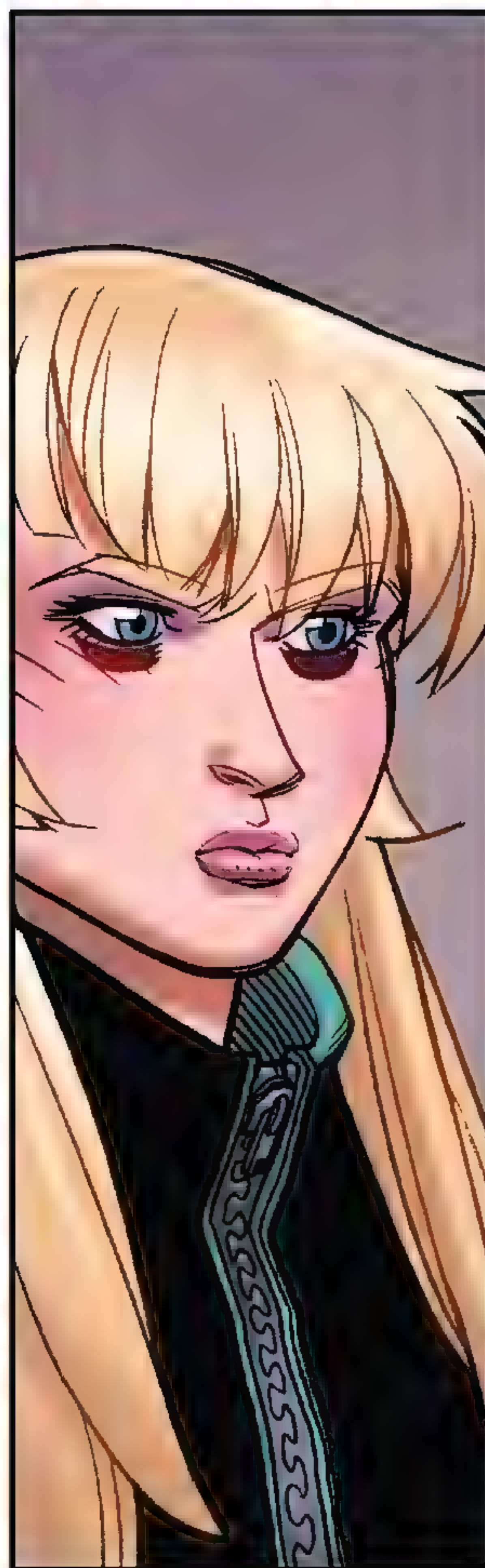
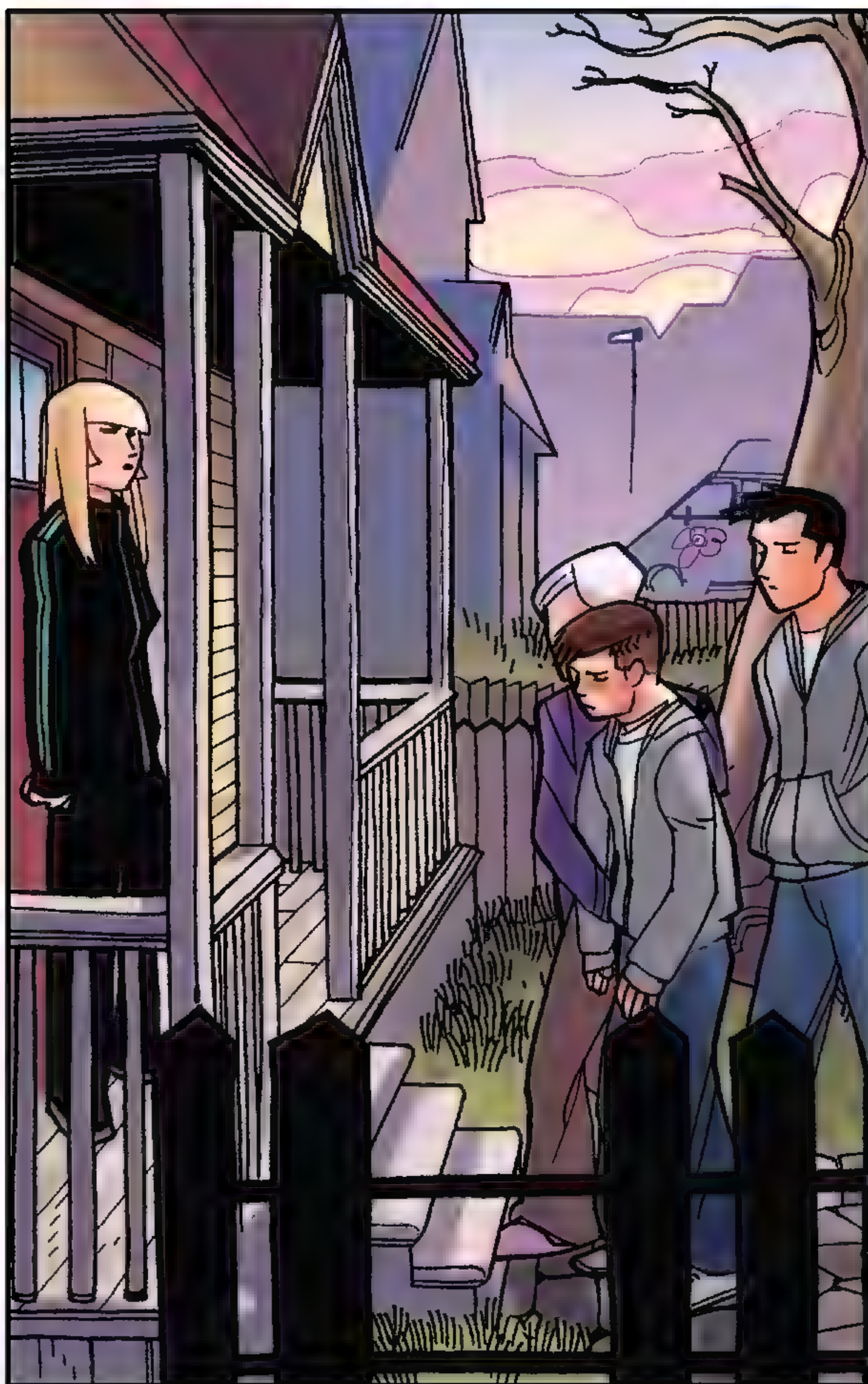
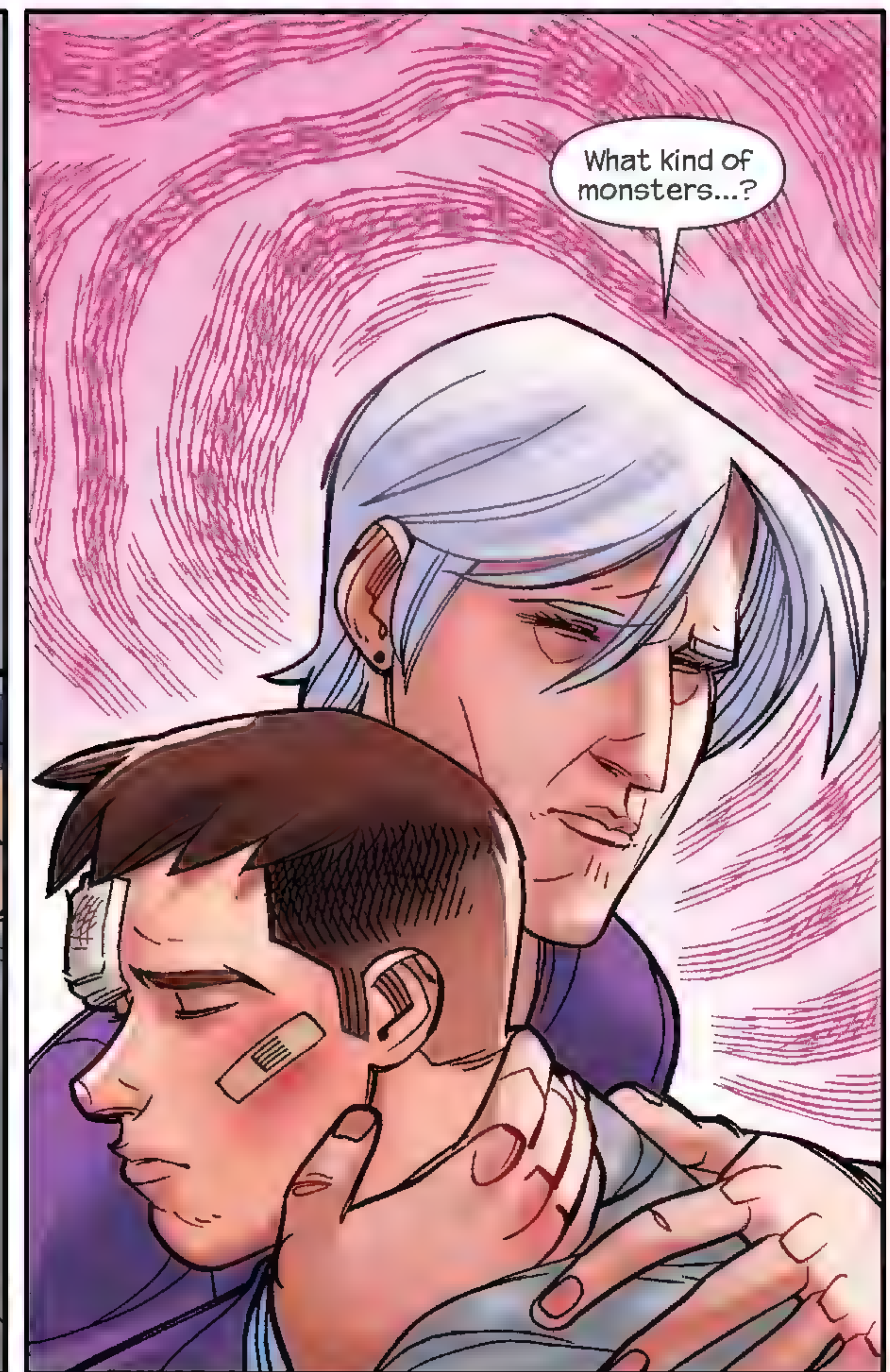
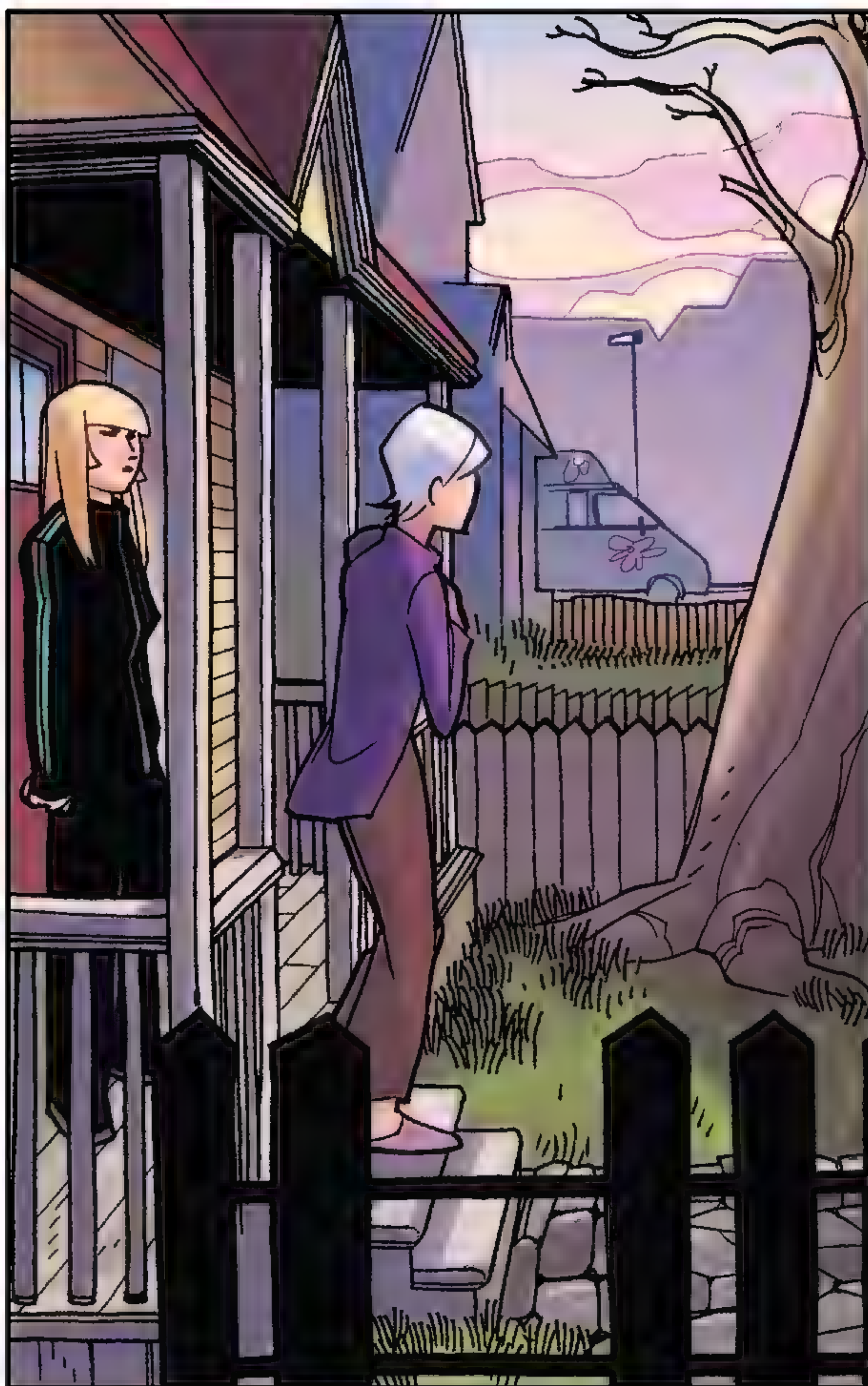
Yeah, but, no matter what we do...

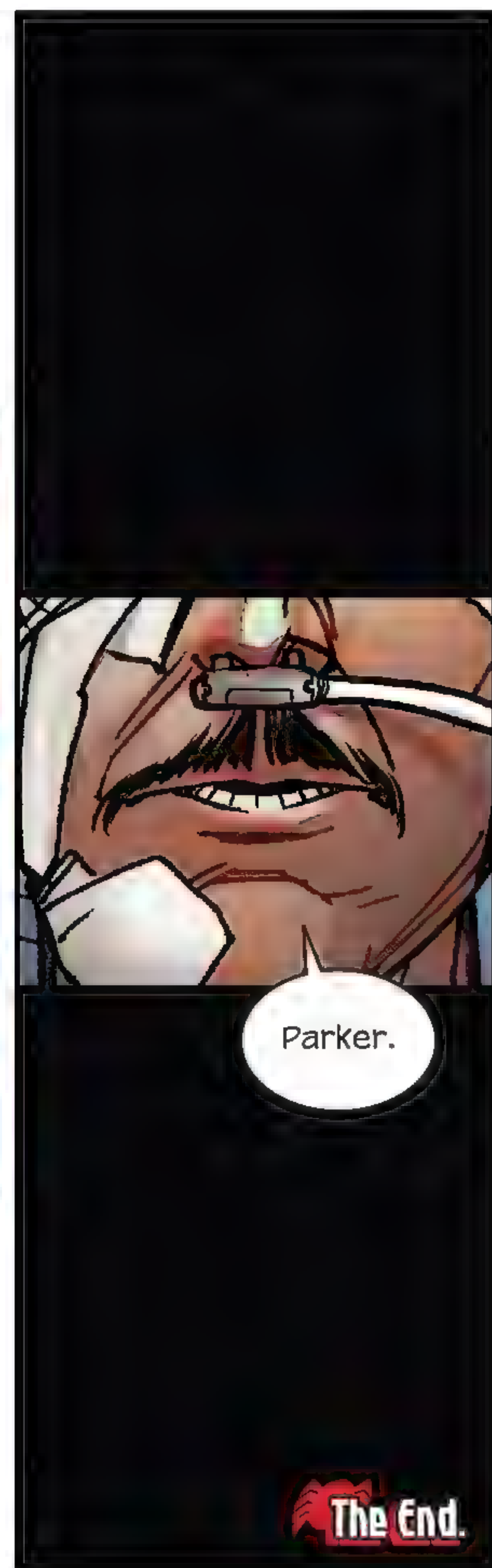
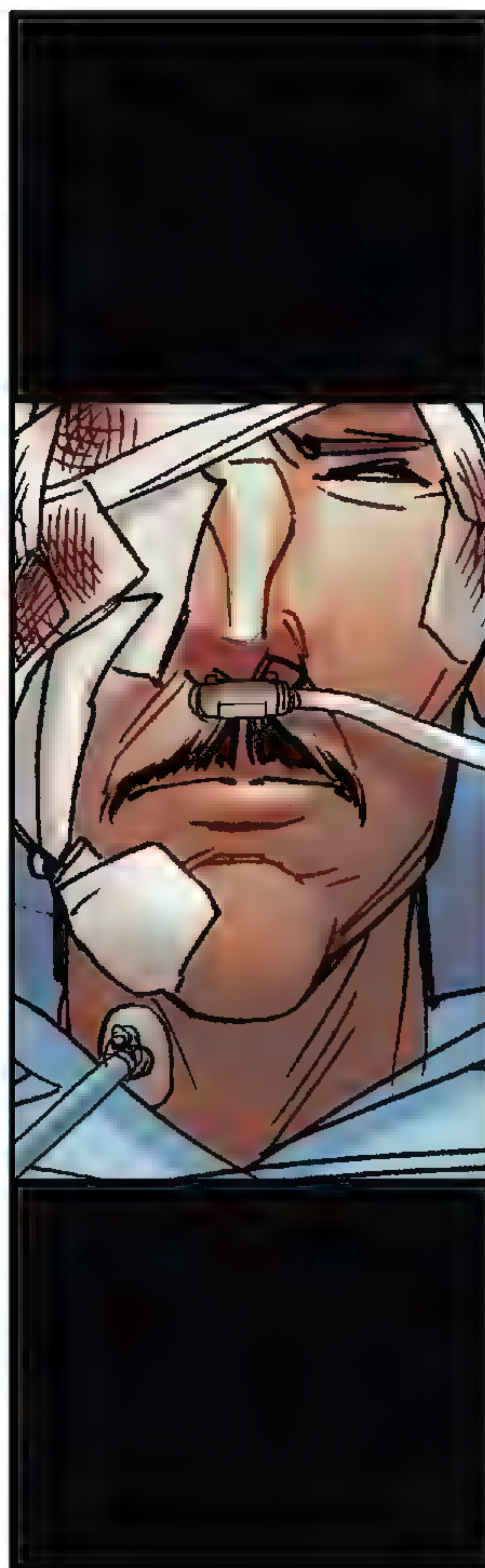
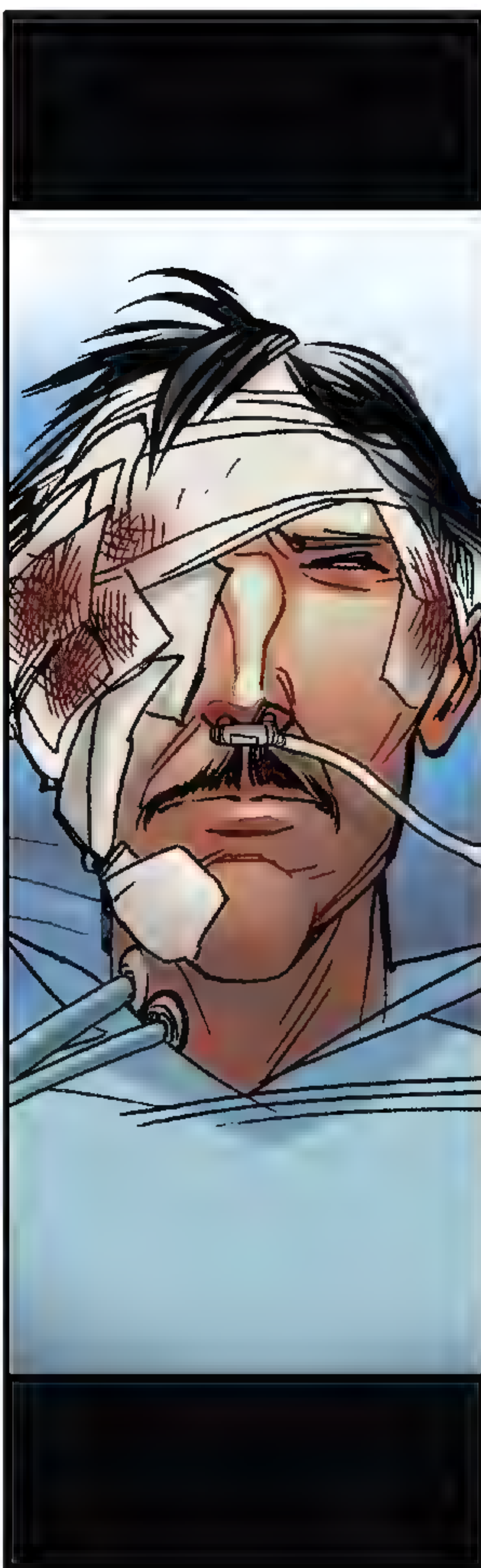
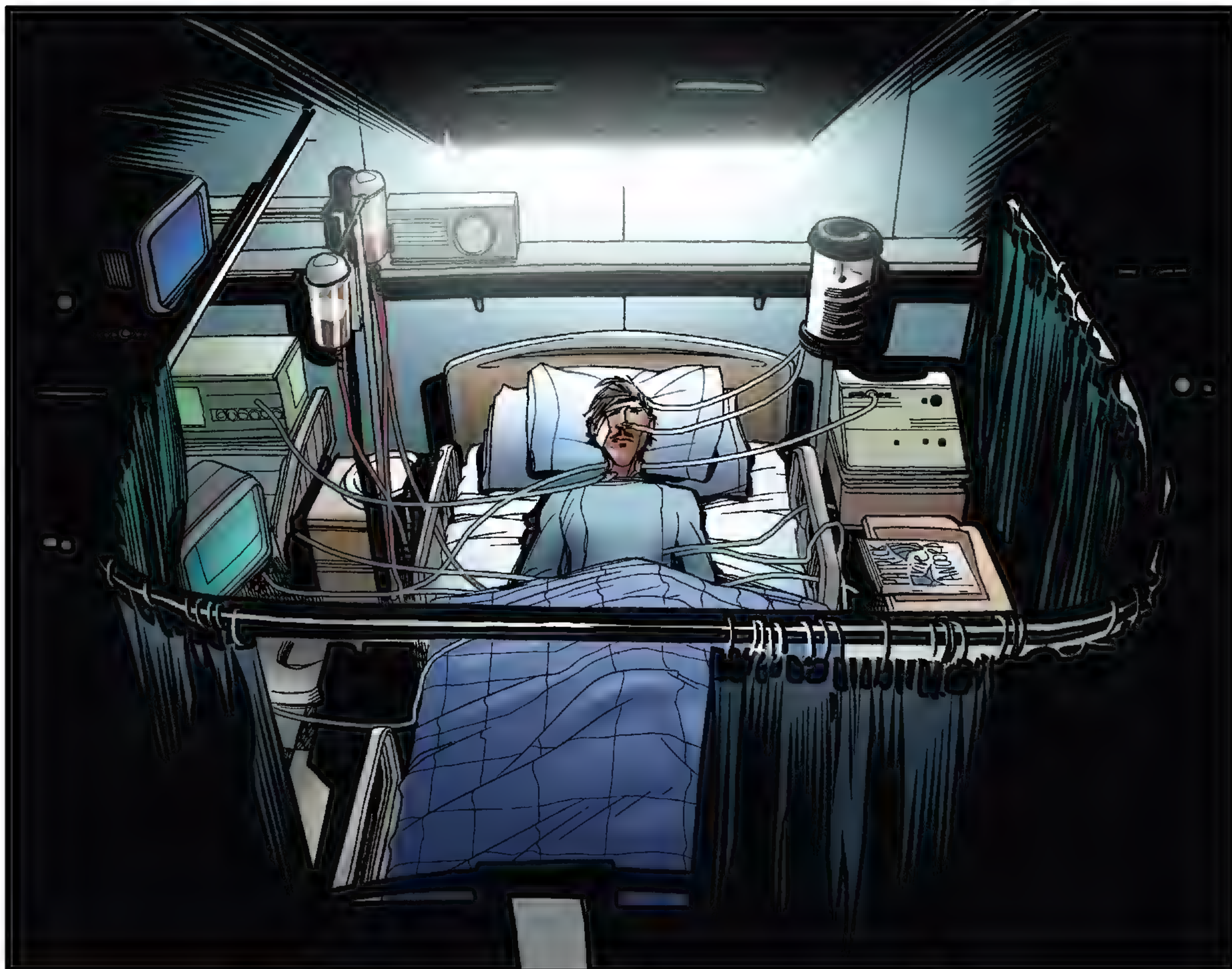
Wait...

What?

I know where to put them.





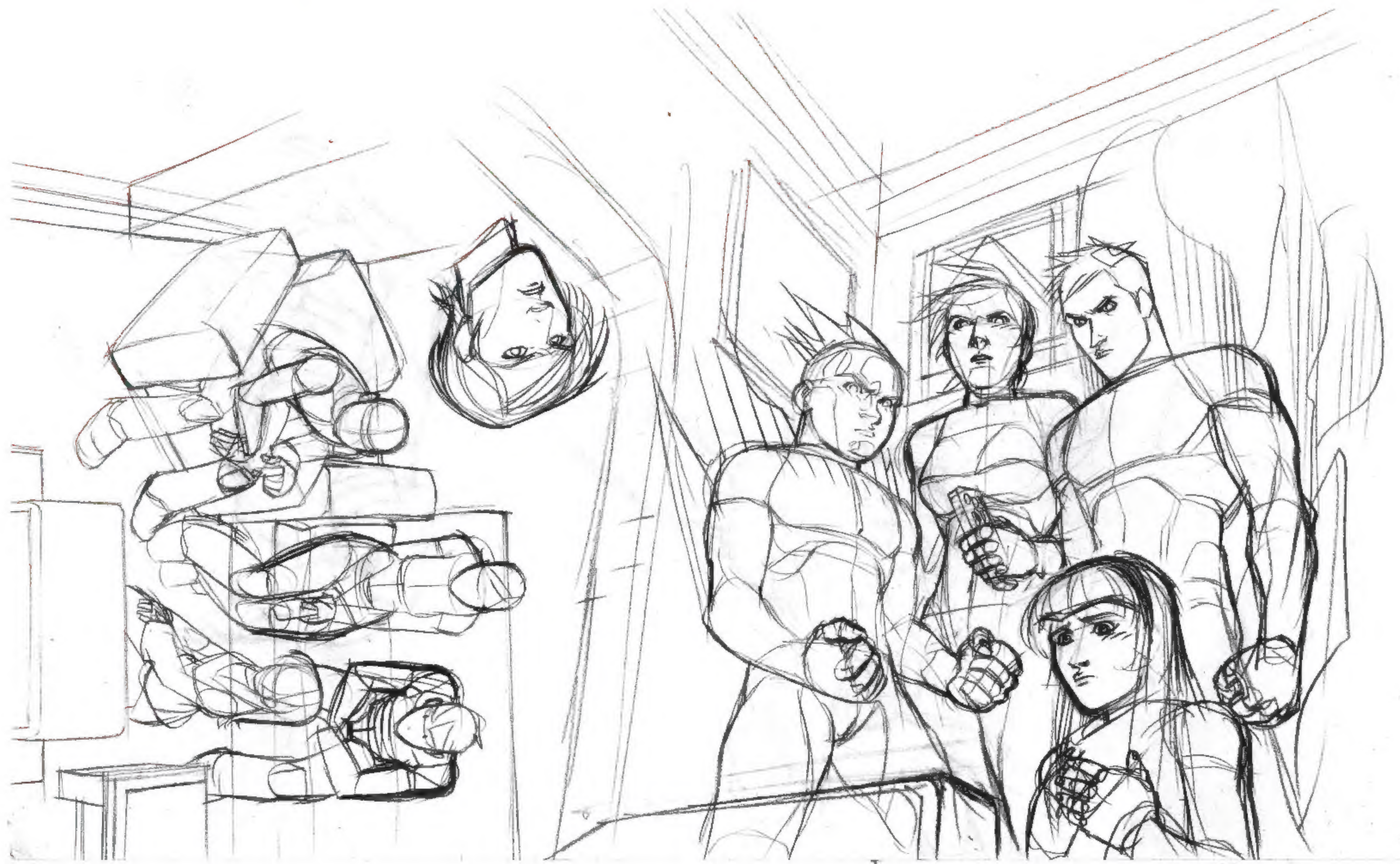
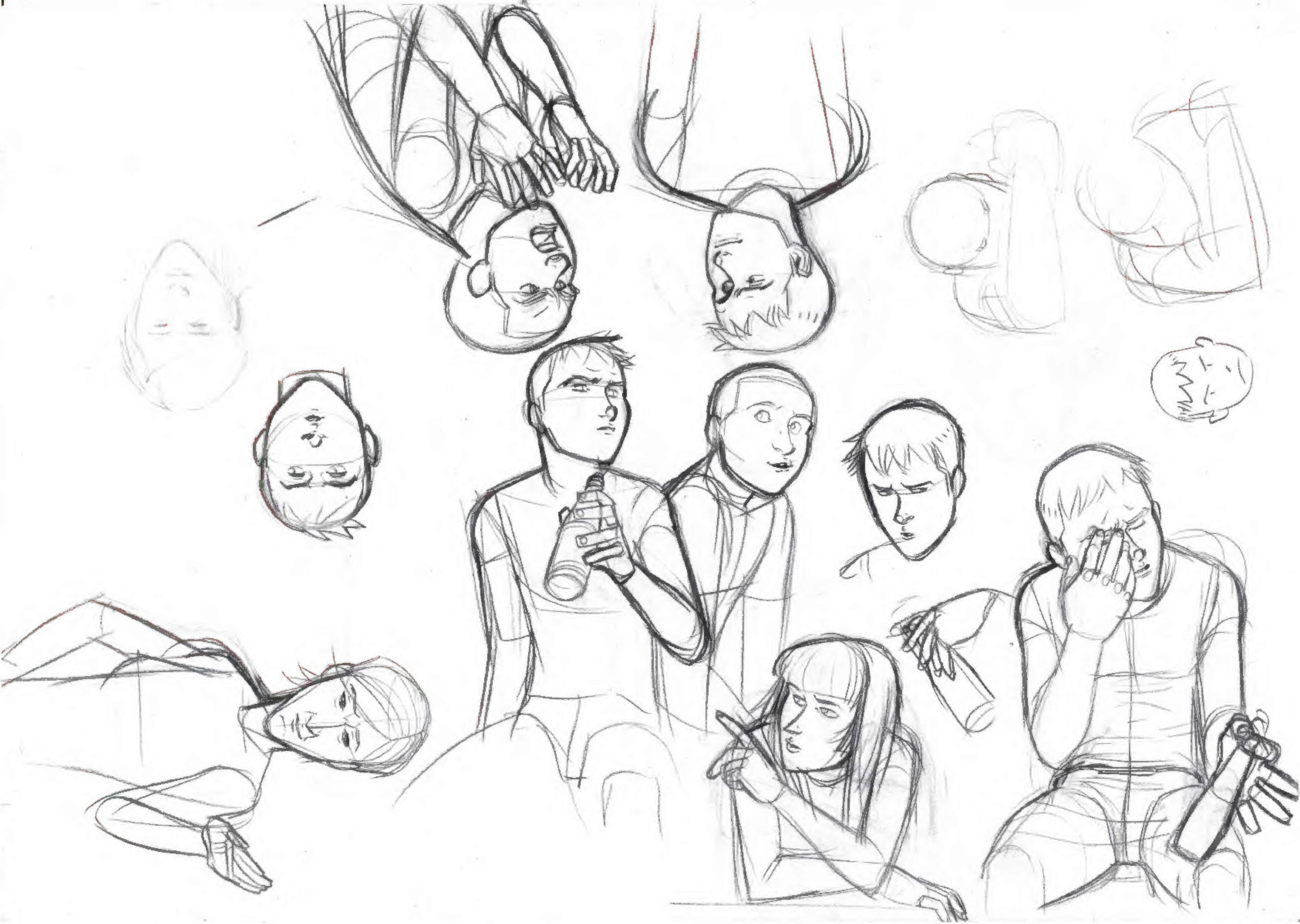


Parker.

The End.

**DAVID LAFUENTE
SKETCHBOOK**







NOTHING IS AS IT SEEMS.

With Gwen Stacy, the Human Torch and Iceman boarding at Aunt May's house, you'd think Peter Parker would have it easy for a change. But in the world of Spider-Man, that's rarely the case. First, Spidey and his two super-powered houseguests discover their neighbor Rick Jones possesses some special abilities of his own. But how the teenager acquired them and what he's capable of are as big a mystery to Peter and his friends as to Rick himself. Meanwhile, with mutants outlawed across the country, what happens when federal agents find out where Kitty Pryde's been hiding? And what can Spider-Man possibly do about it when he's been incapacitated and replaced by a mysterious imposter?



Collecting *Ultimate Comics Spider-Man*
#7-14 — written by Brian Michael Bendis
(*Avengers*), and illustrated by David
Lafuente (*Patsy Walker: Hellcat*) and Takeshi
Miyazawa (*Spider-Man Loves Mary-Jane*).

T+